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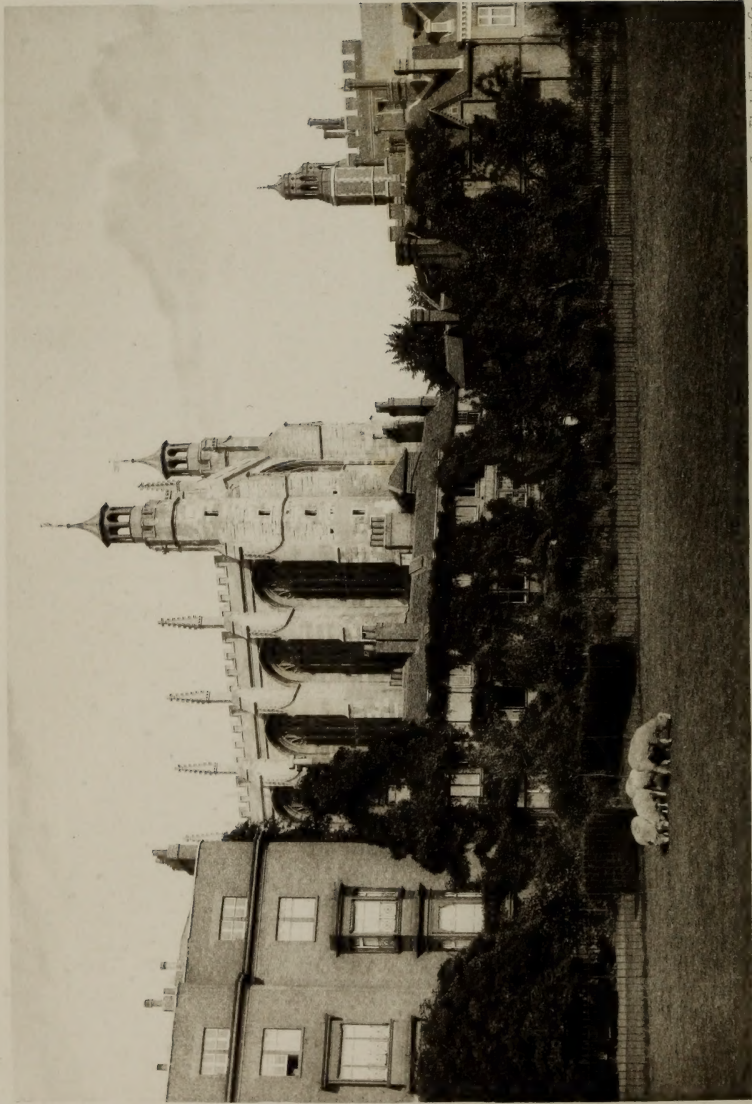
Ellis K. Waterhouse

Dec. 1945

FASTI ETONENSES

A

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY
OF ETON



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FASTI ETONENSES

A

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF ETON

SELECTED FROM THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED
ETONIANS

BY

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

OF ETON COLLEGE.



*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando voluera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates et Phoebæ digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

ETON: R. INGALTON DRAKE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

1899.

TO ETON.

Mother of men, my mother, fair, and free,
And gracious—and shall I, thy servant raise
Faint voice to swell thy immemorial praise?
Eton, whose mightiest sons are bold to be
Thy champions, and thy humblest children's plea
For greatness, is thy greatness. Time that lays
Hard hands on camp and castle, smiles and stays
His ruinous course to crown and quicken thee.

Some vast unshaken spirit seems to brood
Among thy halls, beside thy silver stream,
Old as old time, and young as yesterday,
Which to thy teeming sons doth hourly say,
“High be thy hope, my child, and pure thy dream,
“Laugh and be glad—have leisure to be good!”

PREFACE.

THIS volume, which was completed as long ago as 1896, was undertaken at the request of a London publisher, who discovered, when the manuscript was placed in his hands, that it was not the sort of book that he had contemplated. I then determined to publish it, if possible, at Eton, and Mr. Ingalton Drake came to my aid; but the pressure of professional work and other businesses have caused protracted delay, so that since the book was completed, two or three elaborate volumes on Eton and Eton history have appeared.

My own volume does not pretend to be anything but a compilation, and it is in no sense of the word an exhaustive history. I have merely attempted to string together, as it were, upon a slender thread of circumstance a series of brief biographies of personages connected with Eton; men who

have been educated there, or, if that is in some cases too direct an expression, who have passed their boyhood there: men who have imparted education, or practised the profession of teacher there: Provosts who have ruled the College or presided over it: Fellows who have resided there—any persons in short who have conferred benefits or honour upon, or derived benefit or honour from, the royal and religious foundation. In each case I have dwelt upon the personal and social element, rather than the political, military, religious, athletic or didactic: and if I have in some cases pursued the biography of an Etonian until long after he severed all connection with the School, or omitted names of men who have played an important part in the history of the nation, I can only say that my object has been to select whatever incidents appeared to me to be most picturesque, vivid, and characteristic. It would be an impossible task with the space at my disposal to give complete biographies of celebrated Etonians, such, for instance, as Charles James Fox, or the Duke of Wellington. But I have sketched the after-career of some, the records of whose lives are less accessible, or whose memories are more remote.

My special obligations are due, first, to Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte, K.C.B., who (with Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) has most kindly allowed me to make use of his admirable History of Eton College. There can be no doubt that this book, which is a mine of archaeological and biographical interest, says practically the last word on many points connected with the place, but I have restricted myself to making use of some of the materials which he has collected and the biographical incidents which he relates. Messrs. Bentley have given me a similar permission to make use of Mr. Jesse's Memoirs of celebrated Etonians: and I am much indebted to this lively and picturesque work, though Mr. Jesse's treatment of his biographies is on a far larger and more complete scale than anything I could attempt: but in this case also, I have confined myself to using definite material collected, rather than transferring conclusions to my own pages.

I have also been kindly permitted by the Rev. W. H. Tucker and his publishers (Messrs. Griffith, Farren & Co.) to make use of his interesting volume "Eton of Old"—and as the style of this book is peculiarly attractive, I have ventured to make several extracts from it, particularly in relation to

Dr. Keate. The Bishop of Oxford has kindly permitted me to quote some extracts from the Constitutional History relating to Henry VI.

I must also record my great obligations to the Dictionary of National Biography, that admirable work which clears up so much that biographers have left obscure or stated inaccurately.

Further, I must be permitted to express my gratitude to the Provost of Eton for his kindness in allowing me to reproduce some of the pictures that form part of the priceless collection which adorns the walls of the Lodge, and for supplying me with valuable information with regard to them : to the Bursar for a similar permission with reference to the College collection of pictures and engravings : to Mr. F. Tarver and Mr. S. Evans for the loan of special sketches : and to my publisher, Mr. Ingalton Drake, for the sympathy and generosity with which he has entered into the project and the patience and energy with which he has carried it out.

Besides these, I have largely consulted Collins' Etoniana, Carus's Life of Simeon, Hogg's Life of Shelley, Creasy's Memoirs of Eminent Etonians, and many other biographies : the present Vice-Provost of Eton, Mr. F. W. Warre-Cornish, the

Rev. G. R. Dupuis, Miss Dupuis, Mr. S. Evans, Mr. Arthur Coleridge, and Mr. Francis Tarver, have given me much valuable assistance with regard to Eton in the present century : Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, has given me most kind and patient help and advice in dealing with the portraits reproduced : Mr. R. Harold Paget, of Oxford, has compiled the Index : and finally, Mr. F. E. B. Duff, B.A., of King's College, Cambridge, has revised the book throughout, and suggested many useful additions.

A. C. BENSON.

Eton College, Nov., 1899.

ERRATA.

- Page 52, line 6, after 'sixteenth,' for 'century,' read 'and seventeenth centuries.'
- „ 61, „ 14, for 'over a poor meal or two' read 'at a poor meal.'
- „ 62, „ 21, omit 'his.'
- „ 62, „ 27, for 'not need' read 'need no.'
- „ 113, „ 5, insert marks of quotation before 'having.'
- „ 168, „ 3, the comma after 'Eton days' should be a full stop.
- „ 226, „ 16, insert single quotation mark after 'school.'
- „ 256, „ 7, after 'portrait' add 'of Earl Grey.'
- „ 268, 301, 413, for 'Mr. Maxwell Lyte,' read 'Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, K.C.B.'
- „ 270, line 18, and p. 271, l. 1, for 'Harvey' read 'Hervey.'
- „ 281, „ 13, for 'he' read 'be.'
- „ 304, „ 17, after 'boys' add 'in one day.'
- „ 348, „ 6, after 'one of them' add 'at hazard.'
- „ 409, „ 6, insert a comma after 'fallen.'
- „ 418, „ 19, insert inverted commas after 'his eyes.'
- „ 431, „ last line, read 'Sir T. H. (now Lord) Farrer.'
- „ 446, „ last line, insert inverted commas after 'Chronicle!'
- „ 461, „ 17, for 'as in instance' read 'as an instance.'
- „ 463, „ 28, for 'Chapmam' read 'Chapman.'
- „ 476, „ 6, insert commas before and after 'however.'

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A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF ETON.

CHAPTER I.

THE reign of Henry VI. is one of the most lamentable periods in English history: and Henry himself may without exaggeration be called the most unfortunate of all "star-crossed" kings. If he had resembled his father, he might have consolidated the troubled realm. But from Henry V. he inherited only the vague religious ideal which made the king say on his death-bed, as the choristers sang the verse "Thou shalt build up the walls of Jerusalem," that he had always meant to win back the Holy City from the Saracens when he had subdued France.

Henry, the only son of Henry V. and Katherine, daughter of the mad Charles VI. of France, was born at Windsor, and was only nine months old when his father died in 1422. He was a sickly child: it was not likely that he would ever grow to maturity, and still less likely that he would have an heir: consequently the various claimants to the

Crown were in a continual condition of agitated expectation. Not two months after his father's death, Charles VI. died, and the child was at once proclaimed King of France. The education of the boy was entrusted to the Earl of Warwick and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, "the rich Cardinal," as Holinshed calls him. As Bishop Stubbs says:—"He had been indeed too rich for his own fame." The bishop was the illegitimate half-brother of Henry IV.: and being an ecclesiastic of the most ambitious type, who even at the age of 80 had not surrendered all idea of the tiara, probably gave Henry the strong religious bias that characterised him through life. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was the nearest of kin to the king, and heir-apparent, and perhaps Henry would have fared better under his tutelage.

When the child was just two years of age, he was brought from Windsor to Westminster to be shewn to the assembled Parliament. Early in 1424 an important Court appointment was made. Mistress Joan, wife of Thomas Astley, was appointed Royal Nurse, with a salary of £40 a year, equivalent to the salary of a Privy Councillor. A month after, by Royal license, Dame Alice Butler was selected as a kind of Lady of the Bedchamber, with leave, so the license runs, "to chastise Us reasonably from time to time," and with a still larger salary than Joan Astley. When the child was just four years of age it was provided that all heirs of baronies and



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KING HENRY V.

From a portrait in Election Chamber, Eton.

earldoms, in ward of the Crown, should be brought up at Court about the king's person, with tutors appointed and paid by the State, so that the palace should be a nursery of nobility.

The king's first appearance was at the age of four years in St. Paul's, where he was "led upon his feet" between the Lord Protector and the Duke of Exeter to the Choir, and then carried in some one's arms to the High Altar: and then he was carried on horseback through Cheapside. In 1426 he held a Court at Eltham, received coral beads as a present, was entertained by "portable organs" and a show of mummers. At the age of seven he was dubbed a knight by Bedford, and afterwards knighted several of his young contemporaries.

In November, 1429, the boy was crowned at Westminster, where he sate enthroned, "beholding the people all about sadly and wisely," and shewing "humility and devotion." In 1430 he went over to France in a little harness, garnished with gold, and was at Rouen all through the trial and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans, sometimes present at the proceedings, but as a rule kept discreetly in the background by Bedford: in 1431 he was crowned at Notre Dame. The taste of the time is curiously indicated in the pageant arranged for his return. He was greeted by six allegorical figures at Cheapside—Dame Grace, Dame Fortune, Dame Nature, Lady Mercy, Lady Truth, and Dame Cleanness, who were understood to bestow their gifts on him,

while a complimentary address was presented by Enoch and Elijah. The king, as he grew to manhood, took but little part at first in affairs of state, though he afterwards manifested a precocious and unhealthy interest in them. Indeed it is doubtful whether his health, or rather his intellect, would have been equal to any strain, for according to some accounts he was constantly on the verge of melancholia or imbecility,—low-spirited, lachrymose, and superstitious. At other times he displayed a feverish excitability, but little steadiness of purpose or discrimination.

His marriage was another misfortune. The Earl of Suffolk ceded as a dowry for Margaret of Anjou, or rather to her father in exchange for her person, the provinces of Anjou and Maine, the retention of which had cost much English blood.

Margaret was a restless ambitious woman, who expressed but little tenderness or sympathy for her unfortunate husband: it is doubtful whether the unhappy Prince Edward was the child of Henry at all.

In 1454 it was clear that the king was hopelessly deranged.

The illness began at Clarendon, whither he had gone to hunt: it left him impotent in mind and body: besides the absolute loss of his reasoning faculties, he could neither walk, move, nor stand erect. Three months after his illness began, his child was born at Windsor. The child was pre-

sented to him, but he gave no sign of intelligence. The Council ordered a commission to be issued to three physicians and two surgeons to administer a formidable list of remedies. Not till eighteen months after his first attack did he recognise the Queen, to whom he stated that he had perceived and understood nothing in the interval.

The deputation from the Commons which went down to Windsor to see him had three interviews with him, and stated that "they could get no answer or sign from him, for no prayer or desire."

Richard, Duke of York, was nominated Protector, but in nine months Henry recovered his reason, liberated the Duke of Somerset, who had been imprisoned, and war broke out.

In Shakespeare's play of "Henry VI.," one of the stage directions is "enter King Henry disguised, with a Prayer-book." It may be taken as typical of most of the unhappy king's public appearances after this date. At the first battle of St. Albans the king was wounded in the neck, and taken prisoner in the house of a farmer. He and the Duke of York visited the shrine of St. Alban and prayed together.

In 1456 the king met Parliament and demanded back his power. York resigned, and the king acting as umpire between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, made a characteristic award. He condemned York, Warwick, and Salisbury to build a chapel for the souls of the Lords killed at St. Albans. Fighting

broke out again, and in October, 1460, after the victory of Northampton, the Duke of York entered London with an armed force, met the peers and claimed the throne, though he did not actually take his seat. He was, however, created Prince of Wales and Heir Presumptive; but he refused to visit the king, saying that it was Henry's place to visit him. Thereupon Henry assembled the peers and made what seems to have been a really dignified speech to them. But it was the last public appearance to which any dignity attaches; from that time his life becomes a record of flight, imprisonment and disaster. In 1460 York was defeated and killed at Wakefield; his son Edward took up the quarrel, and in 1461 was proclaimed and crowned as Edward IV. Henry escaped and wandered miserably enough in Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Scotland, but in 1465 was seized at Waddington Hall by the servants of Sir John Harrington and committed to the Tower. He was led through Cheapside riding on a horse with his legs bound together with thongs under the horse's belly, a straw hat on his head, the people hooting him. Edward IV. stated in his proclamation that "he had amoved Henry, lately called Henry VI., from the occupation, intrusion, reign, and government of the realm." In 1470 Warwick released him, after five years' imprisonment, during which he prophesied and saw visions, but he was merely hurried about with the Lancastrian army, as a melancholy figure-head, "a shadow," "a sack of

wool," "as mute as a crowned calf," say the chroniclers; and after the Battle of Barnet he was again taken to the Tower, and the miserable Prince Edward was brutally killed: finally on the 21st May, 1471, Henry was found dead in his bed, "of pure displeasure and melancholy," says the official account, but there is no reason to doubt that he was assassinated. The unhappy spirit found rest. Not so the frail body, which was buried at the Abbey of Chertsey: but as some rumours of miracles worked at his grave began to spread, the bones were removed to Windsor. When Henry VII. applied to Julius II. for the canonisation of his saintly predecessor, and piously attempted to move his relics to Westminster, the tomb could not be identified. So at Windsor he rests unknown.

Henry was all his life embarrassed for money. The state of affairs is clearly described by Bishop Stubbs in his Constitutional History. He says, with regard to the proceedings of the Parliament of 1433:—

"Lord Cromwell, before the prorogation, was appointed treasurer of the kingdom, and in the interim prepared an elaborate statement of the national accounts. Money was so scarce, that the Parliament authorised him to stay all regular payments until he had £2,000 in hand for petty expenses. Cromwell's statement of the national finances was brought up on the 18th of October, and was alarming, if not appalling. The ancient ordinary revenue of the crown, which in the gross amounted to £23,000, was reduced by fixed charges to £8,990; the duchy of Lancaster furnished £2,408 clear, the indirect taxes on wine and other merchandise, brought in an estimated

sum of £26,966 more. The government of Ireland just paid its expenses ; the duchy of Guienne, the remnant of the great inheritance of Queen Eleanor, furnished only £77 os. 8½d. : the expenses of Calais, £9,064 15s. 6d., exceeded the whole of the ordinary revenue of the crown. The sum available for administration, £38,364, was altogether insufficient to meet the expenditure, which was estimated at £56,878, and there were debts to the amount of £164,814 11s. 1½d. It is probable that the accounts of the kingdom had been in much worse order under Edward III. and Richard II., but the general state of things had never been less hopeful."

STUBBS : Vol. III. Chap. 18, pp. 120, 121.

Further, during the Parliament of 1449-50 :—

... "the finances of the country had gone to ruin ; the king's debt, the debt of the nation, had since Beaufort's death gone on increasing, and now amounted to £372,000 ; his ordinary income had sunk to £5,000 ; the household expenses had risen to £24,000."

Ibid, p. 148.

Never was any one so singularly out of place as Henry VI. on the throne. Only a very strong, clear-headed, judicious man, of definite ambitions and bellicose temperament, could have held his own in England, and conducted the incessant French wars that during the earlier part of the reign demanded constant attention. Instead of this he was an amiable, religious man, fond of study and seclusion, not unintelligent, when in good health—"neither a fool nor very wise," says Hall. "He avoided gossip, but was fond of sermonising, both in speeches and letters." He would have made an admirable monk. It was noted of him that he always said grace over his meals like one, and



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KING HENRY VI.

From an engraving by G. Vertue after an oil-painting at Windsor Castle.

would always have a dish on his table representing the five wounds of Christ. The extant portraits of him shew a weak melancholy face without vigour or character. One portrait preserved at Coventry shews a gentle, almost woe-begone countenance, and hands joined in prayer. In the picture representing his marriage he is depicted as inclined to corpulence, with disordered hair falling over his forehead.

There is no reason to doubt that the plays, the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," though probably not the work of Shakespeare, give a very fair presentment of the king's character: tradition must still have been comparatively exact. He appears there in the most undignified character, lavish of tears on every occasion, with a strong tendency to invite others to join him, but absolutely without either power or inclination to cope with the turbid elements which surrounded him. He was exacting, nevertheless, and inquisitorial in small details of domestic management. Such a character induces a feeling of pity which is more contemptuous than respectful. We cannot of course quote the speeches in the play as authentic utterances, but the celebrated soliloquy on the shepherd's life and the regulation of a peaceful day of secluded employment, may be held to represent his temperament very fairly.

Personally, Henry was a man of very simple tastes: the age was fruitful in fantastic fashions of

dress. The women wore horned head-dresses and the men long pointed toes to their shoes—as the old rhyme, quoted in the Harleian MSS. (536), says :—

“ When others kneel, pro Christo vota ferentes,
They stand on their heel, sed non curvare volentes,
For bursting of their hose, non inclinare laborant,
I trow for their long hose, dum stant ferialiter orant.”

Henry set his face against these extravagances, wearing “ little round shoes, like a rustic.” There is a picture of him presenting a sword to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, where he wears a plain robe, of the purple reserved for the king by royal enactment, lined with ermine: and Blackman, Fellow of Eton, and afterwards a Carthusian monk, who wrote a Memoir of the King, says that he would never wear the fashionable “ up-pointed horn-like toes,” but that his dress was always more religious than secular, with a long cloak and round cape. On great days he wore a hair shirt under his robes. The precision of his regulations on this point in the Eton Statutes is an illustration of this. The hours of the Royal Household were carefully fixed. Breakfast was at 7, the king rising earlier for prayer, dinner was at 10, supper at 4, and “ liveries,” a kind of cold collation, was taken in bed between 8 and 9.

But we must proceed to consider Henry VI. more definitely in connexion with Eton.

CHAPTER II.

FOUNDATION OF ETON COLLEGE.

It is traditionally stated that the idea of Henry VIth's colleges was suggested to him by his Chaplain, John Langton, Master of Pembroke Hall and Chancellor of Cambridge. But he was certainly predisposed to such a scheme. There was nothing original in the plan. William of Wykeham had carried out the idea of the twin colleges, closely and constitutionally combined, the one to feed the other. As the antiquary Lambarde quaintly said, "Eton annually sendeth forth to Cambridge her ripe fruit." Henry's plan was substantially the same as William of Wykeham's, except that instead of mere collegiate chapels he resolved to join to his colleges stately and majestic churches, and to add much ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance. To begin with, Eton Chapel was to continue to be the parochial Church of the town, a character which it nominally preserved till within recent years : and he intended to combine with it an almshouse or hospital for decayed persons, in emulation no doubt of Cardinal Beaufort's foundation at St. Cross. The united Colleges were to be the "first pledge of his devotion to God," as he stated. And it must be borne in mind that Eton was never intended to be what it has become, a mere educa-

tional foundation. The School was only an adjunct of the College of Priests, and the Provost and Fellows were never intended to be superseded by instructors, though the king exercised great personal care in the choice of the schoolmasters attached to the foundation. There was to be nothing monastic about the institution. The Fellows were secular priests, whose primary object was intercession for the soul of the pious Founder. Intercession is now-a-days a somewhat discredited force. Education is believed to have more effect upon a man's choices and actions, his present and future welfare, than the obligatory prayers of remunerated persons. It is a strange irony that Eton should be one of the few places that should not even possess a daily prayer commemorative of its Founder. And Henry would have been dismayed if he had foreseen that his only commemoration would be a clumsy service on Founder's Day and a pair of statues.

The king went down to Winchester in 1440, went over the College buildings, and attended several services. The Eton Charter bears the date of October 11th, 1440. The foundation, it is there stated, is "in honour and in support of that our Mother (the Church Triumphant) who is so great and holy."

In January, 1441, the first three of a series of Papal Bulls in support of the new Colleges were issued by Pope Eugenius IV. Further Bulls were afterwards issued conferring unusual privileges upon

the Church of Eton, so unusual indeed as to indicate the high favour in which Henry VI. as a pious Catholic prince was held.

For instance, Indulgences equal to those which would be obtained at the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula at Rome, were offered to pilgrims who should visit Eton on the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. As the term Indulgence is often misunderstood, it may be well to explain that an Indulgence is not, as often supposed, a license for the commission of future sin, but only the remission of penance and purgatorial fire for sins already confessed and duly absolved.

It is interesting to note that the promulgation of Papal Bulls was at this time illegal in England by the Statute of Praemunire, and Henry therefore was obliged to procure a Parliamentary pardon for his College to act under the terms of the Bulls.

The lands with which Eton was endowed were mostly confiscated estates of alien priories—French monasteries holding estates in England, whose property was naturally escheated to the Crown, when England's possessions in France were lost, the gift of which dated from the time of the Conqueror. The best of these were lands taken from the Priory of Bec-Hellouin ; but Henry also bought other lands, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Eton, and conferred them on the College. The Manor of Eton, however, never fell to the College, and consequently the tenure of the houses there is of the most various

character, some masters holding from the College, others from the Stewart family, who are lords of the manor, others from the Crown. The "Manor House," now a boarding-house, is on the Stewart property. Of old local names, contemporary with the Founder, there are but few in use at Eton—Jordley's Place is one, now a boarding-house, which takes its name from the family of Jourdelay. Cotton Hall is another, which is the name of a suburb, not a house. The Timbralls, another boarding-house, commemorates the site of the timber-sheds erected to build the College and Church. But besides these, the names at Eton are fortuitous later additions, and for a place rich in associations, singularly scanty.

The College was founded and the building began. The original plan of the Founder was very different from that of the existing buildings: only the Hall and the Chapel stand upon the intended site. The principal entrance to the College was to have been on the Slough Road, near the further end of Weston's Yard. Here the almshouse was to have stood. There were to have been two large courts, corresponding, but only very roughly, with the present Cloisters and Schoolyard. In the centre of a range of buildings standing where Upper School now stands, was to have been a stone tower, 140 feet high, which would have been by far the most conspicuous feature of the place. The Chapel was to have been nearly twice its present length, the king making no less than three designs or "avyses,"

and would have had a nave with aisles stretching right across the present street, which was to have been diverted for the purpose, and extending down Keate's Lane. On the other hand, the domestic arrangements were to have been highly primitive. The Provost's Lodge was to have stood between Lupton's Tower and the Chapel, on the N.E. corner of which it would have abutted. The Fellows and the Headmaster were to have had a single room apiece—the Chaplains, or Conducts as they have been called since the time of the Commonwealth, (*i.e.* hired and removable Priests, from *conduco*, to hire), were to be lodged two in a room, and one was to share a room with the Lower Master. The boys were to have lived in Chambers as at Winchester. But this for various reasons was not carried out. Any members of the College who had rooms on the upper floors were particularly desired not to spill their beer on the floor, as it dripped through into the rooms below.

A certain Henry Sever, a shadowy figure of whom little is known, was appointed first Provost, and William Patten or Barber, commonly called Waynfilet from his birthplace in Lincolnshire, was induced to come from Winchester, where he was Master, with five Fellows and 35 scholars, to form the nucleus of the *personnel*.

The parochial Church was used as the College Chapel till the new Church was available: this stood probably somewhere in or near the present

Churchyard. In it was erected a "pue" with screens and hangings for the king to attend Services. It may be noted in passing that the Schoolyard, or the south side of it, is undoubtedly consecrated ground, and was considered part of the Churchyard, interments taking place near the north porch of the Chapel as late as 1503.

Thomas Bekynton, the king's secretary, was a patron and well-wisher of Eton, and was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells there in 1443, after which he repaired to the new High Altar of the unfinished Church, and under an awning celebrated his first Mass as Bishop. In 1444 John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, was consecrated there also.

In 1443 Waynflete was promoted to the provostship, and the number of scholars was increased to 70, typical of the 70 disciples, as at Winchester, at which number it has remained. He was succeeded in the headmastership by William Westbury. In 1444 a document called the *Amicabilis Concordia* was drawn up between Henry's two colleges and Wykeham's, a bond and pledge of mutual help and love, the spirit of which has never been transgressed.

The king instituted two annual fairs at Eton, to meet the necessities of the place, in August and in Lent, and a weekly market.

In 1447 Cardinal Beaufort died, and the king nominated Waynflete to succeed him at Winchester.

The Pope, of course, claimed the right to appoint bishops, but on being notified of Waynflete's

appointment, sooner than quarrel with so virtuous a king as Henry, he issued a document saying that he had already "provided" Waynflete to that See, in the lifetime of Beaufort: this was a convenient and dignified fiction.

John Blackman, who has been mentioned above, says that Beaufort left a legacy of £2,000 to Henry VI., which he might apply to Eton, if he did not wish to take it himself; the king must have been embarrassed for money already, but according to this story, which is perhaps apocryphal, he said "He was always a most kind uncle to me when he lived, God reward him! Fulfil his intentions, I will not take the money."

Waynflete was succeeded as Provost by John Clerk, Vice-Provost, who died in four months, and was succeeded by William Westbury, formerly Headmaster, one of the staunchest friends and champions that Eton ever had.

Roger Keys was the architect of the College, who appears, somewhat singularly, to have been Warden of All Souls' College. A patent of gentility was conferred upon him for his services, three keys being assigned for his arms.

Little is recorded of Henry's personal relations with Eton, but Blackman notes that he would stop and speak to Eton boys whom he met at Windsor, and say "Be good boys, meek and docile, servants of the Lord"; and that he gave practical point to his words by a present of money. Blackman also

records that he said on one occasion that it mattered little whether the music in the Chapel was good, so long as his scholars grew in wisdom and piety.

One of the earliest names of note of boys educated at Eton was Thomas Rotherham, who was admitted a Scholar of King's from Eton in 1444. He held successively many high preferments, the Bishoprics of Rochester and Lincoln, and the Archbishopric of York. On his succeeding to the last, the Pope made him a Cardinal, with the title of the Church of St. Cecilia. While Bishop of Lincoln, Edward IV. made him Lord Chancellor, and he doubtless befriended Eton through her most troublous times. He died in 1501, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried at York. When the vault in which he was interred was opened in 1735, a fine wooden bust was found there, which was believed to be a likeness of the Archbishop and from which a picture was painted, now at King's College, Cambridge. It must, however, be added, that serious doubt has been cast on the connection of Rotherham with Eton: the present Vice-Provost of Eton says that he considers him to be an "alumnus," and wishes he could prove it.

It may be noted that Sir Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charterhouse, was at school at Eton, leaving it in 1551 for St. John's College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER III.

ATTEMPTED SUPPRESSION.

Edward IV., on his accession, jealous of his predecessor's designs, determined on the suppression of the College. Part of the estates he confiscated, and part he bestowed on the Chapter of St. George's, Windsor, to which he resolved to annex it.

Bells, books, and church furniture were transferred to Windsor. He went further than this, and prevailed on Pius II. to issue a Bull abolishing the foundation. This step was advisable, considering the special privileges bestowed by previous Popes on the College. Bishop Waynfilet and Provost Westbury toiled hard to save it: Westbury even resorted to diplomatic manœuvres which were hardly creditable to a churchman: every person of influence who had weight with the king was zealously laid siege to: among others, Jane Shore, the king's mistress, proved a strong champion of the rights of Eton. Henry Bost, who succeeded Westbury as Provost, was her confessor. It is certain that Jane Shore had a great influence over Edward, and used it well, always on the side of consideration and mercy: many a man who had incurred the king's anger was restored to favour by her gentle pleadings.

Her connexion with Eton must have been more than fanciful, as there are two pictures of her there and one at King's College, Cambridge, which imply that she was deemed a true benefactress. One of those at Eton represents the head and shoulders of a pale and delicately featured woman: the other portrays a naked figure beside a bath, holding up a linen garment: further, there is another curious confirmation in the College books of interest being made with high personages, from the frequent complimentary presents of river-fish that the College made in various quarters.

Westbury worked hard, possibly from personal motives, and was constantly in attendance at Court, and much away from Eton, the cost of his lodgings being defrayed by the College. "*Gulielmus Westbury,*" says a Windsor MS. Register, "*tunc Praepositus, summa prudentia et animae fortitudine praeditus, huic unioni acquiescere noluit, sed se totis viribus opposuit.*" For a time it seemed as if he would not succeed: Eton appeared to be doomed. The revenue sank from £1500 a year to something under £400: salaries were docked, fellowships were left vacant, chaplaincies suppressed: the buildings were stopped, and ruin stared the College in the face: but in 1469 the tide began to turn, and the buildings were begun again, mainly at the expense of Waynflete. The Chapel was finished as quickly as possible, and in as dignified a manner as was consistent with altered fortunes: at that time

the walls of the Choir were standing at a considerable height, and a bay or two of the nave had been begun. There is a string-course on the Ante-chapel in the corner of School-yard, which undoubtedly belongs to the abandoned nave, as it has no connexion with any part of the later design. All idea of completing the nave was given up, and the present Ante-chapel was constructed to form a vestibule for the choir. The pitch of the east window was altered, a fact which any observer can note for himself by examining the window from Brewhouse-yard. It will be obvious at once that the tracery has been fitted into an arch not originally intended for it, and the head of the external moulding lowered to meet it. This is, however, possibly due to the Founder's own alterations in his design. It is often stated that the roofing of the Chapel with wood was another departure from the original design, but it seems probable that a stone roof was never contemplated, and it is very doubtful if the buttresses would be capable of bearing the strain.

Waynflete erected a rood screen under the western arch of the choir ; the walls of the western half of the choir had been constructed below the windows, with plain ashlar surfaces, instead of prolonging the perpendicular shafts of the windows to the ground, as is done in the eastern bays with such beautiful effect. The wall-space thus obtained was evidently intended for the reception of stalls with rich canopies. But this design was given up and

the surfaces were covered with frescoes by an English artist named William Baker. These singular paintings, representing the Miracles of the Virgin, and including single figures of Prophets, Evangelists, and female Saints, were preserved under a coat of whitewash till the Chapel was restored in 1847. Many of these were then, with inconceivable vandalism, defaced and scraped from the walls. The Rev. John Wilder, Fellow and afterwards Vice-Provost, came in during the process and put a stop to their demolition. One of them is still faintly visible in the corner of the Chapel, among the canopies of the stalls on the right hand of the Provost. Many suggestions were made, by the Prince Consort among others, to transfer the paintings wholesale, or to put sliding panels in the stalls, by which they might still be visible. But Protestant counsels prevailed, Provost Hodgson considering such superstitious subjects quite unfit for a Christian church, and they are covered up by the present stalls, which, in spite of their lean and starved design, have a certain dignity owing to good material and workmanship. It is a very doubtful question what should have been done: the effaced frescoes could hardly have been restored, though accurate pictures of them by Mr. Essex and Miss Cust exist: in any case the effect would not have been good: and though from an antiquarian point of view we may regret their disappearance, the present aspect of the Chapel is, to speak



EMANUEL LEIGHTON ENGRAVING CO.

KING HENRY VII.

From an engraving in the Gallery, Eton College.

without prejudice, probably more seemly and ecclesiastical.

Another trace remains of the later completion of the building. The stone which was first used in constructing the Chapel—probably from the Huddleston quarries, though Caen, Merstham, and Maidstone also furnished stone for the work—weathers very beautifully, taking a delicate creamy tint. This stone can be observed up to a certain height, very high at the East end, and sloping gradually down to the west, which shows that the east end was constructed first: above this a yellow and dingier stone is used, no doubt the Headington stone of Waynflete. The parapets and the Ante-chapel afford no clue, as they were renovated with Bath stone in 1874.

Westbury died in 1477, having practically saved the College. The next Provost of note was Roger Lupton (1503), another great benefactor of the College. He erected, or caused to be erected, the great tower with double turrets, that is perhaps the most characteristic feature of Eton, leading from School-yard to Cloisters: it is interesting to note on the left-hand turret, a little above the gateway, the pot of Annunciation lilies, designed in black bricks. Besides this he built the beautiful chantry, now disused, in the second north-eastern bay of the Chapel. It must be borne in mind that at this time the High Altar did not stand against the eastern wall, but one bay further west, against a screen of

some kind, as at Westminster Abbey. This is obvious from the position of the Sedilia, which can be still observed in the third south-east and north-east bays, just above the woodwork of the boys' seats.

The space behind the High Altar was a Lady Chapel. Other traces of the Roman use can be observed in the eastern walls of the Ante-chapel, on each side of the screen, where a row of niches stands high in the wall, each row forming the reredos of the Altar that stood beneath it. It must be remembered that every priest had to celebrate a daily mass before noon, and as there must have been at Eton, even in its least flourishing days, some fifteen ecclesiastics attached to the foundation, a considerable amount of altar accommodation was necessary.

Another personage of this date demands a word. Edward Powell, Headmaster 1492-1496, met long afterwards with a tragic fate, being executed on the scaffold in 1540 for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy and to acknowledge the validity of the divorce of Queen Catherine.

With the accession of Henry VIII. the College entered upon a new phase of trouble. An inventory of the College property was taken, and it seemed as though it was to share the fate of other institutions. But it was specially exempted from suppression. Henry, however, could not keep his hands from picking and stealing. Henry VI. had granted the

College the old leper hospital of St. James with its London estates. The residence of the master had been fitted up for a London house for the Provosts, and had been used by them. But Henry expressed a wish for this site and the lands immediately attached, and forced the College to exchange them for estates of less value. "Rex Henricus Octavus took away more than he gave us," says the old rhyme. The land which thus became the property of the Crown, 184 acres in all, was situated at Charing Cross, Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Chelsea, and Fulham. Imagination may revel in the idea of the colossal revenues which the College would now enjoy if the property had been retained: but not impossibly the forfeiture saved them from later spoliation. The College did retain land near Primrose Hill, which within a few years will, when the leases fall in, produce a large accession of revenue. On the site of the Hospital, Henry erected the Palace of St. James', which gives its name to the diplomatic title of the English nation. In 1534 the Reformation was quietly accepted at Eton, but in the following year, for reasons which are obscure, Provost Lupton resigned, remaining Canon of Windsor, and the king nominated Robert Aldrich to succeed him.

Robert Aldrich, or Aldridge, was born at Burnham, near Eton, somewhere at the close of the 15th century. He was, not unnaturally, sent to Eton as a scholar, and proceeded in due course to King's,

where he graduated in 1512. It must have been here that he made acquaintance with Erasmus, who described him as "a young man of a certain winning eloquence." Young Aldrich accompanied Erasmus, as his interpreter, on his celebrated visit of investigation to Walsingham, and was instigated by him to ask the canon in charge of the relics, how he proposed to *prove* the authenticity of the Virgin's milk which was shown to pilgrims. In 1515 he was elected "Schoolmaster" of Eton, which appointment he held for five years. He kept up a learned correspondence with Erasmus, after the latter had left England, and collated MSS. for him. In 1528 he became Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, holding the stall called "Centum Solidorum," which he shortly exchanged for the stall "Decem Librarum."

In 1531 he preached before Henry VIII., and in the same year was made Archdeacon of Colchester. In 1533 he was sent on an embassy to France, and later, on an interesting mission to Clement VII. to intimate that the king appealed from his sentence in the Divorce case to a General Council.

In 1534 he was made Canon of Windsor and Registrar of the Order of the Garter, when he compiled the "Black Book," or register of the Garter. In 1536 he was elected Provost of Eton, and appointed Almoner to Queen Jane. In the following year he was made Bishop of Carlisle, but continued to hold the Provostship *in commendam*: for the next ten years his reputation as a divine

seems to have been very high, as he was constantly consulted on all the religious questions then in dispute.

In 1547 he represented Eton at the king's funeral. There is a picturesque description of the king's corpse coming to Windsor in state. The cortège passed along the Slough Road: Bishop Aldrich appeared in full canonicals at the head of his Fellows, and all the members of the College were drawn up in ranks in the Long Walk, the children holding tapers.

Aldrich resigned the Provostship in the same year: a document is extant enjoining him to repair to his diocese and discharge his episcopal duties there.

The Bishop died in 1556 at Horncastle, where he is buried.

His writings were mostly controversial and theological, but include a book of epigrams: and it was, not improbably, he who instigated William Horman, Vice-Provost of Eton, to write the "*Antibossicon*," in conjunction with Lily, the famous master of St. Paul's School. The book is a reply to one Robert Whitynton or Whittington, who was a prominent controversial writer, and had waspishly assailed Lily and other learned men, under the soubriquet of "*Bossus*." The controversy dealt with the merits of respective ways of teaching Latin and was conducted acrimoniously and without dignity.

William Horman died at a great age, having been Headmaster both of Eton and Winchester.

He was a generous donor of MSS. to the former, and wrote the earliest Eton Exercise Book, English sentences to be turned into Latin, entitled "Vulgaria Puerorum," of which some specimens may be given.

The work consists of model sentences : the English first, with the Latin translation underneath, thus :—

"He is come of good and noble kyndrede,"

"Nobili loco ortus est" ;

and is divided into 37 chapters under different headings, such as :

Ch. V. : "De animi bonis et malis circa potentias et affectus."

Ch. XVI. : "Coquinaria, culinaria, macellaria et ea quae attinent et affinia sunt."

Ch. XXVI. : "De aulice administrationis variis officiis et his quae inibi fieri solent."

etc., etc.

Of these very interesting sentences, the following specimens may be given :—

Ch. I. : ("De Pietate," etc.) :—

"*The chyrche shulde be kept close from dogges and other beestes.*"

Ch. III. : ("De corporibus dotibus et cladibus") :—

"*The body of a lyve thig is made of the foure elemêtes proportioned ayer, fyre, water, and erthe.*"

"*The blood runneth through all the body caryed in the veynes, havying the other humours admyxt more or lesse after the cõplexion of the body : and so is spredde abrode.*" (This seems to foreshadow the discovery of the circulation of the blood.)

Ch. VIII. : ("De Scholasticis") :—

"*Men that be well lerned in these days take uppe many thynges that were of antyquyte.*" (This seems to be an interesting reference to the Renaissance.)

"He maketh exclamacy6 in his sermon : and rageth in the pulpytte : the which pleaseth most the lay people : and displeaseth wyse and well lerned mē."

Ch. IX. : ("De Philosophicis") :—

"An ostrege is greatest of all byrdes : and eteth and dygesteth yron."

"The elephante hath a long nose lyke a trumpe, plyant hyther and thither : with the whiche he taketh meet and drynke : and delyvereth to the mouth and therefore it is called his hande."

Ch. X. : ("De Corporis Cultu") :—

"Yonge felowes have a pleasure in writhed and curted lockes."

"She wereth corked slippers to make her tal and fete."

"He hath a very course shirt for such a man's sonne."

Ch. XII. : ("De Fortuna Irata") :—

"He was drowned in the poole and apered nomore."

Ch. XIV. : ("De Conjugalibus") :—

"This nurse had almost choked the babe with puttynge of meet into his mouthe."

"Maydens that cary gere upon theyr heed putte a wrethe of haye betwene the vessel and theyr heed to stay it from goglynge."

"Women that be out of all beaute, bye theyr housbands with riches."

Ch. XVIII. : ("De Cubicularibus") :—

"The bolster is to harde stuffed."

Ch. XXI. : ("De Re Rustica") :—

"This is a gentyll and a mery soyle."

Ch. XXV. : ("De Civilibus") :—

"The fyrst practyse of a newe custome must be done by sadde and wyse men."

Ch. XXX. : ("De ad iter pertinentibus") :—

"Irelâde frô hens somtyme is III dayes and III nyghtes saylynge."

Ch. XXXII. : ("De exercitamentis et ludis") :—

"He hyt me in the eye with a tenys bal."

The book was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and bears date "Lond. June 21st, 1530."

To turn to internal affairs, the plague had raged at Windsor, and the school removed to Langley.

Boys of high birth and position were already beginning to attend the school. There is a brass in the Chapel commemorating the death in 1521 of a page of honour of the king's, Richard Grey, Lord Grey, Cotenore, Wylton and Ruthyn. And a letter of still earlier date from William Paston, younger son of Sir John Paston of Norfolk, who was at Eton in 1467, may be given in full as throwing an interesting light on the domestic arrangements of the place. The letter testifies to a certain precocity of worldly wisdom with marked intellectual deficiencies.

"To his worshipful brother John Paston, be this delivered in haste.

"Right reverend and worshipful brother, after all duties of recommendation, I recommend me to you, desiring to hear of your prosperity and welfare, which I pray God long to continue to His pleasure and to your heart's desire: letting you weet that I received a letter from you, in the which letter was 8d., with the which I should buy a pair of slippers.

"Furthermore, certifying you as for the 13s. 4d., which ye sent by a gentleman's man for my board, called Thomas Newton, was delivered to mine hostess, and so to my creancer Mr. Thomas Stevenson: and he heartily recommended him to you. Also ye sent me word in the letter of 12 lb. figs and 8 lb. raisins. I have them not delivered, but I doubt not I shall have, for Alwedyr told me of them, and he said that they came after in another barge.

“And as for the young gentlewoman, I will certify you how I first fell in acquaintance with her. Her father is dead; there be two sisters of them : the elder is just wedded, at which the wedding I was with mine hostess and also desired by the gentleman himself, called William Swan, whose dwelling is in Eton. So it fortun'd that mine hostess reported on me otherwise than I was worthy : so that her mother commanded her to make me good cheer, and so in good faith she did. She is not abiding where she is now ; her dwelling is in London : but her mother and she came to a place of hers five miles from Eton, where the wedding was, for because it was nigh to the gentleman which wedded her daughter : and on Monday next coming—that is to say, the first Monday of Clean Lent—her mother and she will go to the pardon at Sheen, and so forth to London, and there to abide in a place of hers in Bow Churchyard ; and if it please you to enquire of her, her mother's name is Mistress Alborow, the name of the daughter is Margaret Alborow, the age of her is by all likelihood eighteen, or nineteen years at the farthest. And as for the money and plate, it is ready whensoever she were wedded : but as for the livelihood, I trow, not till after her mother's decease, but I cannot tell you for very certain, but you may know by enquiring. And as for her beauty, judge you that when you see her, if so be that you take the labour, and specially behold her hands, for and if it be as it is told me she is disposed to be thick.

“And as for my coming from Eton, I lack nothing but versifying, which I trust to have with a little continuance.

*'Quare, quomodo non valet hora, valet mora ?
Unde di. [dictum vel deductum ?]*

*Arbore jam videas exemplum. Non die possunt
Omnia suppleri ; sed tamen illa mora.'*

“And these two verses aforesaid be of my own making. No more to you at this time, but God have you in his keeping. Written at Eton, the Even of Saint Mathias the Apostle, in haste, with the hand of your brother,

WILLIAM PASTON, JUN.”

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY HEADMASTERS.

Little is known about the Headmasters of Eton at the beginning of the 16th century ; but Richard Coxe, educated at Eton and King's, Headmaster in 1528, was a teacher of note : he was strongly inclined to Lutheran principles, and, as a master, had the gift of communicating enthusiasm for scholarship. He was afterwards selected to be tutor to Edward VI., then Prince Edward, and preferred to the Deanery of Christ Church, where he earned an evil notoriety for his wanton destruction of illuminated books and manuscripts on religious grounds. He was eventually made Bishop of Ely by Queen Elizabeth.

Coxe was succeeded by a remarkable man, Nicholas Udall, a native of Hampshire : he was admitted scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1520, at the age of fourteen, and elected a Fellow in 1524. In 1534 he became Headmaster of Eton, at the age of twenty-eight. Four years after the school was obliged to migrate for a period to Hedgerley, in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield, owing to the outbreak of some contagious disorder. Udall seems to have been an excellent teacher and

the author, but it was afterwards identified by a quotation in Thomas Wilson's "Rule of Reason." Wilson had been educated at Eton under Udall, as Mr. Maxwell Lyte discovered, and had not improbably taken a part in the play himself.

The names of the *dramatis personæ* are quaintly alliterated : we have Matthew Merygreeke, Margerie Mumblecrust a nurse, Tibet Talkapace a maiden, and other similar characters. There are several songs and much incidental music throughout the piece.

In March, 1543, according to Mr. Edwin Arber, occurred a robbery of silver images and other plate at Eton. It was discovered that two of the scholars, J. Hoorde and T. Cheney, had been delinquents, with the connivance of one Gregory, Udall's servant. The boys were summoned before the Privy Council and confessed their guilt : Udall was examined, and though he could not be proved to have been concerned in the robbery, yet the most scandalous disclosures were made as to his character. He was committed to the Marshalsea Prison, and in the following year resigned the Vicarage of Braintree, which he had held for six years. An obsequious penitent letter is extant, in which he implores some influential person (name unknown), that he may be restored to favour, promising amendment. He appears to have been engaged about this time in translating Erasmus' Paraphrase of the New Testament into English together with the Princess,

afterwards Queen Mary, and in 1555 we find him appointed Master of Westminster School, where he continued until Mary re-established the Monastery there. He died in 1556, and is buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

There is a curious MS. book of this date in Eton College Library, "Hatcher's Register," which is mainly concerned with the *personnel* of King's, but contains some interesting entries about the Eton officials. The book is reproduced in Harwood's "Alumni Etonenses." From this we learn that in 1536 one William Wincke was "Vice-Provost but a great scholar."

And the following two entries are significant of a time of religious persecutions :—

1536.

"Robert Columbell went away Fellow (*i.e.* of King's), not daring to stay because he was espied to have a Latin Testament in his hand by Mr. Stokes (Matthew Stokes, Esquire Bedell), as himself confessed."

1538.

"John Hullier, Rector of Babraham, Conduct of Eton ; burnt for Religion, 1556, on Jesus College Green."

Lupton, the ex-Provost, died at Windsor in 1540, and was buried in his chantry : his brass represents him in the choral cope then in use at Windsor and elsewhere.

Lupton left money to be distributed annually to all members of the Foundation : and it is to this and a similar bequest of Provost Bost's that we may refer the interesting and curious ceremony which

takes place on the 27th of February, a day still printed in the Almanack as Threepenny Day. The Provost or Fellow in residence repairs to Hall, and after the 2 o'clock dinner presents a threepenny-bit to each of the Collegers, the Captain receiving for his own use the money of absentees. There is a tradition firmly rooted among the boys that it is in lieu of half-a-sheep to which they are entitled: the story probably takes its rise from some picturesque statement to illustrate the decrease in the value of money since 1540; but, in spite of all explanation, the belief flourishes.

In 1546 a fresh valuation of the College property was taken for the king; but any contemplated spoliation was prevented by Henry's death.

In 1547 an old friend of Eton, Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, died. His heart was buried at Lincoln, in the chantry by the south-east door which he had erected; his intestines at Woburn, where he died; and his body at Eton, at the south end of the altar, in the place where the Epistle was read. His brass has perished. He left a library of value to Eton.

On Aldrich's resignation the Duke of Somerset nominated, for the king, a layman to succeed him, Thomas Smith, a man of virtue and learning, who also held by dispensation the Deanery of Carlisle: he was the author of an attempt to introduce a new alphabet and phonetic spelling, and later, while sharing the imprisonment of the Duke of Somerset,

he translated the Psalms into English verse, a work which enjoys a melancholy pre-eminence among all similar experiments for its unpoetical qualities. The Provost was shortly after his election made Secretary of State and knighted. He was a great personage at Eton, and was treated with great deference by the Fellows. They maintained a stable for him at some expense, and assigned him an allowance for commons, as he preferred to take his meals in his own house. "He wore," it is said, "goodly apparel and went like a courtier." He was a Protestant by conviction, and caused the Chapel to be stripped of its images and ornaments. In 1554 he was forced to resign both the Provostship and the Deanery, and received a pension of £100 a year in lieu of them—a somewhat inadequate compensation, it being no larger than his allowance for commons at Eton.

Henry Cole, a bigot, succeeded him. He had previously been Warden of New College. He endeavoured to restore the Chapel to its pristine state, and caused the ancient service-books, recalled by Queen Mary's reforms, to be produced. He was in high favour at court, and became Dean of St. Paul's and Dean of Arches. An amusing story is told of him: he was despatched to Ireland with strong powers to suppress heresy and deal with offenders. On his way he stayed with the Mayor at Chester. He carried his credentials in a leather case, which was opened by a landlady, a fervid Protestant, and

the commission abstracted. When Cole arrived in Dublin, he produced the case for the inspection of the Lord Deputy, and it was found to contain a pack of playing-cards with the knave uppermost. Cole was overwhelmed with confusion, but the Deputy philosophically said, "Let us have another commission—and we will meanwhile shuffle the cards." Cole hurried back to England, but was met with the intelligence of Mary's death. A conference was shortly afterwards held at Westminster between the leaders of the two religious parties, and Cole was named one of the spokesmen. But he behaved in a way which makes one doubt his sanity. He stamped, raved, snapped his fingers, frowned and called his opponents opprobrious names. He was thereupon committed for contumacy, and died in the Fleet Prison in disgrace.

He was succeeded by William Bill, a self-made man, who was master of St. John's College at Cambridge. Bill was a quiet and energetic man of moderate views, who knew how to keep his counsel: "*bene perfecit multa loquendo parum*," says his epitaph. He was Master of Trinity and Dean of Westminster, and held all three preferments with a quiet conscience. "*Non multa loquimur, sed vivimus*," he might have said, like Gray's friend: "we don't say much, but we hold good livings."

The Fellows, on Bill's death, elected Richard Brewarne, or Bruerne, a Canon of Christ Church, who had been deprived of the Regius Professor-

ship of Hebrew at Oxford for gross immorality. It does not seem a happy choice ; and the Queen manifested her immediate disapproval ; Archbishop Parker was bidden to hold a commission, and Bruerne resigned in order not to be deprived. William Day was elected to succeed him : on his election he proceeded, against the will of the Queen, to marry one of the five daughters of Bishop Barlow of Lincoln, all of whom married Bishops. Another of them married William Wickham, who was Vice-Provost of Eton, afterwards becoming Dean and Bishop of Lincoln, whence he was promoted to Winchester : Wickham is remembered for having preached the funeral sermon of Mary, Queen of Scots, at Peterborough.

Provost Day had a disagreeable conflict with the court ; De Foix, the French ambassador, was quartered on the College, and he and his suite behaved with indifferent courtesy. They kept unreasonable hours and made riotous noises : they brought strange women into College ; they stole College plate, cut the lead from the roof and melted it for bullets, shot College game, pheasants, mallards, teal, doves, with "hand-guns" ; they thrust up spits in ribald pleasantries through the boards into upper chambers and wounded innocent chaplains ; they threw bricks at the scholars, and finally, on the Provost refusing them the keys, they broke his door in, went in with swords, and dragged him out. "Nos non sumus obstricti vestris legibus," said De Foix.

The Provost complained, and the obnoxious guests were removed by order of the Secretary of State. Day became Dean of Windsor, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester in 1595. His appointments to the Headmastership are interesting. Two of them, Sherwood and Hammond, were physicians : and Ridley was a barrister, afterwards knighted by James I.

It is interesting to note that Phineas Fletcher, the poet, was educated at Eton. He was the son of Giles Fletcher, ambassador to the Czar of Russia, himself an Etonian.

Phineas Fletcher was born in 1582, and went on from Eton to King's College, where he became a Fellow. He is the author of the "Purple Island," an ornate, mystical and allegorical poem of great length and some gorgeousness of diction, treating of the human body.

Day was succeeded by an eminent scholar, one of the most famous of Eton Provosts. This was Henry Savile, Warden of Merton, whose younger brother had been Fellow of Eton some years before. The Queen gave him the Deanery of Carlisle, which had been similarly held by Sir Thomas Smith, "to stop his mouth," from which we infer that he was importunate for preferment. Savile was a friend of the Earl of Essex, and was for a time under a cloud in consequence ; but on the occasion of the first visit of James I. to the College he was knighted. He was a man of jealous

and austere temper, proud of his acquirements and his gentle birth, and unpopular both at Eton and Merton, where he ruled the Fellows with a rod of iron. But he was so eminent as a scholar, and discharged his duties so conscientiously as head of a great educational institution, that the reputation of the College rose by swift degrees. At the election of 1613 there were a hundred candidates, and the great Casaubon sent his son Meric there. Lady Savile seems to have been a discontented person; she expressed her vexation when the Provost was knighted, because the honour had so long been deferred: and she is recorded to have said one day in a fit of temper, "Sir Henry, I would I were a book too, and then you would a little more respect me."

Certainly Sir Henry did not impart much of his learning to his wife: A little while before the "Chrysostom" was finished, the Provost, in consequence of his exhausting labours, was attacked by a severe illness: Lady Savile declared to a friend, Mr. Bois, "if Harry dies, I will burn 'Chrysostom' for killing my husband." Mr. Bois replied, "that would be a great pity, for he was one of the sweetest preachers since the Apostles' times," with which she was satisfied, and said, "I would not do it for the world."

Savile was of a pedantic temper, and had more respect for solid acquirements than for varied accomplishments. "Give me the plodding student," he is recorded to have said; "if I would look for

wits, I would go to Newgate; there be the wits!" But his sympathies were not purely with linguistic or patristic studies; after the death of his only son he founded the Professorships of Astronomy and Geometry at Oxford, which still bear his name.

His great work however was the publication of the works of Chrysostom, which cost him, it is said, eight thousand pounds, and brought him more honour than money. He sent scholars all over Europe to collate MSS., purchased a special fount of type, and set up a printing press in Weston's Yard, in the house now occupied by Dr. Lloyd, and this may perhaps account for the fact that the whole house is but a single room thick, and ill-adapted for domestic purposes. The title-page of the later copies has a small view of Eton. Savile laboured hard to get men of learning as Fellows of Eton. He introduced into the school the so-called "Eton Greek Grammar," which was in use till recent times, and was written by Camden, Headmaster of Westminster.

Savile died in 1622. His portrait hangs at Eton in the dining-room of the Lodge, and represents a man of stately aspect, with a proud and somewhat positive face, and long thin hands. His tomb at Merton has a representation of Eton on it.

One of Savile's favourites was Richard Montagu, who was born at Dorney, a village three miles from Eton, in 1577: his father, Lawrence Montagu, being Vicar of the parish: he went as a boy to Eton, and



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SIR HENRY SAVILE.

Provost, 1596—1621.

From an oil painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

was elected to King's in 1594. By 1597 he was a Fellow.

He went back to Eton to assist Sir Henry Savile with his Chrysostom (his brother being a Fellow of the College), but he seems at first to have had no official connection with the place. In 1610 Montagu's edition of the two *Invectives* of Gregory Nazianzen was issued from the Eton Press, being the second publication made therefrom. It was intended that he should have edited the works of Basil the Great, but this undertaking was never completed.

In 1610 he was appointed to the College living of Wootton Courtney, near Dunster, in Somerset : and in 1613 he was admitted Fellow of Eton. In 1616 he was made Dean of Hereford, but exchanged the Deanery for a Canonry at Windsor. He held two livings, Stanford Rivers and Petworth, at the same time with his Fellowship and Canonry by dispensation from James I. The pedant-king admired and respected Montagu's learning, and more than one of his treatises appeared under the king's immediate patronage. Montagu's aim, as he said in a letter to Cosin, was "to stand in the gapp against puritanisme and popery."

In 1619 he was drawn into a controversy with some Jesuits who had established a house in his Essex parish : he issued a pamphlet to prove that the Roman Church was neither Catholic nor sound : he was answered by "A Gag for the New Gospel,"

to which he replied in a trenchant pamphlet cumbrously named "A Gagg for the New Gospel? No. A New Gagg for an old Goose."

In 1624 he was accused of popery by the Puritans, and replied in his most famous work, "Appello Caesarem." He was censured by the House of Commons, and committed to custody, but liberated on his own recognisances. Charles I. thereupon made him his Chaplain, and he was warmly defended by both Laud and Buckingham. Then the House named a committee to enquire into the religious belief of Montagu, Mainwaring, and Cosin. Whereupon the king made Montagu Bishop of Chichester, and he was consecrated by Laud at Croydon on the day of Buckingham's assassination. This, by making him a peer, removed him out of the reach of the malignity of the Lower House. He was after this mixed up in the tortuous negotiations conducted with the Papacy through Panzani, and in 1638 translated to Ely. In 1639 he declared his diocese to be quiet and conformable: but he had long been in indifferent health, suffering from ague as well as gout and stone. In 1641 he died. He was a learned man with a bitter wit, and a born controversialist.

Fuller says that he had "a tartness of writing, very sharp the nip of his pen, and much gall mingled in his ink."

His familiar and humorous letters to Cosin have been published by the Surtees Society. (vol. 52, Cosin Correspondence).

Savile was succeeded by Thomas Murray, a layman, tutor and secretary to Charles I., then Prince of Wales. He was only Provost for 14 months: his widow erected a noble marble monument, on the south side of the altar, with a bust above, and a skeleton lying below.

CHAPTER V.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth showed her interest in the school by several personal visits; she attended a "Te Deum in prick-song" in the Chapel on one occasion, the Fellows wearing their copes. Another visit is commemorated by a very rude inscription on a panel to the right-hand of the Hall door. "Queen Elizabetha ad nos gave October X. 2 loves (loaves) in a mes" (mess), testifying to some gift made for the benefit of the scholars. She was addressed on more than one occasion in complimentary verses by the scholars, in which Henry VIII. is spoken of as "semideus," and every grace and virtue of which the human person and mind are capable is attributed to the Queen; "Tam bene quam Galli Gallica verba sonas" is after this perhaps somewhat of an anticlimax. "You speak French like a native." This volume contains a prologue or preface in Latin prose, purporting to come from the boys, begging her to bestow some safe harbourage upon their dear Master (William Malim) "by whose kindness and extreme watchfulness, day and night, we have in a short time attained such proficiency in letters."

There is a curious allusion to Malim's regime in Roger Ascham's treatise, "The Schoolmaster."

The preface begins by describing a dinner-party at Windsor in 1563, in the rooms of Sir William Cecil, the Queen's chief secretary.

"I have strange news brought me," saith Mr. Secretary "this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating."

Mr. Peter thereupon observes that the rod is the sword that must keep the school in obedience.

Dr. Nicholas Wotton says that the schoolhouse should be in deed, as by name (*Ludus Literarum*), the house of play and pleasure.

Mr. Haddon (an Etonian) "said that the best schoolmaster of our time was the greatest beater, and named the person" (Udall).

Ascham himself replies that though Udall certainly turned out the best scholar of the day (meaning Haddon himself), it "came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar rather than by the great beating of the master."

But, for us, Malim's chief claim to honour is that he took the trouble to put on paper a *Consuetudinarium*, or account of the daily life of the school. This is preserved among the MSS. presented to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, by Archbishop Parker. The document has very little literary interest, and is written in a crabbed and pedantic style. The boys all slept in one dormitory, the famous Long Chamber, extending along the whole length of the North side of School-yard. Their one schoolroom was

the present Lower School. There were but two masters, the Headmaster or Informator, and the Lower Master or Hostiarius, the word from which Usher is derived. There was an elaborate system of monitors, the eighteen senior boys being called Praepositi, an absurd word to use, as it was the official designation of the Provost, for which reason it was altered to Praepositor or Praepostor, a title still in common use at Eton, though it has quite altered its sense. Each division has its praepostor, the duties being undertaken for three days by each boy in turn; he is responsible for marking out in a book the absentees at every school hour. But Malim's praepostors were praefects or monitors, exercising authority in various places, school playing-fields, Church, Hall, as at Winchester. The last was praepostor "immundorum," and had to enforce cleanliness. There were a certain number of boys other than the scholars, officially called Commensals, but Malim uses the present term Oppidani.

Another curious title in use was Custos, or dunce, applied to boys who talked in English during lesson hours or made mistakes in spelling. It seems that most forms had a Custos. It is an odd coincidence that it is the official designation of the Warden of Winchester.

At five o'clock in the morning a praepositor called "Surgite." As the boys dressed they were supposed to chant a Latin psalm, antiphonally: each boy

made his bed, and went down to wash outside, apparently after dressing, at the "children's pump," which was situated probably in the S.E. corner of Weston's Yard. At six the Usher read prayers in the schoolroom and began to teach the lower forms: the Headmaster came in at seven. It may be noted in passing that the Headmaster's rooms were in the Tower at the west end of Long Chamber, the Usher either living in the same tower, or in a room to the east of Lower School, now included in the house of the master in College. At nine o'clock there was an interval, perhaps for breakfast, though it is not so stated; at ten there were more prayers; at eleven, dinner; at twelve, work again till three. From three till four they might play; from four to five there was school again, and at five, supper. From six to eight, work was prepared for the next day under the superintendence of the *praeceptors*. At seven there was a "bever" of bread and beer. At eight, prayers and bed. It will be seen that nearly ten hours were thus spent in school, though the superintendence must have been somewhat loose and the actual teaching scanty. On Friday and Saturday examinations were held. On Friday also, the culprits for the week were judged, and whipped if necessary. On Saturday, speeches were delivered. Malim makes no mention of Sunday.

One sort of composition, however brief, seems to have been done daily. The lower forms translated English into Latin, the intermediate boys wrote

themes, the seniors verses. The books read were Dionysius Periegetes, Terence, Lucian (in Latin), Æsop (in Latin), Cicero, Ovid, Martial, Catullus, Sir Thomas More, Horace, Florus, Justinus, Valerius Maximus, Susenbrotus, Caesar, Virgil, Lucan.

There was a relaxation of work about Christmas time, but the boys remained at Eton : on the first of January, verses were written on the events of the previous year, a custom which continued in force till recent years, the Captain of the School composing a copy called *Calendæ*. In January, on the 13th of the month, the "exequiæ" of William of Waynflete were celebrated. On Shrove Monday verses were written in praise of Father Bacchus, on long rolls of paper. Pepys alludes to this in his Diary, adding that the Shrovetide verses which he saw on a visit to Eton were "better I think than ever I made when I was a boy." The custom continued till the present century : Porson's Bacchus verses are now in the School Library, having been presented by Mrs. Keate. The Marquis Wellesley speaks of having written Bacchus verses as an Eton boy.

On Shrove Tuesday a jackdaw tied to a pancake was pelted to death : on Ash Wednesday the boys made confession, choosing their own confessor from the Fellows and Conducts. On the Wednesday before Easter a solemn service was held in Church, which seems to have corresponded to the ancient *Tenebrae* : boys were selected to receive the Sacrament on Easter Sunday, and after dinner were

allowed to walk in the country, but forbidden to enter taverns on the way.

On Easter Eve they retired early to bed, for they rose at the third vigil to commemorate "the exceeding glory of the death and resurrection of the Lord with most grateful memory": the Master selected at the request of the Sacrist (one of the Fellows) three or four boys to watch the Sepulchre with lighted candles, lest the Jews should steal the Lord, or rather, adds Malim, "lest misfortune should occur from any neglect in watching the lights."

On Mayday the boys went into the country, after being cautioned not to get their feet wet, and picked boughs of May: this custom was continued till a late date, but transferred to the time of Election. On the 6th of May, the festival of St. John (ante portam Latinam) the boys were allowed to sleep in the afternoon. On Ascension Day the only vacation began, and lasted for three weeks; on the eve of Corpus Christi any boys returning late were flogged. Bonfires were lit in the Court on Midsummer Day, the feasts of SS. Peter and Paul and the Translation of St. Thomas (Becket). The Assumption of the Virgin (Aug. 15th) was a holiday, and so was the Decollation of St. John Baptist (Aug. 29th).

The Mummery of a Boy-bishop had been abolished before Malim's time, but it had been celebrated on the feast of St. Nicholas, the patron Saint of children. The boy chosen was styled Episcopus

Nihilensis, was duly vested in a rochet, and preached a sermon. At Christmas, comedies were performed under the direction of the masters.

We may here mention a few facts which are known about the commensals or oppidans in the sixteenth century. Lord Wriothesley, afterwards Earl of Chichester, was a commensal in 1613; another commensal was Con O'Neil, son of the rebel Earl of Tyrone, whose school bills were paid by Government; of Philip Lytton, son of Sir Roland Lytton of Knebworth, it is recorded that he was found fault with for refusing to eat the meat provided in the Hall. "Verum est," he replied, "when I was at Mr. Alden's, I had better meat." Alden was a Fellow at this time, which shows that Lytton had boarded previously at his house. From a bill sent in Queen Mary's reign by Green, the Usher, to Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King at Arms, whose boy was a commensal, we gather that a charge was made for teaching, and that the charge for board was a shilling a head per week. In 1560 the two sons of Sir William Cavendish were at Eton: they went there at the age of ten and nine respectively. They lived in lodgings, and appear to have given shortly after their arrival a breakfast to the "company of forms in the school according to the use of the school," but as this only cost sixpence, the fare must have been meagre. Shortly after this, they dine and sup in the Hall. The principal expense entailed upon them seems to have been

an immense number of pairs of boots, each of them buying seven pairs annually. They wore gowns of black frieze like the collegers. Every quarter they were charged sixpence for pen and ink, broom and birch. The younger of the two, William, was afterwards created Earl of Devonshire, to his elder brother's high disgust, and their descendants have been almost invariably educated at Eton. The names Stanhope, Arundel, Fitzwilliam, Grey, Cornwallis, Bertie, Frogmorton, Mildmay, all occur among the commensals at this date. Young Lord Willoughby and his page, and Lord Dormer were commensals early in the 17th century: but at the time of the Rebellion the numbers seem to have fallen off. Giles Fletcher, afterwards Ambassador to Russia, and Longe, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, were scholars in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and both contributed to the complimentary volume.

Before we quit this period we must notice a curious correspondence between Savile and Bishop Barlow of Lincoln, the Visitor. Dr. Langley was Headmaster, but held two other benefices where he did not reside. The fact that he did not reside does not seem to have grieved the Bishop much; but he complained bitterly that the Founder "little thought any man would have been either so covetous for wealth, or so stooping in conceit, as from an Interpreter of the Holy Ghost, to become an expositor of profane Poets." He calls it a public scandal, an "apostemated ulcer." The Provost seems to have replied

that Langley was an excellent teacher, but the Bishop was not satisfied. "Is not this the sparing of Agag," he wrote, "because he was a comely person?" Eventually Dr. Langley was forced to resign, and the Bishop added a caution that the new Usher (the former Usher being appointed Headmaster) must not be a priest. "It were," he said, "a gross abasing of our sacred function, that a priest should either be, or be entitled an *hostiarius*" —probably because the lowest Order in the Roman Church is that of *Ostiarius*.

It is interesting to compare this with the modern view that a headmastership of one of the leading public schools almost entitles the holder to a D.D. degree *jure dignitatis*, and with the fact that the present Lower Master is the first for many years who has not been in Orders.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Lord Keeper Williams wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, then absent with Prince Charles in Spain, about the vacant Provostship, in 1623 :—

“The place is stayed by the Fellows and myself, untill your lordship's pleasure be known. Whomsoever your lordship shall name, I shall like of, even should it be Sir William Beecher, though the Provostship never descended so low.”

The vacant post was eventually filled by the appointment of Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton came of an ancient Kentish family, “Anglo-Cantianus” he calls himself. He was born in 1568, at Bocton Malherbe, being the youngest child of Thomas Wotton, by a second marriage. The Wottons were a knightly stock, with a taste for seclusion : indeed, their strongest claim on our admiration, according to Isaac Walton, is the persistency with which they had declined high office in Church and State. Sir Edward Wotton, grandfather of Sir Henry, might have been Lord Chancellor to Henry VIII., but with a due regard to personal security he refused it. Sir Edward's brother, Nicholas Wotton, Dean of York and of Canterbury, is said to have refused the Primacy.

They were a family given to dreaming dreams and experiencing presentiments, an evidence of nervous excitability. Such natures are fitted to play an active part in the world, and play it manfully, but to weary soon of the turmoil of business, and to retire gleefully into solitude and repose.

Henry had three half-brothers, older than himself, all eventually knighted, and the eldest created a peer, Lord Wotton of Merley.

Henry was sent to Winchester, and proceeded in due course to New College, but was transferred to Queen's, where he wrote a tragedy, *Tancredo* by name, a precocious work, which gave promise of literary power. When he had taken his degree, he delivered three lectures on the Eye, "De Oculo," which appear to have been philosophical and mystical rather than scientific, but were much admired. He formed a close friendship with Albericus Gentilis, Professor of Civil Law, to whom he was "dear Harry," and with Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. After this, having inherited some slight fortune from his father, he went abroad and travelled for nine years, forming a friendship with Theodore Beza and lodging in the house of Isaac Casaubon, whose son Meric, already mentioned, was admitted to a scholarship at Eton in 1610. On returning, at the age of 31, according to Walton, he became secretary to the Earl of Essex, to whose service one of his elder brothers was also attached, but on the Earl's disgrace he dis-



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SIR HENRY WOTTON.

From an engraving by Stow, (in the Gallery, Eton College,) after the portrait by Cornelius Jansen, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

creetly fled from the country, and had the pleasure of hearing from a safe retreat on the continent, that most of his associates had lost their places or their heads. Then followed a dramatic episode : a conspiracy was discovered at Florence against the life of James VI. king of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England. Duke Ferdinand of Florence entrusted Wotton with the papers relating to the conspiracy, and also some medical information about poisons and antidotes, which might be of interest to the king under the circumstances. Wotton, travelling under the name of Octavio Baldi, made his way to Scotland by way of Norway, and delivered his message to the king, revealing his identity. James was duly grateful, and on his accession to the English throne, sent for Wotton, knighted him and appointed him ambassador to Venice, an office which he discharged three times in all. On going out to Venice, in Germany he spent an evening "in merriments" with a certain Christopher Fleamore, the possessor of an "Albo," or book of white paper, in which Wotton was requested to write a sentence. He thereupon wrote, with more wit than discretion, a definition of the word ambassador, "Legatus est vir bonus, peregre missus ad mentendum Reipublicae causa," a sentence which in English of that date had a *double entendre* which the Latin does not possess—"an ambassador is a good man sent to lie abroad for the sake of the State." For some years this lay *perdu* in the Albo: but it fell

eventually into the hands of one Gasparus Scioppius, a peevish Romanist, who published it as a sample of the principles of the king of England and his most trusted servant. Moreover, says Walton, it was "written in Venice in several glass windows," by which I presume he meant scrawled with a diamond ring. James was exceedingly angry, but Wotton excused himself with so much readiness and grace, that the king not only forgave him, but dispatched him on several German embassies, the last of which was to the court of the Emperor Ferdinand II. On taking leave of this potentate, the Emperor gave Wotton a jewel, in diamonds, worth over £1000, which Wotton presented next morning to the Countess of Sabrina, in whose house at Vienna he had been lodged. Ferdinand was justly indignant at this, and whether or no it was connected with the affront, it is certain that Wotton received no further ambassadorial appointment.

On returning home, Wotton made several fruitless attempts to get the arrears of his official income paid him, but was forced to content himself with the reversion to the Mastership of the Rolls, then held by the charitable Sir Julius Caesar. But the Provostship of Eton falling vacant, by the death of Murray, he received the appointment from the king, in 1624, after it had been vacant for fifteen months.

It is interesting to note that the great Lord Bacon, to use his familiar designation, more correctly Lord St. Albans, was his chief competitor for the post.

Other aspirants were Sir Dudley Carleton, Sir William Beecher, Clerk of the Privy Council, Sir Ralph Freeman, and three others of knightly rank. Mrs. Murray, widow of the late Provost, was so fond of the Lodge, that it was whispered that she was quite prepared to give her hand to one of these, Sir Robert Ayton, should he be successful in obtaining the post.

Lord Bacon wrote pitiful letters, styling himself "a man out of sight and out of use." "It were a pretty cell for my fortune," he says. He was anxious to sell Gorhambury, and yet have a country residence. But it was considered necessary, according to the Lord Keeper Williams, that the Provost must be "a good husband and a careful manager, and a stayed man, which no man can be that is so much indebted as my Lord St. Albans." So Wotton was preferred. He was overjoyed at the news, and entered upon the dignified and secluded life which it offered him with the utmost enjoyment, fulfilling however the obligations of the position with the most conscientious and scrupulous zeal. He had, says Walton, "for many years (like Sisyphus) rolled the restless stone of a state-employment," and he had found, to quote a motto of which he was fond, "*animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo*," that "spirits become wiser by resting."

To furnish his lodgings, he managed to obtain some arrears of his salary, and to qualify himself for the post of Provost, he was ordained Deacon, a step

which three of his predecessors had dispensed with.

So at Eton he settled for the peaceful remainder of a life : he read largely in the Bible and in the writings of the Fathers ; he was diligent in attending public worship ; he was exceedingly hospitable—" his meat was choice "—says Walton, and entertained profusely.* He took a great interest in the school, taking two or three promising scholars into his house, and often visiting the school itself, which he never left " without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar." He set up " two rows of pillars " in the schoolroom—no doubt the old Jacobean arches which form a colonnade down the centre of Lower School—which he hung with pictures of poets, historians and orators. His recreation was mainly fishing, which he indulged at a fishing-house, still belonging to the College, known as Black Potts, into the chimneys of which you can look from the London and South-Western line where it crosses the river on the way to Datchet.

The following letter is of extraordinary interest, as having been written by Wotton to Milton, then a young man living in retirement in the neighbouring village of Horton : it is evidently a reply to

* Perhaps it was owing to this that he never found the revenues of the post quite adequate. He complained that it " never before subsisted in the memory of man without some addition." He begged the king for the next good Deanery, and applied for the mastership of the Savoy. He was probably in debt, through no fault of his own, but owing to the fact that his full official salary as Ambassador had never been paid him.

a letter from Milton asking advice as to his travels :—

“From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

“Sir,

“It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly ; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts (*i.e.*, at Horton, near Eton), which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. (*doubtless Mr. Hales*), I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, over a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time,—among which I observed you to have been familiar.

“Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment (a copy of Lawes' edition of *Comus*), which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part (*i.e.*, the Dialogue of *Comus*), if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes ; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language. *Ipsa mollities!* But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R.'s *Poems*, printed at Oxford ; whereunto it was added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

“Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you

will not blanch Paris in your way : therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor ; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

“ I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena—the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

“ At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times,—having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour ; and, at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of mine own conscience. ‘ *Signor Arrigo* (meaning ‘ Harry ’) *mio,*’ says he, ‘ *I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto,*’ (‘ Thoughts close, looks open ’) will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth not need commentary ; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God’s dear love, remaining

“ Your friend, as much at command

“ As any of longer date,

“ HENRY WOTTON.

“ Postscript.

“ Sir,

“ I have expressly sent this my foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the

receipt of your obliging letter,—having myself, through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance (*between Eton and Horton?*). In any part where I shall understand you fixed I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

Walton seems to have had a great idea of Sir Henry's wit, but the reminiscences of his table talk are disappointing. There is, however, some cynical humour in the advice he gave to a young ambassador, who consulted him on an advisable demeanour, "always and upon all occasions speak the truth," said the veteran diplomatist, "for you shall never be believed."

The studious task he set himself in his later years was to write the *Life of Luther*: but Charles I. "with a persuasive, loving violence (to which may be added a promise of £500 a year)," says Walton, constrained him to begin a *History of England*. It was never finished. Old age came rapidly upon him, though he was never "peevish." He lived in friendship with the Fellows, and saw much of the "Ever-memorable" John Hales, a man of genial nature and incisive humour. To each of the Fellows of Eton, "with whom I have lived (my God knows) in all loving affection," as his will says, he left an enamelled ring with the motto "*Amor unit omnia*."

He says himself that the only friends he lost were in consequence of the great demand for scholarships at Eton. He could not find places for everyone, and each election cost him several old friends.

The Summer before his death, instead of going to Oxford, as was his wont, he visited Winchester.

While he was returning to Eton, he said, according to Walton, to a friend who was travelling with him, possibly Walton himself, "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place, we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true; that, at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sate when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares; and those to be enjoyed, when time (which I therefore thought slow pac'd) had changed my youth into manhood: but, age and experience have taught me, that those were but empty hopes: for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus, one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death."

He suffered at the end of his life from asthma, "short spittings," as Walton says, and fevers, and

was obliged to give up tobacco, "which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately." He died in his seventy-second year in 1639. His will is an interesting document. He had many curious pictures to dispose of, which he left to the king, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. One great view of Venice he bequeathed to Eton, and it now hangs in Election Hall. The MSS. he collected in Italy form the most valuable part of the MSS. in the College Library. There are over forty of these, lately catalogued by Dr. James, of King's College. He left many curiosities, crystals, amber, "a cabinet of instruments and engines, including pick-locks"; his Viol de Gamba he bequeathed to the Dean of Canterbury. He was buried at Eton, under a stone with a curious ugly inscription:—

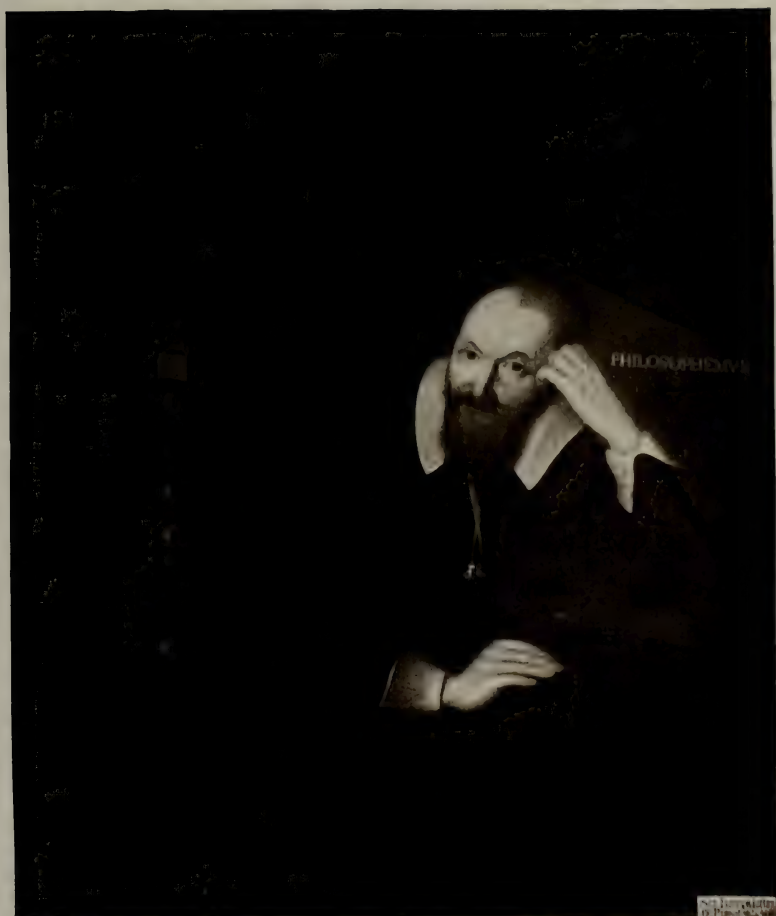
"Here lies the author of this sentence, 'the itching for disputation proves the scab of the churches.' Seek his name elsewhere." (*Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiarum scabies.*)

However true, pithy and incisive a statement, it is not only clumsily expressed, but it is an un-savoury apophthegm to cover the bones of a just and amiable servant of God, without rigidity of ideal, but disposed, as a man of the world, to make full allowance for human weaknesses, and to forgive in others what he could not excuse.

There is a portrait of him in the Provost's dining-room at Eton, representing him as a man of courtly, wearied aspect, sitting in an attitude

of great physical languor, leaning over a table. The dress is precise, the hands very long and thin.

Under Wotton the fabric of the Church was diligently repaired, and the music in the College Chapel carefully supervised by Thomas Weaver, a busy and active Fellow. The College allowed him six loads of timber for the beautifying of the Chapel, out of which he constructed a great western screen with pompous stalls, and fitted the choir with reading desks and pews. Probably the only relics of Weaver's work are the two ancient wooden forms in the ante-chapel. He moved the vestry and "built the portal," which seems to mean the North Porch of the Chapel. He was so much devoted to wood carving, that when Archbishop Laud held a visitation of the College in 1634, a complaint was made that Mr. Weaver had shortened the morning service to pull down a tree for timber, and was generally irregular in his attendance. He was afterwards deprived of his Fellowship under the Commonwealth: but before he was ejected from the College it is recorded that he was wont to assemble some of the disbanded choirs of Eton and Windsor to practise sacred music for an hour a day in his room. Colonel Venn, Governor of Windsor Castle, remonstrated with him about this, asking why he could not be content without Popish music, to which the old man replied that he conceived God was as well pleased to be served in tune as out of tune.



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SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Provost, 1624—1639.

From an oil-painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

Laud in 1634 ordered, in reply to a petition, that a Fellowship at Eton should be attached for ever to the Vicarage of Windsor, but in 1636 he reversed this decision, and pronounced that of the seven Fellowships five should be held by members of King's College, Cambridge. Later on it became customary to elect Assistant Masters to vacant Fellowships, and the *personnel* of the place fell more and more into the hands of a few families. But other vacancies were usually filled by the election of Kingsmen, and down to the end of the eighteenth century, and even later, among the Fellows, there appear the names of Kingsmen, who had never held the position of Assistant Master.

The only other Fellow of Wotton's time who deserves special mention was John Hales, who was originally the friend and coadjutor of Savile, and rose to distinction at a later date.

The title "Ever-memorable," which was conferred upon him by his contemporaries, and has hardly been prophetic, seems to have originated from the charm and interest of his learned and sprightly conversation. He was well known to all the prominent authors and courtiers of the day, and his society, when the Court was at Windsor, was much in request. Sir John Suckling, Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon, Ben Jonson, and Davenant were some of his associates, and he used annually to resort to London for a brief period to enjoy literary society. He was one of the frequenters of the Mermaid

Tavern, where the rough, burly and scorbutic Ben Jonson ruled the conversation. There is recorded to have been held on one occasion at Hales' rooms at Eton a kind of literary joust on the subject of the merits of Shakespeare as a writer, compared with the ancient dramatists. The Moderator of the assembly was little Lord Falkland, with his shrill voice and courtly manners, and it is interesting to find Hales taking the side of Shakespeare: Ben Jonson, fortunately for the peace of the meeting, was absent.

In religious matters Hales, who had begun by being a Calvinist, was a Rationalist. He had been cured of his Calvinism—"I bid John Calvin good-night," as he quaintly says,—by attending the Council of Dort. Later on he became a friend of Chillingworth, and assisted him in the preparation of "The Religion of Protestants." One of Hales' own tracts, on the subject of Schism, fell into Laud's hands, and Hales was sent for to Lambeth to be reprimanded. A long argument took place in the garden between the Primate and his recalcitrant subaltern: when they came in to dinner, Heylyn, the biographer of Laud, says that it was evident "there had been some heats between them, not then fully cooled." Hales said that he had been "ferreted from one hole to another," and that he was going to be an orthodox son of the Church for the future. Laud rewarded him, or rather silenced him, being apparently well aware what a dangerous opponent

he might be, by the gift of a Canonry of Windsor, about which Hales said grumblingly that the only result was that he had a hundred and fifty pounds a year more than he cared to spend.

He was deprived of both these preferments by the Commonwealth, and was for a time in hiding in a house at Eton, though he said himself that if he had eaten garlic he could have been "nosed out." He had to sell his books and was reduced to the utmost destitution. Aubrey, the antiquary, paid him a visit there a little while before his death, and his note is so quaint that, though often quoted, it must be quoted again here. "I saw him," he writes, "a prettie little man, sanguin, (*i.e. fresh-coloured*) of a chearful countenance, very gentele and courteous. I was received by him with much humanity; he was in a kind of violet-coloured cloath gowne, with buttons and loopes (he wore not a black gowne) and was reading Thomas à Kempis. It was within a yeare before he deceased. He loved Canarie, but moderately, to refresh his spirits."

He died in 1656, at the age of 72, and was buried in the Churchyard, by his own request, as near as possible to the body of his little godson, Jack Dickenson: this is a very pathetic touch of love in the childless man. He forbade all pomp and ceremony at his obsequies, saying that he had done the Church no service in his life-time, and would have no honour from her in his death.

His tomb is a very conspicuous altar tomb, visible from the Eton Long Walk. The sculptured panels with their funeral emblems are quaint: but the monument has been sadly maltreated, and the inscription is now very nearly obliterated. Of Jack Dickenson, alas, no trace is visible.

CHAPTER VII.

PROVOST STEWARD.

Provost Steward, a peaceable Anglican divine, Clerk of the Closet to Charles the First, was deprived by the Commonwealth, and fled to France, where he was in high favour with Charles II. He died abroad, Charles visiting him twice upon his death-bed. He would have nothing recorded on his tombstone but that "he prayed without ceasing for the peace of the Church."

A curious entry, date 1640, during Steward's Provostship, runs as follows:—

At the Election (*i.e. to King's*), 1640, Richard Batten, being named and proposed in the first place to Cambridge, was refused by the unanimous consent of the five electors for his scandalous life and insufficiency in learning.

Francis Rous, Lord Rous, and Speaker of the Barebones Parliament, was his successor, and is a curious and most interesting figure in the list of Eton Provosts. He was a man of good family, of Brixham in Devonshire. He proved a valuable ally to Eton, and probably it was through his intervention that the College escaped spoliation. He attended with some strictness to the discipline of the place, held prayer-meetings in Election Hall,

and according to ancient tradition, which is possibly correct, planted the Playing Fields with elms. On the dissolution of the Barebones Parliament he was called by writ to the Upper House. It was said at the time that Cromwell could not well do less than make into a lord a man who had made him a prince.

Rous was a man of some learning, though he is described by an enemy as "the illiterate old Jew of Eton." His writings are curious in the technical sense, abounding, as they do, in a liberal and luxurious use of erotic metaphor. His version of the Psalms is destitute of literary merit, but still forms the basis of the collection used by all branches of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. He had some appreciation, in spite of his profession, for the pomps and vanities of the world, for it is recorded that two banners bearing his arms, which he had set up in the Church, were removed at the Restoration. At the same time, it may be noted, a curious inscription over the wife of one of the Puritan Fellows, Oxenbridge, composed by Andrew Marvell, was defaced. The arms of the Commonwealth were removed at the same time. There is a portrait of him in his Speaker's robes, with the mace, covered with a large adumbrating hat, in the Lodge at Eton. The face bespeaks a certain pompous sensuality. After his death his body was interred in Lupton's Chapel, to counteract any Popish association that the place might possess. He seems to have had a



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FRANCIS, LORD ROUS.

Provost 1643—1658.

Speaker of the House of Commons.

From an oil-painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

deep and sincere affection for Eton, and founded scholarships at Pembroke College, Oxford, to be enjoyed by Etonians in perpetuity.

Rous died a few months after Oliver Cromwell, and his place was filled upon the Restoration by the appointment of Dr. Nicholas Monk, (brother of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle,) of whom little is recorded. He was preferred to the Bishopric of Hereford, but died in the first year of his Episcopate.

Three boys who were in the school when Wotton was Provost, and pupils of Matthew Bust, Headmaster, were by this time rising to eminence as divines—John Pearson, Isaac Barrow, and Henry More.

John Pearson was born at the Rectory of Snoring in Norfolk, of which parish his father was parson in 1613. He went to Eton as a scholar, and to King's in 1632. It was here that he formed the design of devoting himself to the study of "the history of the Church of God." He was ordained in 1639, and became Vicar of a quiet Suffolk parish, Thorington by name. He was deprived of this living by Puritan visitation, but being a man of moderate views, he was appointed to the Vicarage of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, in the City, where he was content to conduct the services on the Presbyterian model. It was here that the lectures were delivered which were published at a later date as the celebrated "Exposition of the Creed." The main object of the commentary was to produce a summary of

the teaching of the Creed, which, as he wrote, should be "made intelligible in the English tongue without inserting the least sentence or phrase of any learned language...." But authorities were freely cited and references given in marginal and foot notes. He took a prominent part in the Savoy Conferences, and it is worthy of note that he collected and edited the "Golden Remains" of the Ever-memorable Hales, a fact which shows him to have had Latitudinarian sympathies.

At the Restoration an unusual amount of preferment was heaped upon him : within a few months he became Archdeacon of Surrey, Prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College, Cambridge ; in the following year he was made Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and finally Master of Trinity in 1662. In 1673 he became Bishop of Chester, and died in 1686.

Isaac Barrow, Bishop successively of Sodor and Man and St. Asaph, was born in 1614 : he was made Fellow of Eton on the Restoration, and continued to hold his Fellowship *in commendam* with the Bishopric of Sodor and Man. He was appointed by the Earl of Derby, then King of Man, Governor of the island, and equalled, if he did not surpass, the saintly Bishop Wilson in beneficence and liberality. For two years after his appointment to St. Asaph he held the two Bishoprics as well as the Governorship of Man. He was uncle of the famous divine : he died in 1680.



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JOHN PEARSON, D.D.,
Bishop of Chester.
Ann. æt. suæ 70.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Elder, after a portrait by Loggan.

Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, went to Eton in 1628. He was a precocious boy and was grievously troubled by metaphysical speculations. He describes "how on a certain day, in a ground belonging to Eton College, where the boys used to play and exercise themselves," he made up his mind that even if he were predestined to hell, he would there behave himself "so patiently and submissively," that God would hardly have the heart to keep him long there.

"In that ground mentioned," he says, "walking as my manner was, slowly, and with my head on one side, and kicking now and then the stones with my feet, I was wont sometimes with a sort of musical and melancholick murmur to repeat, or rather to hum to myself, those verses of Claudian :—

‘ Saepe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras : an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.’ ”

Henry More went on to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was afterwards Fellow and Tutor ; he was a voluminous mystical writer, and more than once refused a bishopric.

John Meredith, Warden of All Soul's and Fellow of Eton, was chosen to succeed Provost Monk, and presided over both Colleges till his death. Meredith was a severe disciplinarian, and there is much mention of admonishing, whipping, and registering scholars during his tenure of office.

Upon his death the Provostship was offered to the philosopher Robert Boyle, whose life demands a few words.

The Hon. Robert Boyle was the seventh son and fourteenth child of Richard, Earl of Cork, called the Great Earl, the purchaser of Sir Walter Raleigh's estates in Ireland, and the foe of Strafford. It was a distinguished family. Robert Boyle's elder brother was Earl of Cork and Burlington, and through his marriage with the heiress of Lord Clifford, afterwards Earl of Cumberland, held sway over the vast Clifford estates at Skipton; another brother was the first Earl of Orrery, and seven of the sisters were married to noblemen.

Robert Boyle was born in 1627 at his father's Castle of Lismore. He was a precocious child, learning Latin and French surprisingly early,—and was a favourite child of his father's, owing to his veracity and seriousness and his aptitude for study.

At the age of eight he was sent to Eton, Sir Henry Wotton being his father's friend. Robert Boyle said of Wotton that he was "not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of making others so."

At Eton, he records in an autobiographical fragment that an accidental perusal of Quintus Curtius conjured up in him "that unsatisfied appetite for knowledge that is yet as greedy as when it first was raised."

When he was nine years old he suffered from a tertian ague: during his convalescence a copy of "Amadis de Gaule" fell into his hands and produced an unsettling effect on him: whereupon he

decided to brace his mind by the severe discipline of mental arithmetic and algebra.

When he was twelve he was removed from Eton, probably owing to delicacy of health, and his education continued privately. In 1644, while he was travelling in Italy, his father died; and he inherited from him the Manor of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire.

In 1654 he settled in Oxford and devoted himself to chemical and theological studies. In 1662 he published experimental proof of the law still known as "Boyle's Law"—treating of proportional relations between the volume and pressure of gases.

In 1665 he was offered the Provostship of Eton, but he refused it, holding himself disqualified by reason of his not being in orders; and he also several times declined a peerage. He wrote incessantly and voluminously from 1660 to 1691, and his writings procured for him an immense reputation, so that he lived on intimate terms with all the leading savants of the day, such as Newton, Locke, Aubrey, and Evelyn.

From the age of 21 Boyle had suffered from an obscure and torturing malady, which he feared that advancing years and failing health would aggravate. But he died without suffering in 1691, at the house of his sister, Lady Ranelagh.

His physical constitution was always wretched, and it is a matter of wonder how he contrived to work so continuously and strenuously.

“He was tall of stature,” his biographer wrote, “but slender, and his countenance pale and emaciated. His constitution was so tender and delicate, that he had divers sorts of cloaks to put on when he went abroad, according to the temperature of the air, and in this he governed himself by his thermometer. . . For almost forty years he laboured under such a feebleness of body and lowness of strength and spirits, that it was astonishing how he could read, meditate, try experiments, and write as he did.”

To these disabilities was added (by his own account) a memory so treacherous that he was often tempted to abandon study in despair.

He is one of the great worthies of Eton, a man of rational and temperate mind, and a notable instance of the union of strong scientific powers with intense Christian devotion: a stall in the College Chapel commemorates him. “*Spiritui Sancto*,” so the inscription, from the pen of William Johnson, runs, “*sit gloria propter fidem et sapientiam Roberti Boyle.*”

The other candidate for the Provostship, when Boyle refused it, was Edmund Waller, who came of a Buckinghamshire family; his mother was an aunt of the patriot Hampden. When 11 years old he lost his father, who left him a large fortune. He went to Eton, and afterwards to King’s College, Cambridge, but soon deserted the latter for public life, entering Parliament in his eighteenth, it has been said in his sixteenth, year. He began early to write political



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ROBERT BOYLE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Andrew Miller, after an oil-painting by Kerseboom.

and complimentary poems, and increased his fortune by marrying a rich heiress of the name of Banks, who died not long afterwards.

Waller fixed his heart on Lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, who afterwards married the Earl of Sunderland. He celebrated her in many amorous poems under the name of Saccharissa, but she disclaimed his addresses. Long after, when they had both grown old, she met Waller and asked him, with aged vanity, when he would write such pretty verses upon her again. "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome," said the old poet, "as you were then." Aubrey says that the disappointment produced an attack of insanity, from which, however, he completely recovered.

He married again and had a large family by his second wife, of whom nothing is related. Dr. Johnson says that he "doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise."

In politics, Waller held a somewhat independent position at first: as the cousin of Hampden, he was mistrusted by the Royalist party, but he was no bigot: when the king took the field he sent him a thousand pieces of gold. He was deeply implicated in an obscure plot, called "Waller's Plot," formed against the Parliament. The exact scope of the design is hard to unravel: but Waller was appre-

hended and imprisoned. He seems to have been terrified beyond measure, to have made many disclosures, and to have covered himself with ignominy. Two of the conspirators were put to death. Waller affected so much remorse that his trial was deferred, says Clarendon, "out of Christian compassion." He was eventually fined ten thousand pounds, and ordered to leave the country. He went to France, and eventually obtained permission from Cromwell to return, and built a house near Beaconsfield, called Hall Barn, now belonging to Sir Edward Lawson. Waller was distantly connected by marriage with the family of Cromwell, and considerable familiarity existed between Cromwell and himself. Cromwell called him *Cousin Waller*, and addressed Waller's mother as "*Aunt*." Old Mrs. Waller was a fervent Royalist, and used to talk vehement politics when Cromwell visited her: at which Cromwell would playfully throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt. It is recorded, too, that Waller used to sit by and hear Cromwell talk to his enthusiastic adherents in the cant of the time: but when they went out, he would say apologetically, "*Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way,*" and then resume the common style of reasonable conversation.

Waller wrote a panegyric on the Protector in 1654, and soon after, the Restoration supplied him with another suitable subject, and he exerted himself to compose a Congratulation to Charles II. The



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EDMOND WALLER.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Vertue, after a portrait by Sir G. Kneller.

king said wittily to Waller that he thought it had less merit than the Panegyric : whereupon Waller, with admirable presence of mind, said " Poets, sire, always succeed better with fiction than with truth." Waller sat for Hastings in Charles the Second's first parliament in 1661. He made two unsuccessful attempts to obtain a grant of the Provostship of Eton. The king granted it to him in 1665, but Clarendon refused to affix the Seal, on the ground that Waller was disqualified by being a layman. He attacked Clarendon very acrimoniously afterwards, and it is impossible to acquit him of malice. A year after Clarendon's fall he again applied for the post. The matter was argued by the lawyers for three days, and they held that as the Provosts had always received institution from the Bishops of Lincoln, it was a clerical office. The king said that he could not break his own laws, and eventually Dr. Cradock was appointed.

Waller was an abstemious man, being a water-drinker. Aubrey says " He has but a tender weak body, but was always very temperate. — made him damnable drunke at Somerset House, where at the water-stayres he fell downe, and had a cruel fall. 'Twas pitty to use such a sweet swan so inhumanely."

He was noted as a lively and witty conversationalist, and as a writer of short lyrics he deserves high praise : such a poem as " Go, lovely rose," is safely rooted in the literature of England.

In Waller's eightieth year he was elected member for Saltash : in his declining days he bought a little house with some land at Coleshill, where he had been born : " he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused." But he died nevertheless at Hall Barn in 1687, with diminished fortunes, and was buried in Beaconsfield Churchyard, under a marble obelisk of quaint design, which is still very conspicuous from the street.

It is impossible to contemplate the character and career of Waller with admiration : he was fortunate, brilliant, capable, but he played a sorry and servile part : he was timid in crises, and self-indulgent in prosperity : he had little self-respect. However, most vivid personalities have to pay for their brilliance somewhere : and Waller compensated for his radiant and swift exterior, by having what, when turned outward, appears to have been but a shabby and stained soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD ALLESTREE.

On the refusal of the Provostship by Boyle, and the rejection of Waller as a candidate, the post was offered to one of the most practical and energetic Provosts that have ever borne rule at Eton.

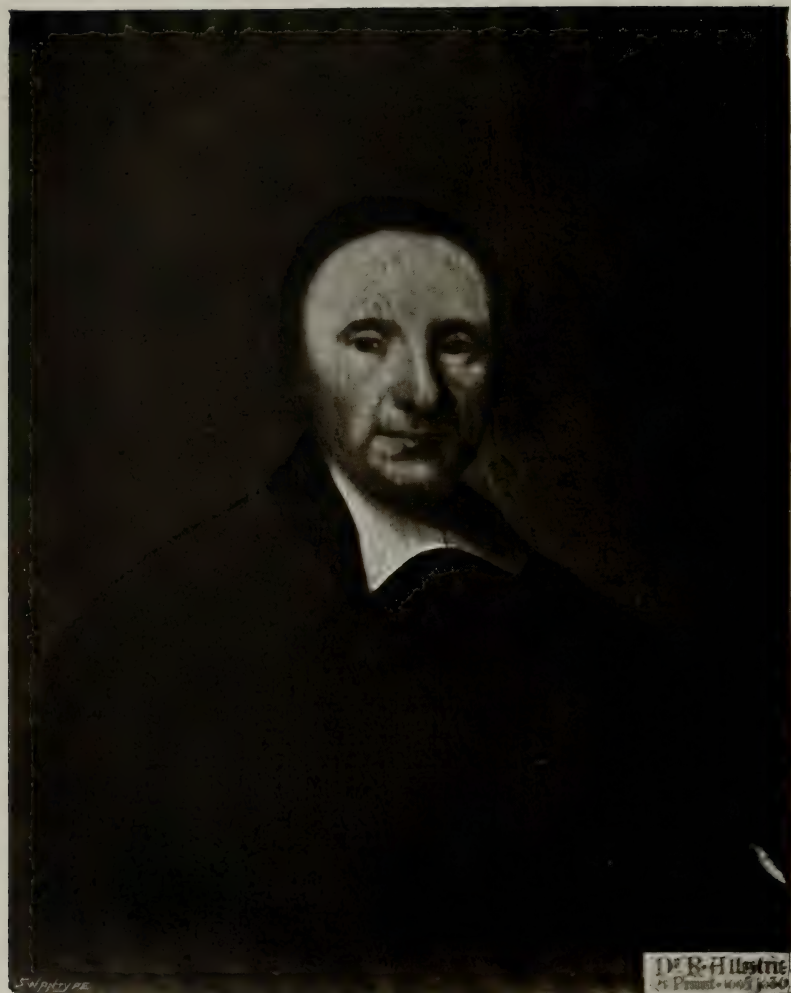
Richard Allestree was born in 1619 in Shropshire; his father came of an ancient stock, but owing to lavish expenditure in previous generations, the family estate had become so impoverished that he was reduced to serve as steward to Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Newport.

Allestree had a more adventurous life than commonly falls to the lot of a high-church divine; he was educated at Coventry and Christchurch, and took his degree in 1640; in the following year he took up arms for the king, and served under Sir John Biron.

When Biron was called away to join Prince Rupert, Allestree returned to his studies; shortly after this, Lord Say, at the head of the Parliamentary forces, proceeded to rifle Christchurch of such plate as had not already gone to serve the king. On breaking into the treasury, the soldiers discovered

nothing but a groat and a halter. Then they went on to the deanery, collected everything of value, locked up their prize in an empty room, and retired. The next morning the room was found empty, and it appeared that in the night, Allestree, who, in the absence of the Dean, had a pass-key, had removed the spoils. Allestree was arrested, and if the Earl of Essex had not suddenly called the forces into the field, he would no doubt have been severely handled. He was present at the battle of Kington Field, on his return from which he fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, but was released. In 1643 he took the degree of M.A., but suffered severely from the pestilence which broke out in Oxford and attacked the garrison. He again took arms on his recovery, but experiencing a change of mind, he entered into Holy Orders, and became Censor and Tutor of his College, where he was very popular.

In 1648 he was expelled from the University by the Parliamentarians for refusing submission, and for some years subsisted by various means, such as travelling to France for Lord Newport (son of the Lord Newport mentioned above), and carrying despatches for Charles II. The winter before the Restoration he was engaged in carrying from Flanders papers containing the instructions of the king about filling up the vacant bishoprics, when he was arrested at Dover, and brought to London, being imprisoned at Lambeth Palace, till after a



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RICHARD ALLESTREE.

Provost, 1665—1680.

From an oil-painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

few weeks his health broke down, and he was released.

At the Restoration he became a Canon of Christchurch, Professor of Divinity, chaplain to the king, and, in 1665, Provost of Eton.

There is a ludicrous story, probably quite apocryphal, of the way in which Allestree was appointed. It is said that Charles II., Lord Rochester and several other merry gentlemen, were discussing the personal appearance of the Earl of Lauderdale, and the king laid a wager that no one could produce an uglier man in the course of half-an-hour. Rochester at once hurried into the street, and presently returned with a clergyman whose claim to the distinction was received with loud acclamations: the king acknowledged that he had lost his bet, apologised to the bewildered man for the rudeness of the joke, and salved the wound by promising him some piece of valuable preferment.

Allestree was a very learned man: Bishop Fell of Oxford, his biographer, says that he excelled in "modern and learned languages, rhetoric, philosophy, mathematics, history, antiquity, moral and polemical divinity." He was a good man of business, and was an admirable treasurer of Christchurch.

Bishop Fell says:—"There was no person who more literally verified the saying of the Wise Man, that 'much study was a weariness of the flesh.' After his day's work he used to be as faint and spent, as if he had been labouring all the time with

the scythe or flail: and his intentness of thought made such waste upon his spirits, that he was frequently at hazard, while at study, to fall into a swoon, and forced to rise from his seat, and walk about the room for some time, before he could recover himself."

He connected the Headmaster's chambers at Eton with the Chapel by a building containing schoolrooms, which stood on the site of the present Upper School, and much resembled it in design. The principal differences were, that in front the centre was adorned by a pediment, and the colonnade at the back was supported by pillars without arches. But the construction of the building being in some way defective, it fell into a dangerous condition, and had to be taken down after a very short time and reconstructed.

Allestree died at the age of 61, of dropsy, in London (1680-81), and was buried at Eton in the Chapel, where his somewhat clumsy monument, surmounted by a heraldic bird, can be seen in the North Porch.

Among the scholars of Eton who rose to eminence at this time we may mention George Stanhope.

He was the son of a clergyman who held a living at Leicester: his mother was an Allestree, and related to the Provost, by whom the boy was nominated to the foundation. He was first at school at Uppingham, and was removed to Eton, afterwards succeeding to a scholarship at King's, where he took his degree in 1681: he resided at Cambridge,

took Orders, and officiated at the neighbouring village of Quy—"ecclesia Qui stat in agris," as the adage says. After various preferments, he was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1703. He wrote a plain commentary on the Epistles and Gospels, of which many editions were published. In a simple and devout preface he declares his object to have been edification, "doing justice to the purest and wisest of Churches:—as she in appointing, so I, in discoursing upon the Epistles and Gospels, seek the profit of many, that they may be saved." He was a grave and substantial preacher, "not without gaiety," wrote a friend, "his discourses have a sparkling air of politeness, a peculiar turn of harmony to please the curious: moving and divine to gratify the devout: his translations fine and matchless, contrived, like common air, both for courtier and peasant."

The Dean died in 1728, and was buried at Lewis-ham. There is a good portrait of him at Canterbury.

On Allestree's death, as has been stated above, Waller again applied for the Provostship, and was again disappointed, the king conferring it upon Zachary Cradock, though Waller, as Wood says, "tugged hard for it."

Zachary Cradock was a younger brother of Samuel Cradock, squire of Geesings, near Wick-hambrook in Suffolk, a distinguished, uncompromising divine, who was ejected from his living by the Uniformity Act of 1662. Zachary Cradock was a

Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and was for some time resident Chaplain at Lisbon. In 1671 he was elected to a Fellowship at Eton, and became Chaplain to Charles II. He was a friend of Evelyn, who visited him frequently at Eton, and mentions him more than once in the Diary. He was a noted preacher, one of his published sermons going through several editions. There is a curious portrait of him at Eton, in a bright auburn wig and with a somewhat sensual cast of countenance. He died in 1695, having been just offered, a few months before, the Deanery of Lincoln, which it seems he declined: he was buried in College Chapel in September, 1695.

The earliest School List belongs to this period, 1678, and contains the names of rather over 200 boys, John Rosewell being Headmaster.

He afterwards became a Fellow; a curious tradition represents him as having fallen into a fit of melancholia, and suffered from delusions, imagining that he was to be arrested for causing the death of a boy by severe flogging, and consequently refusing to stir out of doors. He was succeeded by Charles Roderick, a modest man, who wrote many sermons, but was of too retiring a nature to preach one. Roderick was fortunate in being elected Provost of King's, to qualify him for which post he hurriedly received a Doctor's degree, and was privately ordained by Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. The Kingsmen successfully resisted the king's attempt to



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ZACHARIAS CRADOCK, D.D.

Provost, 1680—1695.

From an oil-painting by Sir P. Lely, in the Audit Room, Eton College.

nominate a Provost of his own, and have retained ever since the privilege of election; the same manœuvre has been more than once attempted at Eton, but never successfully.

Roderick was succeeded as Headmaster by John Newborough, a generous, hospitable and encouraging teacher. It is noted of him that he presented a book to "all young gentlemen who took leave of him *handsomely*," which is the first trace, as Mr. Maxwell Lyte points out, of the system of "leaving money," afterwards abolished. He also gave some books to the School, which formed the nucleus of the School Library.

Cradock was succeeded by Henry Godolphin, Vice-Provost, brother of the Minister.

Henry Godolphin was son of Sir Francis Godolphin, and younger brother of Sidney, first Earl of Godolphin, the colleague of Marlborough. He was educated at Eton, being admitted in 1665, and proceeded to Oxford, where he became a Fellow of All Souls. He was elected a Fellow of Eton in 1677, and appointed Provost by royal mandate in 1695. He was a considerable benefactor to the School, giving £1000 for the restoration and refitting of the Chapel, and erecting at his own cost the large statue of the Founder in School-yard. In 1707 he was made Dean of St. Paul's, a position which he resigned in 1726. His tenure of the Deanery is principally remarkable because of his earnest efforts to thwart Sir Christopher Wren in his attempts to erect

a suitable Cathedral. He died in 1732-3, and was buried at Eton, to which he left many valuable books. He married his cousin, and their only son Francis succeeded to the Godolphin Barony of Helston.

There is an interesting portrait of Provost Godolphin in the Lodge at Eton, with puckered eyes and a small indrawn mouth, giving an anile expression to the face, which would otherwise have been good-humoured.

It was in the time of Provost Godolphin that the present Upper School was built, according to tradition from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, but more probably from those of Banks the architect. High Church controversy ran very high at Eton, and it may be noted that the Rev. Thomas Thackeray, an Assistant Master, who was suspected of latitudinarian ideas, resigned his place, but was afterwards appointed Headmaster of Harrow and Archdeacon of Surrey, and became the ancestor of the novelist, W. M. Thackeray, and many other distinguished members of that family.

Dr. Thackeray was, not long after, one of Dr. George's two rival competitors for the Provostship of King's. "He keeps," wrote Dr. Pyle in 1756, "a school at Harrow-on-the-Hill, has one living, and fourteen children: a man bred at Eton, and a great scholar in the Eton way, and a good one every way: a true Whig, and proved to be so by some special marks of integrity. He was candidate



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HENRY GODOLPHIN.

Provost of Eton, 1695—1732.

Dean of St. Paul's.

From an oil-painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

for the Provostship of King's, and would have beat all men but George, and George too, if Sir Robert Walpole had not made George's promotion a point : since this disappointment, he took a school at Harrow, to educate his own and other people's children, which he has performed all along with great reputation. The Bishop of Winchester (Hoadley) never saw this man in his life, but had heard so much good of him, that he resolved to serve him some way or other if he could : but said nothing to anybody. On Friday last he sent for Dr. Thackeray, and when he came into the room, my Lord gave him a parchment, and told him he had long heard of his good character, and had long been afraid that he should never be able to give him any serviceable proof of the good opinion he had long conceived of him : that what he had put in his hands was the Archdeaconry of Surrey, which he hoped would be acceptable to him, as he might perform the duty of it yearly, at the time of his leisure, in the Easter holidays. Dr. Thackeray was so surprised and overcome with this extraordinary way of doing him a favour, that he was very near fainting as he was giving him institution. 'Tis £130 a year, with dependencies that may bring in a lot of money. It is highly honourable to both the parties."

To return to Godolphin, an amusing story of him is recorded, showing his good-natured interest in old pupils. One William Battie, an Etonian, set up as

physician at Uxbridge, and was summoned one night by an urgent message to attend the Provost of Eton, who sent a carriage and four to fetch him. On arriving at the Lodge he found his august patient in radiant health, who refused prescriptions, courteously explaining that he had only summoned him to give him credit in the neighbourhood.

A well-known divine, who was Fellow of Eton under Godolphin, was William Fleetwood, who was born in 1656, and was a scholar of Eton, proceeding in due course to King's. He was a man of singularly moderate views, "having," as he quaintly said, "a conscience which he could afford to keep." At the Revolution of 1688 he was made Chaplain to William III., and through the influence of Godolphin, appointed a Fellow of Eton. In 1702 he became Canon of St. George's, but, to the surprise of all his friends, withdrew soon after into extreme seclusion.

He told his friends that he wanted repose, and had resolved to compose an economical treatise on the relations between prices and wages in England from the earliest times. He accepted the Rectory of the little woodland parish of Wexham, between Stoke and Langley, where he saw none but his intimate friends, his only relaxation being an occasional walk to Eton,—“my beloved,” as he quaintly calls it,—which is only about three miles distant. The work he produced had the somewhat obscure title of “*Chronicon Pretiosum*.” In 1708 he was prevailed upon to accept the See of St. Asaph,

and in 1714 he was transferred to Ely, where he died in 1723.

He had all his life a grateful and enthusiastic affection for Eton and King's, and preached a celebrated Commemoration sermon at the latter College, in which he said that he thanked the Immortal God with all his heart for the munificence which founded and endowed the two great Royal Societies. He gave the College a book that had belonged to Queen Mary, the *Horae*, a curious specimen of Parisian printing, with woodcuts coloured by hand.

Francis, second Earl Godolphin, born 1678, was educated at Eton under his uncle, the Provost. He was a ward of John Evelyn's, who took the greatest interest in his education. He was M.P. for the County of Oxford in 1708, and succeeded to the title in 1712. He married the only daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough, who became, on her father's death, Duchess of Marlborough in her own right, and afterwards gained an unenviable notoriety by her attachment to the dramatist Congreve.

It is said that Godolphin only read two books, Burnet's History and Colley Cibber's Apology: as soon as he had finished them he began them again: he was evidently of Charles Lamb's opinion, who said, "Whenever a new book comes out, I read an old one." The Earl died in 1766.

Two of Francis Godolphin's more distinguished contemporaries were Robert Walpole and Henry St. John.

Walpole was born in 1676, and was placed at Eton : he distinguished himself as a scholar, and imbibed a fondness for Horace, which remained with him when other literary tastes had declined. Dr. Newborough had a great idea of the boy's power, and when the success of St. John in the House of Commons was reported to him, he said, "I am impatient to hear that Robert Walpole has spoken, for I am convinced that he will be a good orator."

In 1696 Walpole went on to King's College, Cambridge. He was attacked while there with a malignant form of small-pox : Dr. Brady, the physician, a noted Tory, said to one of the Fellows of King's during Walpole's illness, "We must take care to save this young man, or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him, because he is so violent a Whig."

Walpole did not forget his college friends ; he was particularly intimate with Hare and Bland at Cambridge. Hare he afterwards promoted to the Bishopric of Chichester, and Bland to the Deanery of Durham.

Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke, was famous when at Eton for the irregularities of his conduct and his brilliant intellectual capacities. He devoted himself, even in boyhood, to the study of metaphysics, and attributed his early distaste for religious belief to the excessive devotional exercises imposed on him by his grandfather. "I was obliged," he said, "while yet a boy, to read over

the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made a hundred and nineteen sermons on the hundred-and-nineteenth psalm."

Dr. Newborough, after holding office for twenty-one years, resigned the headmastership, and was succeeded by Dr. Andrew Snape, Chaplain to Queen Anne, an eloquent preacher and a controversial writer. In 1717 Dr. Hoadley, the Bishop of Bangor, preached a decidedly latitudinarian sermon, and was answered by Snape in a pamphlet which ran into many editions. This was the beginning of the celebrated "Bangorian controversy," which, according to a writer of the day, was an interesting coffee-house and tea-table topic for some time. Snape's pamphlets brought him into ill odour at Court, and he was struck off the list of King's chaplains, but was elected Provost of King's in 1719, and made an affecting farewell speech to the boys, which moved them to tears. The numbers of the School reached 400 under his care.

A distinguished pupil of Dr. Snape's was Nicholas Hardinge, the son of a vicar of Kingston; he went to Eton as a Colleger about 1710, and achieved the most extraordinary results in scholarship: he went on in due course to King's, and there drew from Bentley, who had a deeply-rooted prejudice against the Fellows of King's, the only compliment which a member of that College is ever known to have received at his hands: "The Kingsmen," said Bentley contemptuously—"Sir, they are all puppies,

except indeed Hardinge : and Hardinge," he added, anticipating the well-known epigram upon Hermann, "Hardinge's a Kingsman."

Hardinge became Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, and there was made arbiter in a curious case. Sir Robert Walpole, in the course of a speech, said that his object had always been "Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ." Pulteney, afterwards Lord Bath, rose and said that the Prime Minister's Latin was as bad as his politics. The words were "nulla" and "culpa." Sir Robert rose and betted Pulteney a guinea that he had quoted it right. Hardinge, whose fame as a scholar was very great, was sitting at the Clerk's table, and on being appealed to, gave it in favour of Pulteney. The Prime Minister drew a guinea from his pocket and threw it across the House : Pulteney adroitly caught it, and with an ironical bow to Walpole, said, "This, sir, is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." It is curious to note that the guinea was, after Pulteney's death, found carefully wrapped up among his papers.

Nicholas Hardinge was elected Member for Eye, and represented that borough for some years. He wrote poems, Latin and English, such as a Sapphic Ode on Sir Robert Walpole, and a fanciful poem called the "Denhill Iliad : " a poem occasioned by the Hounds running through Lady Gray's gardens at Denhill in East Kent, 1747.

He married a sister of the first Lord Camden, and was the grandfather of the first Lord Hardinge.

Dr. Morell, the antiquary, was the son of an Eton "dame," Mrs. Morell, — and his sister afterwards held the same position. Dr. Morell was Curate of Twickenham while Pope was residing there. He was a friend of Hogarth's, and adapted words for Handel's oratorios, being contemptuously called "Handel's poet."

He lived to a great age, but was unfortunate in his worldly affairs.

Dr. Morell gives some amusing reminiscences of Eton about 1720. Talking of William Battie, the famous physician, he says, "There were hardly any changes or winning of places in the Upper School at Eton, yet Battie was so very diligent and laborious, that I may well say of him, as Quin did of Garrick, that *he kicked me and kept me awake*—for he was next below me, there being only a cipher between us, one Rodney Croxall.

"Battie's mother was so busy and anxious for his advancement, that she presumed to scold at Dr. Snape for stopping a remove, as she thought, for two or three days, when I staid out with a toothache and swollen face. However, we jogged on *in statu quo*, till we came to the upper end of the school: when Dr. Bland introduced a new method of declaiming—and I think a very good one—instead of a theme.

“I was to make a motion as in the Athenian Council, ‘Exulet Themistocles,’ and Battie was to defend himself as Themistocles. We were strictly charged to have no assistance in the composition, and as there was something in mine, with regard to the argumentative part, far above my reach, Battie everywhere proclaimed that it was not mine: and even Dr. Bland suspected me, till I gave him an account of the plagiarism, that it was from a weekly paper, in a letter signed ‘Cato,’ against affecting popularity, and very much to my purpose: for which Dr. Bland rather commended than blamed me. However, the dispute, or rather quarrel, continued, till we had a fair set-to: when finding him, as I thought, the stronger, I knocked his head against the Chapel, and this put an end to the affair for the present: but his mother (Mrs. Battie was residing in Eton) paid me with a swinging slap on the face two or three days afterwards, as I was going into Chapel.”

The two went on together to King’s.

“During our scholarship his mother very kindly recommended to us a chandler, at 4s. 6d. per dozen. But as the candles proved very dear even at that price, we resented it, and one evening, getting into Battie’s room before the canonical hour, we locked him out, and stuck up all the candles we could find in his box, lighted, round the room: and while I thrummed on the spinnet, the rest danced round me in their shirts. Upon Battie’s coming and finding

what we were at, he fell to storming and swearing, till the old Vice-Provost, Dr. Willymot, called from above, "Who is that swearing like a common soldier?" "It is I," quoth Battie. "Visit me," quoth the Vice-Provost—which indeed we were all obliged to do, the next morning, with a distich, according to custom. Mine naturally turned upon "So fiddled Orpheus and so danced the Brutes," which having explained to the Vice-Provost, he punished me and Sleech with a few lines in the Vth book of Homer, and Battie with the whole Third Book of Milton, to get, as we say, by heart."

Dr. Battie married a daughter of Mr. Barnham Goode, for many years Lower Master at Eton. It is said that when at Uxbridge he was sent for to attend an Eton boy, who was dying of a quinsey. When the doctor saw what was the matter, he opened the curtain, turned his wig, and acted Punch with so much humour, that the lad, thrown into convulsions from laughing, was so agitated, as to cause the tumour to break.

This talent for acting Punch stood Dr. Battie in good stead in later life. He lived at Marlow, and proposed a scheme for towing barges with horses, instead of bargemen, as was then the universal custom. A number of bargemen living at Marlow, being very indignant at this, caught Dr. Battie on the bridge, and attempted to duck him. He escaped by acting Punch.

He was eccentric in later life, and lived in a curious house which he himself built, forgetting the staircase, which had to be added later : he dressed habitually as a labourer. His daughter married Admiral Sir George Young, of Formosa Place, Maidenhead.

The Rev. John Reynolds, born in 1671, Fellow of Eton at this time, was half-brother of Samuel Reynolds, Headmaster of the Grammar School of Plympton Earl's, Devonshire, the father of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

John Reynolds was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, then Headmaster of Exeter Grammar School, and Fellow of Eton. He was a benefactor to Eton, and founded a Scholarship which bears his name.

No biographical details of Mr. John Reynolds exist, but his portrait by his famous nephew is worth more than many written pages : there is a good engraving of it. It hangs in the Audit-room at Eton.

The picture represents an old gentleman of very placid and contented mien, sitting in an attitude of complacent inertness, as one who was at peace with all the world might sit after a good dinner. His hands are crossed over a silk handkerchief or napkin on his lap. It is never safe to say what the complexions of Reynolds' portraits originally were, but the picture now shows a sort of porcelain clearness in the face, with a very pure roseate tinge in the cheeks—the complexion of a man who had held comfortable preferment, and whose worldly and spiritual prospects had never been to himself a subject of anxious thought ; a man who had worked sparingly, but

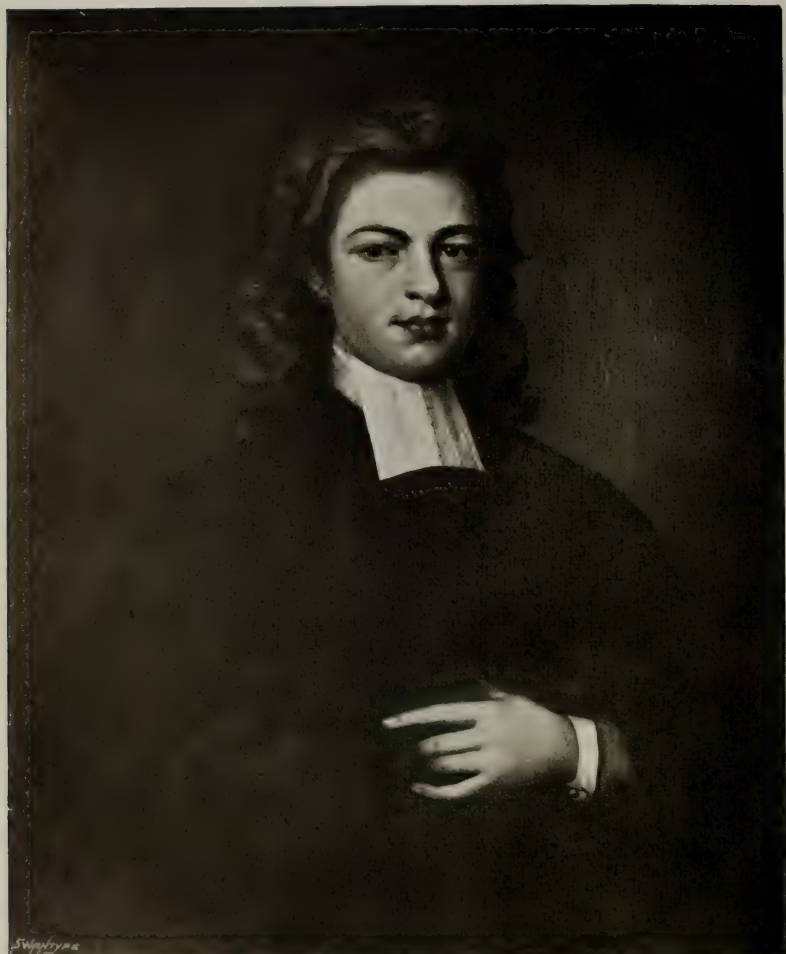


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JOHN REYNOLDS.
Fellow of Eton College, d. 1758.

From the oil-painting in the Audit Room, Eton College, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.





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GEORGE HARRIS.

Fellow of Eton, 1731.

From an oil-painting in the Audit Room, Eton College.

fared sparingly too; had loved regular hours more than wine or stimulating companions: one who had *dried*, like preserved rose leaves, into a fragrant old age.

Another interesting picture in the Audit-room is that of George Harris, only son of John Harris, "the ingenious Master Gunner of Windsor Castle, and who was an honest, hearty, and agreeable man."

George Harris went to Eton and became Fellow of King's in due course, and Vicar of Ringwood, Hants, in 1723, returning to Eton as a Fellow in 1731. He was Bursar for some years, and Curate of Clewer. He was related by marriage to the family of Provost Sleech, which probably accounts for much of his preferment. On the death of Dr. Thomas Carter in 1746, he was elected Vice-Provost, being then Senior Fellow, and succeeded Dr. Carter in the Vicarage of Worplesdon.

One of the most charming pictures in the collection of the College is this portrait of George Harris, as a young man. He wears his hair long, and has stiff precise linen bands; the face is wonderfully fresh, vigorous, and youthful, but has a good-natured firmness about it. The bright eyes look out humorously from half-shut long eyelids. It is a pity to think that so bright and trim an ecclesiastic can have been no more than a successful Bursar and an amiable Vice-Provost. Here, if physiognomy can be trusted, was a brisk and plentiful nature, one who loved, practised, and recommended virtue, and trode the earth bravely.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY BLAND.

Henry Bland, a Whig, succeeded Dr. Snape, and ruled the school successfully till 1728, when he was succeeded by Dr. George. Bland had to wait till Godolphin died in 1732 for the Provostship, to which he was appointed by his old friend Sir Robert Walpole, who also gave him the Deanery of Durham. Bland had many distinguished pupils and sustained the high reputation of the school.

His most eminent pupil was William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.

William Pitt was the grandson of Governor Pitt, the owner of the famous Pitt diamond, which weighed, uncut, 410 carats, and which he sold for £135,000 to the King of France, having acquired it for £20,400. His father was Robert Pitt, Squire of Boconnoc in Cornwall. Through his mother he was descended from the father of the great Duke of Buckingham. He was born in 1708.

It is odd that so little should be known of Pitt's Eton days: one would have imagined that a character so dominant and imperious could not have failed to have impressed his schoolboy contemporaries. He did not escape castigation, and it is

traditionally reported that he received an exceptionally severe flogging from Dr. Bland for being caught out of bounds. And it is certain that he suffered severely from the gout while he was at school, so early did his merciless foe attack him.

He went on to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1727, after a short stay at Utrecht : after which he held a commission in the army, as a cornet in the Blues, "that terrible young cornet of horse," as Sir Robert Walpole styled him. Of this commission indeed he was shortly deprived by Sir Robert Walpole as a retaliation for the severity with which Mr. Pitt attacked him in the House of Commons.

Pitt became Member for Old Sarum in 1735. The loss of his commission was a serious blow to him, as it was almost his only source of income—in fact for some time he had nothing to live upon but an annuity of £100 a year. But he was shortly appointed to an official post in the household of Frederick, Prince of Wales. It is not here intended to survey the political history of William Pitt, and a brief sketch must suffice. In 1746 he obtained his first political promotion, being made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and shortly afterwards Paymaster-General of the Forces, a post which he held for ten years : so personally obnoxious had he rendered himself to George II. that the king had hitherto persistently refused him office. As Paymaster-General he exhibited the most scrupulous probity and did not even take advantage of the large balance

standing in the name of that official, the interest of which had always been considered an honourable perquisite of the post.

In 1756 he became Secretary of State, having married two years previously the sister of Earl Temple—Lady Hester Grenville. Pitt was impressed with a strong sense of his patriotic mission: "My Lord," he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." Owing to Pitt's personal ascendancy and the singular, almost magnetic, influence which his voice and look exerted over all who were brought into contact with him, he contrived to exact the most prompt and tacit obedience from his subordinates. When he was Minister, confined to bed by the gout, he is said to have sent for the head of the Ordnance Department, and told him that a certain siege-train must be at Portsmouth the following morning by seven o'clock. The official said that the thing was absolutely and physically impossible. "Very well, sir," said Pitt, "at your peril! The thing is to be done: and let me have an express sent from every stage till it arrives." It did arrive, and in time.

Colonel Barré said of him that he had the power of transfusing zeal into all his adherents. "No man," he said, "ever entered the Earl's closet, who did not find himself, if possible, braver at his return than when he went in." Fox said of him that he was the only public man he had ever seen who was without the fault of irresolution. The Duke of

Newcastle admitted that the whole Cabinet used to be in dread, when any statement was made, "lest Mr. Pitt should frown." In fact, it was said that if the duke made a ministerial blunder, Mr. Pitt sent for him and lectured him like a schoolboy. "Some years afterwards I recollect his Grace," said Sir George Colebrooke, "making this the subject of lively conversation at table at Claremont, but it was no subject of merriment at the time the transaction passed." His powers of invective and denunciation were absolutely unrivalled. It was said that he could silence an opponent with a single look. He was more powerful as an extempore speaker than in set orations, and though an impassioned and heart-stirring orator, with gestures almost theatrical, it was in his outbursts of indignant eloquence that he made his audience half believe that he was an inspired being.

He had a singular facility for acquiring necessary information, though not a widely-read or studious man. "The first time," said Mr. Cummins the Quaker, "I attend Mr. Pitt on any business I find him extremely ignorant : the second time I find him completely master of his subject."

As a writer he was stilted and bombastic. Macaulay's celebrated criticism on Pitt's panegyric (in Latin hexameters) on the death of George I. may be quoted here. "The Muses," he says, "are entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar : 'for Cæsar,' says the poet, 'loved the Muses :' Cæsar,

who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women."

George II. died in 1760, and in 1761 Pitt resigned: the reason he gave for it was the rejection of his policy by the Cabinet; "I submitted," he said, "to a trembling Council my advice for an immediate declaration of war with Spain." Had his advice been followed, prompt action might have anticipated the warlike preparations of Spain: but the moment was lost, and in 1762 Spain and Britain were at war.

Pitt lost much of the popular enthusiasm which had accompanied his career by accepting a pension and a peerage for his wife. His interview with the young king is a curious proof of how potent a force the idea of Royalty then preserved: the king expressed his regret at losing the services of so able a minister; Mr. Pitt, who had made Cabinets tremble at his frown, burst into tears. "Sir," he said, "I confess I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure: I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness: pardon me, Sir, it overpowers—it oppresses me."

When the preliminary articles of peace between England and France were signed at Fontainebleau, and only waited for the ratification of Parliament, Pitt, then horribly tortured by gout, made one of his most impressive appearances in the House. Shouts heralded his approach: he was dressed in black velvet and wreathed in flannel; his face was

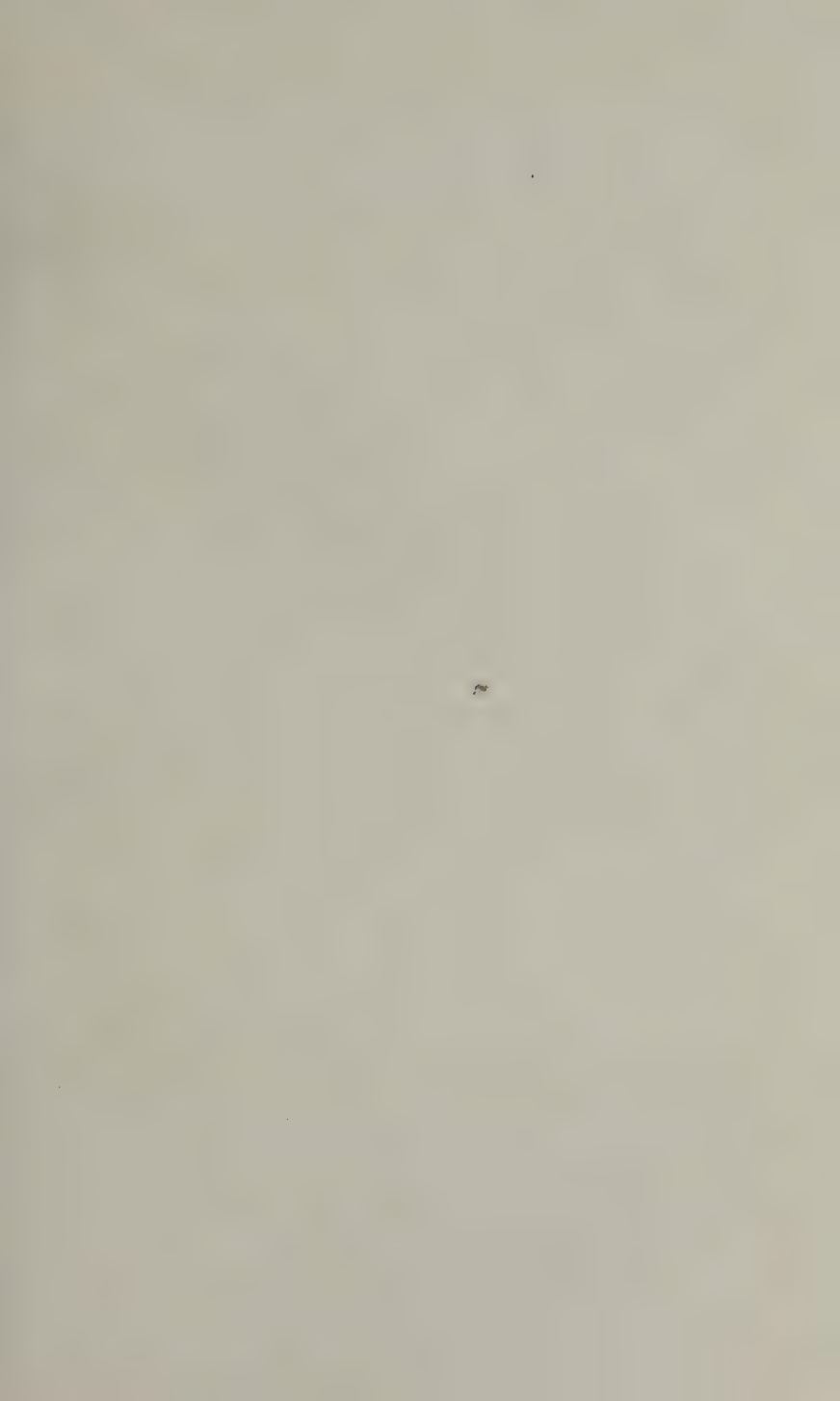
ghastly pale and he was supported into the House by two attendants ; but he spoke for over three hours, "notwithstanding," as he said, "excruciating tortures." But his eloquence could not prevail, and the terms were accepted by an overwhelming majority.

For nearly five years, till July, 1766, Mr. Pitt was out of office, though he had been three or four times asked to return to politics. In 1765 he was left an estate in Somersetshire by Sir William Pynsent, an entire stranger to him. At last the weakness of the Rockingham ministry became hopelessly apparent, and Pitt was asked to undertake the government of the country, absolutely and unconditionally. He made a curious selection of the most heterogeneous elements, and at the same time, dreading the fatigue of leading the House of Commons, accepted a peerage. This was a second shock to popular enthusiasm. "The news was received," said Lord Chesterfield, "with general rejoicing—by Pitt's enemies." There followed a disastrous period : ministry after ministry resigned, and every addition to the Cabinet became a fresh source of weakness. At last Pitt's constitution broke down. He set out for Bath with an extraordinary retinue of persons, travelling in great state, but was detained at Marlborough at the posting inn, now the college, for a fortnight by an acute paroxysm of his malady. An instance of his extraordinary fondness for ceremonial display is afforded by the fact that the streets of Marlborough

during all this period swarmed with the Earl of Chatham's liveries : " he had stipulated," says Macaulay, " that during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle Inn should wear it."

His health gradually declined. " Lord Chatham's state of health," wrote Mr. Whately in 1767, " is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind or body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands, which he supports on the table ; does not permit any person to remain in the room ; knocks when he wants anything ; and having made his wants known, gives a signal, without speaking to the person who answered his call, to retire."

General Lee wrote, " He has fits of crying, starting, and every effect of hysterics." He suffered from an acute form of melancholia, caused by suppressed gout, for it was noticed that every real attack of gout relieved him. He could not bear to hear the slightest allusion to politics, and his letters were all answered by secretaries or by Lady Chatham, with the formula that Lord Chatham was in far too wretched a state of health to attend to business. He refused to resign, or even to see the king for a quarter of an hour. At last he was able to be moved to Burton Pynsent, his Somersetshire house : here he fell into what resembled absolute mania. " The sight of a neighbour's house in the distance, the sound of mirth escaping from his children's play-room, or a casual allusion to a debate in Parliament,"





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WILLIAM PITT,
First Earl of Chatham.

From a photograph, by Walker & Boutall, of the oil-painting by William Hoare, R.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery.

says Mr. Jesse, "produced an irritation in his mind amounting almost to frenzy." He ordered a certain bleak hill, which lay in view from his window, and offended his fancy, to be planted out with evergreens, cedars and cypresses. In vain did the gardener say that all the nursery-gardens in England could not supply sufficient: Lord Chatham burst into a fury of rage, and could not be pacified till the planting was begun.

In the interim, Charles Townshend, the most brilliant of his ministers, was dead. The Duke of Grafton was virtual Premier. At last it was found possible to explain to him what had been happening, and in 1768 he resigned. He never held office again, though he often spoke in debate: but his health quite precluded his taking any prominent part in political life: his last and most memorable appearance was on April 2nd, 1778, when he came up in the most shattered health and in excruciating pain to protest against the withdrawal of the army and fleet from America. He was swathed in flannel, and presented a mixture of extreme feebleness and dignity. His face, it was said, was so emaciated, that beneath his large wig only his aquiline nose and penetrating eye were visible. He spoke majestically, but with no continuity of eloquence, in reply to the Duke of Richmond, and then resumed his place: rising later to reply he was seen to press his hand to his heart and stagger; he would have fallen had not the Duke of Cumberland caught him

in his arms. The House instantly adjourned. A few weeks afterwards he died at Hayes.

“High over those venerable graves,” says Macaulay of Westminster Abbey, “towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.”

Another interesting pupil of Bland's was Henry Fielding, who was a great-grandson of the third Earl of Denbigh, and thus could trace his descent back to the House of Hapsburg. It is related that Fielding was once in company with the then Lord Denbigh, and the conversation turning on Fielding's being of the Denbigh family, the Earl asked why they spelt their names differently, the Earl's family spelling it Feilding, and the novelist preferring Fielding. “I cannot tell, my Lord,” answered Henry, “except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell.” Gibbon makes an allusion to this in commenting on the different fortunes of the English and German branches of the Hapsburg stock. “The Emperors of Germany,” he says, “and Kings of Spain have

threatened the liberty of the Old and invaded the treasures of the New world. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England : but the romance of 'Tom Jones'—that exquisite picture of human manners—will outlive the Palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." This panegyric, however graceful, is hardly characteristic of the judicious and cautious mind that produced it.

Fielding's father was General Fielding, a friend of the great Duke of Marlborough. Henry, his eldest son, was born near Glastonbury in 1707. A younger half-brother, blind from his youth, was the well-known Sir John Fielding, Bow Street Magistrate, and an active philanthropist.

Henry Fielding went to Eton and was the friend of George Lyttelton and Henry Fox. He was all his life long devoted to Eton, and maintained that he owed his style to his boyish study of classical models. "And thou, O Learning!" he says in the introduction to the thirteenth book of "*Tom Jones*," "(for without thy assistance nothing pure, nothing correct can genius produce,) do thou guide my pen. Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood."

Fielding was intended for the Bar, and left Eton at eighteen to go to the University of Leyden.

His father had married again, and by the second marriage there were six sons: as there were also six children of the former marriage, and the General was an extravagant, unbusinesslike man, pecuniary embarrassment soon began. Fielding, indeed, for the rest of his life was perpetually in a condition of galling indigence: his father professed to allow him £200 a year, but as Fielding said, "anybody might pay it that would"—his father did not. At last he returned to England without a profession, and his father, in a burst of irritation, advised him to turn "hackney writer or hackney coachman." He took the advice, and began to write for the stage.

Fortunately Fielding was possessed of irrepressibly high spirits and an inexhaustible fund of wit and good humour. His cousin, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, said of him, "I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth," and "his happy constitution—even when he had with great pains half demolished it—made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne."

He inherited, when he was about twenty-six, a little estate producing about £200 a year, at East Stour, in Dorsetshire. On this he married, and set up a hopelessly extravagant establishment. In a year or two he was naturally reduced to extreme poverty. He took his young wife back to London, and lived on his friends, who, it must be confessed, treated him with the utmost generosity. He flung

himself ardently into his original profession, was called to the Bar, and not only practised with some success, but left behind him two large volumes in MS. on Crown law. It is traditionally related of him, that having attended the judges two or three years without the least prospect of success, he published proposals for a new law-book: which being circulated round the country, the young barrister was at the ensuing assizes loaded with briefs at every town on the circuit. But his practice, thus suddenly increased, almost as suddenly declined."

Frequent attacks of the gout enfeebled him and deprived him of the possibility of achieving success, just at the time when he was beginning to make his way. His wife died, and for a time his reason was unsettled: left with four delicate children, he married again, this time his wife's maid,—Lord Lyttelton, with a delicate consideration for his old friend, giving her away at the altar. In 1748 he was appointed stipendiary magistrate for Middlesex, and performed the duties with marked success and diligence.

He had published "*Joseph Andrews*" in 1742, and in 1749, when he had been for a year a magistrate, appeared "*Tom Jones*," "the first," as Gibbon said, "of ancient or modern romances," and classed by Coleridge with the "*Oedipus Tyrannus*" and "*The Alchemist*" as the three most perfect plots ever planned. Fielding received £700 from Millar for the book, £600 being the original price, and a

bonus of £100, according to Horace Walpole, being afterwards added. Two years after, he published "Amelia," and received £1800 for it.

Fielding had a fancy for low company, and learnt his art in the school of life. Horace Walpole records how, after he was a magistrate, he was found at supper by some friends, "banqueting with a blind man, a woman, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit . . . they pulled themselves chairs ; on which he civilised." A strange party ! Finally, in 1754, an exhausted constitution gave way. It was thought he might regain strength abroad. He took a most touching farewell of his children, whom he devotedly loved, and set out for Lisbon, being so weak that he had to be hoisted on board his ship in a chair by pulleys. But he only survived two months, during which he bore horrible sufferings with the same humorous courage that had always characterised him. He died at Lisbon in October, 1754, in his forty-eighth year.

Fielding's friend, Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, "the blackest man," as Lord Chatham said, "that ever lived," was a younger son of Sir Stephen Fox. He began to gamble while still at school, and was forced to go abroad shortly after attaining his majority to try and extricate himself from his pecuniary embarrassments. He attached himself on his return to Sir Robert Walpole, and was rewarded



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HENRY FIELDING.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by James Basire,
after the sketch by William Hogarth.

by the post of Surveyor-General of Works in 1737. After the fall of Walpole in 1742, Fox was for three years a Lord of the Treasury, becoming Secretary at War in 1746, and though a natural opponent of Pitt, he was reconciled with him by a common enmity to the Duke of Newcastle, who succeeded Pelham as Premier. Eventually he received the appointment of Paymaster-General, the most lucrative post in the Government, holding it till the year 1765, and amassing a large fortune ; it has been asserted that the interest on the balances outstanding when he left office brought him in no less than a quarter of a million. He was raised to the Peerage as Baron Holland, and spent the remainder of his life, in broken health, travelling in Europe, and constructing a fantastic house at Kingsgate, near the North Foreland, intended to represent Cicero's Formian Villa. Besides this, he first rented, and afterwards bought and enlarged, Holland House, one of the most magnificent of London houses.

The remaining member of the trio of friends, George, Lord Lyttelton, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton of Hagley : his maternal grandfather was Sir Richard Temple of Stowe. He was a puny, pale and feeble child, of rather precocious talents. At Eton he was principally distinguished for his verses, and for the English couplets which he wrote with ease and elegance. At Christchurch he wrote a long poem in blank verse, called "Blenheim," and

some eclogues, called "Persian Letters." On April 29th, 1736, he made his maiden speech in Parliament, having been returned member for Okehampton in 1735. Lord Stanhope says that even greater eminence was prophesied for Lyttelton than for Pitt: and it may be mentioned that Pope called him the rising genius of the age. He was an uncompromising opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, and a follower of Pitt. "Mr. Pitt's followers," it is said in Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, "were scarce a sufficient number to deserve the name of a party, consisting only of the Grenvilles and Lyttelton: the latter was an enthusiast both in religion and politics: absent in business, not ready in debate, and totally ignorant of the world: on the other hand, his studied orations were excellent: he was a man of parts, a scholar, no indifferent writer, and by far the honestest man of the whole society."

He was as a young man extraordinarily ungainly in appearance, being very tall and thin, "every feature a blemish, every limb an encumbrance, and every motion a disgrace: but disagreeable as his figure was, his voice was still more so, and his address more disagreeable than either"—such was Lord Hervey's description of him. Dr. Johnson had a contemptuous dislike for him, and said that his Dialogues were rather effusions than compositions. But most of the literary men of the day had a warm respect and admiration for him. Pope wrote of him that he was "Still true to virtue, and as warm as

true." Thomson celebrated him as a "true son of Virtue" in the "Castle of Indolence," and Fielding dedicated to him "Tom Jones." Gray admired his Monody on the death of his wife : but, on the other hand, Smollett wrote a parody of it, as an "elegy on the death of my grandmother."

"The squeaking pigs her bounty owned ;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse ;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
The turkey with his snout so red ;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen."

It is said that Gosling Scrag, in "Peregrine Pickle," is a caricature of Lyttelton, and he is certainly satirised in "Roderick Random." Lyttelton was very appreciative of literary merit, and displayed a noble generosity to literary men.

In 1754 he published the "Dialogues of the Dead," which achieved an extraordinary success ; and in 1755 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer : he was "strangely bewildered in the figures," wrote Horace Walpole. On the 18th of November, 1756, he was created a peer. In 1767 he published the first part of the "History of Henry the Second," the labour of a lifetime ; so deliberately did he produce this, that it is said that much of it was reprinted four or five times. When the remainder came out in 1771, Horace Walpole, writing to Lady Ossory, said, "Lord Lyttelton has published the rest of his Henry the Second : but, I doubt, has executed it a little

carelessly, for he has not been above ten years about it." He died in 1773 at the age of 64, with resigned and cheerful courage. His son and successor was Thomas, generally known as the "wicked" Lord Lyttelton.

CHAPTER X.

RICHARD GRENVILLE.

We may next mention two brothers who played a prominent part in the political history of the time, Richard, Earl Temple, and George Grenville.

Richard Grenville was the son of Richard Grenville of Wotton, in Bucks. His mother was the sister of Lord Cobham of Stowe, and was the friend and contemporary of Marlborough.

He was born in 1711, and went to Eton, where he acquired the nickname of "Gawkey," or "Squire Gawkey," which clung to him in after-life. After a tour on the Continent, he became Member for Buckingham. In 1737 he married Miss Chambers, niece and ward of the celebrated Lady Betty Germaine. Miss Chambers was a graceful writer, and her "Select Poems" were printed by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. It was a singularly happy union; she speaks of her husband as "her dear long man." In 1752 he succeeded his mother, who had been created Countess Temple in her own right, and two years later, Earl Temple's sister, Lady Hester, married his old schoolfellow, William Pitt.

Up to this date Temple seems to have taken but little interest in politics, but he now joined his fortunes to those of his brother-in-law, and developed an inordinate ambition, which never left him. He did not remain long unrewarded, for in 1756 he became First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Privy Seal in 1757. In 1763 he gave great offence at Court by paying a private visit to Wilkes during the latter's imprisonment in the Tower, and he was in consequence deprived of his position as Lord Lieutenant of Bucks.

In 1760 he became a Knight of the Garter. Horace Walpole writes, a month or two before, that his pretensions to the Blue Ribbon were absurd : neither his family nor his title were of ancient origin : "his person is ridiculously awkward : and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proof of having no passion for tilt or tournament." Walpole accused him of secret complicity with Wilkes and of suggesting the satires of Churchill : he "whispered them where they might find torches, but took care never to be seen to light one himself." George II. had an especial aversion to him, and once said that he would resign the Crown sooner than submit to Temple's haughty and insolent airs. When Temple was invested with the Garter at Windsor, it was said that the king threw, rather than placed, the Ribbon across his shoulder, with a gesture of repugnance and disgust.

"Those who knew his habits," wrote Lord Macaulay, "tracked him as men track a mole. It

was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul, crooked labyrinth below."

In 1765 he was offered the post of First Lord of the Treasury by King George III., after careful consultation with Mr. Pitt. Temple, to every one's intense surprise, declined it, and to this day his motives must remain a mystery. "He had a delicacy," he told the king. This led to a rupture between Temple and Lord Chatham, which was made up in 1768, Lord Chatham visiting Temple at Stowe.

In 1776, Temple is described as tall, but bent almost double from some disorder in the ribs, and using a crutch: but an animated and brilliant conversationalist. He was thrown out of a pony carriage at Stowe while directing some improvements, fractured his skull, and died in his sixty-eighth year. He was succeeded in his title and estates by his nephew, the eldest surviving son of his brother, George Grenville.

George Grenville was the younger son of Richard Grenville and the Countess Temple, and was born in 1712. At Eton he was only famous for the apathetic indifference with which he regarded the interests of his schoolfellows: he paid but little attention to his work, and still less to the ordinary amusements of the place: never was there a boy of whom less expectations were formed: it seems as if

his abilities were absolutely undetected in his early years. After Eton and Christchurch he went to the Bar, but deserted it for politics. At the age of thirty he made an effective speech in the House, and after holding various subordinate offices, he attached himself to Bute, not caring to follow his kinsmen, Pitt and Temple, in the split in the Cabinet of 1761 on the subject of war with Spain. Bute made Grenville Secretary of State in May, 1762, but in October, 1762, Grenville was compelled to resign the leadership to Fox, and accepted the post of First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1763 Bute resigned, and George III. sent for Grenville, and desired him to form an administration. It has been believed that Bute intended and expected to find Grenville a mere puppet, while he himself should pull the strings.

No one suspected the tenacity of purpose and insatiable ambition which lay behind Grenville's heavy and unattractive exterior, "a fatiguing orator and indefatigable drudge," said Horace Walpole, "more likely to disgust than to offend." He was a suspicious and ungracious man, and extraordinarily obstinate: it was said that he was never persuaded that he had made a mistake. But he enjoyed public life, making of it a pleasure rather than a duty, as Burke said.

Grenville's administration is only memorable for its mistakes: it was he who crusaded against Wilkes, and it was he who in a spirit of rigid

economy devised the Stamp Act for America : but probably Grenville by these measures unintentionally secured the liberty of the Press and the liberation of America. The king took a great dislike to Grenville in consequence of the long heavy harangues which his Premier inflicted on him. When George III. was growing old and imbecile, he used to speak with a shuddering horror of Grenville's conversation. Grenville seems to have persuaded himself that he was indispensable, but in 1765 he was dismissed. He never again held office, but lived a blameless domestic life, and died in 1770 at the age of fifty-nine. His second son was George, who succeeded his uncle as Earl Temple, and became first Marquis of Buckingham : and his fourth son, William, Lord Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister.

Another famous, or rather notorious, pupil of Bland's was the third Earl of Bute, who went to Eton about the year 1723, having succeeded his father in the title in the previous year : he married early a daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Like many other rising young men of the time, he first took service in the little court of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Prince Frederick had a pleasant wit, and said of Bute that he was "a fine showy man, and would make an excellent ambassador in a court where there is no business." Bute established a great ascendancy over the Princess of Wales, which increased after the

Prince's death; and a still more remarkable influence over the young Prince George. On the death of George II., Bute received the ministers for George III., and wrote the speech from the Throne : five months after, he became a Secretary of State. Bute became an avowed enemy of the Whigs. Pitt fell in 1761, and Newcastle was dismissed in 1762, and was succeeded by Bute, who had played his cards adroitly.

Bute, it must be said, was an illiterate man. His letters were proverbial for their misspellings. But he admired literature, especially in Scotchmen, and it is to his credit that he bestowed a pension on Dr. Johnson, who had said so many hard things of his countrymen. Bute soon tired of his post, and told Grenville that he would have resigned, but that whenever he mentioned the idea to George III., the king sat for hours afterwards with his head reclining on his arms. He became most unpopular in the country, as a royal favourite and the foe of Whigs and patriots. He was mobbed in the streets, and had to be protected by a gang of bruisers. Before he had been Premier for a year, he resigned ; but his unpopularity increased, as he was supposed to inspire all that George III. did or said. In 1768 he determined to go abroad : " I have tried philosophy in vain,..." he wrote to a friend, " I cannot acquire callosity...." He complained of his unpopularity : " I may think I merit a distinguished treatment of a very

opposite nature from a people I have served at the risk of my head." He went to various places, travelling as Sir John Stuart. At Baréges, the French Court, believing him still to rejoice in the favour of his Sovereign, appointed him a Guard of Honour at his lodgings as if he had been a prince of the blood. In 1770 he was at Venice. "Near three months of this envenomed sirocco has lain heavy on me; and I am grown such a stripling, or rather a withered old man, that I now appear thin in white clothes that I looked herculean in when I was twenty."

In 1772 the Princess Dowager of Wales died, and Bute lost his truest and dearest friend: scandal did not spare the close intimacy between the two: but there is no reason to suspect anything but the closest and most sympathetic friendship.

The last twenty years of Bute's life were spent in complete retirement in a villa at Christchurch, overlooking the Isle of Wight: he took a curious delight in the melancholy and iterated murmurs of the sea, which soothed him: to the last, Bute maintained that his political life had been true to the principles of rectitude and benevolence, and deplored the ingratitude of men. The end was long in coming. Not till 1792, when the Earl was on the threshold of eighty, did the sad and sorrowful life close.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD HAILES.

It is interesting to be able to connect the name of Lord Hailes, a noted judge and accomplished author, with Eton. David Dalrymple was the eldest son of Sir James Dalrymple, Bart., of Hailes, in Haddingtonshire. He was born at Edinburgh and went to Eton about 1737, where he attained a creditable proficiency in scholarship: he went on to the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards to Utrecht. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1752 and was made a Judge of the Court of Session in 1766, with the title of Lord Hailes.

Boswell, in the *Life of Johnson*, writing of the year 1763, says, "He (Johnson) this evening drank a bumper to Sir David Dalrymple, as a man of worth, a scholar, and a wit. 'I have,' said he, 'never heard of him, except from you; but let him know my opinion of him; for, as he does not show himself much in the world, he should have the praise of the few who hear of him.'" He afterwards met Lord Hailes, and formed a high opinion of his social and moral qualities.

Lord Hailes as a writer is best known by his "*Annals of Scotland*," which was submitted in MS.



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DR. ARNE.

From the engraving by Bartolozzi in the Gallery, Eton College.

to Johnson. The Doctor praised its "stability of dates, certainty of facts, and punctuality of citation."

Lord Hailes published an edition of the works of the ever-memorable John Hales, in which he modernised the language. Dr Johnson did not approve of this. "An author's language, Sir," he said, "is a characteristical part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, Sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, Sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this."

Lord Hailes died in 1792, having presided in Court three days before.

To turn to other fields, it is interesting to note that Dr. Arne, the most famous musician of his time, was at Eton under Bland.

In the *Tatler* for April 6, 1710, No. 155, Addison gives an amusing account of an upholsterer of Covent Garden, who devoted himself to politics to the detriment of his business: "he had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance...He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind." The paper goes on to relate how this preoccupied man failed in business, and meeting Addison in the Park, pestered him with his conversation, following him and "hemming after him" and making applications for small loans. The same man was afterwards

ridiculed in a farce by Murphy in 1758, entitled "The Upholsterer, or What News?" in the character of "Quidnunc."

The original of these satires was Edward Arne, who died in 1728, under melancholy circumstances: he was arrested for debt and imprisoned in the Fleet, and happening to incur the ill-will of the Warder, he was confined in a solitary cell without fire or covering, lost his reason, and died in six weeks. His fate was made the subject of a question asked in the House of Commons by General Oglethorpe.

Edward Arne had two children, one of whom was the well-known actress, Mrs. Cibber, second wife of Theophilus, son of Colley Cibber.

The other son was a Thomas Augustine Arne, born in 1710. His father intended him for the law and sent him to Eton: from his infancy he had a perfect passion for music: "even while he was at Eton," writes Dr. Burney, in the History of Music, "his love for music operated upon him too powerfully for his own peace or that of his companions: for with a miserable cracked common flute, he used to torment them day and night, when not obliged to attend the school."

From Eton he was sent to a lawyer's office: but he neglected his work: "At home," Dr. Burney continues, "he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night while the rest of the family were asleep." His father was

a passionate man, and Dr. Burney adds that had he discovered, it he would certainly have thrown the instrument, and probably the boy too, out of the window. Arne was devoted to the Opera, but had not often sufficient cash at his disposal to purchase a ticket, and told Dr. Burney that he used to borrow a servant's livery, and go to the gallery of the Opera, to which free admission was granted to the footmen of the distinguished personages who were attending the performance.

“His father,” says Dr. Burney, “accidentally calling at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood upon business, found him engaged with company, but sending in his name, he was invited upstairs, where there was a large company and a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he caught his son in the very act of playing first fiddle. Finding him more admired for his musical talents than knowledge in the law, he was soon prevailed upon to forgive his unruly passion, and to let him try to turn it to some account. No sooner was the young musician allowed to practise aloud in his father's house than he bewitched the whole family.”

A year after leaving Eton he wrote new music for Addison's opera, “Rosamond,” which was produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, on March 7th, 1733, and he rapidly became the most popular composer of the day. Dr. Burney says that the melody of Arne, at that time, forms an era in English music.

In 1740, in Mallet's Masque of "Alfred," appeared the tune for which he is perhaps most famous, the well-known "Rule Britannia." He is, moreover, one of the many musicians who is credited, and in his case with some probability, with the authorship of the tune of the National Anthem. The University of Oxford made him a doctor of music in 1759.

Dr. Arne was what is popularly called a man of pleasure: he was fond of low company. Dr. Burney says that he was unable "to comport himself properly at the Opera House, in the first circle of taste and fashion; he could speak to 'the girls in the garden' very well, but, whether through bashfulness or want of use, he had very little to say to good company." Though he was a very prolific writer, and well paid for his work, his affairs seem to have been constantly in an embarrassed condition. It is said that he composed no less than thirty operas.

He was a devout Roman Catholic, though he lived a profligate life, and made an exemplary end, at the age of sixty-eight, receiving the consolations of religion, and chanting a Hallelujah with his last breath. There is an interesting engraving of him at Eton in the gallery, which represents a man of grotesque appearance, playing with an air of extreme affectation on a spinet.

Another pupil of Bland's rose to eminence in the Church, but more by amiability and virtue than by intellect or ability. This was Frederick Cornwallis, born

1713, who was at Eton with his twin-brother, afterwards known as General Edward Cornwallis. They were sons of Charles, fourth Lord Cornwallis, and while at Eton were so alike, says Cole, that it was difficult to know them apart. Frederick Cornwallis proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow, but there had a stroke of paralysis, which obliged him ever afterwards to use his left hand in writing, as well as in dealing cards, of which he was very fond. He was Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury for fifteen years, dying in 1783 at the age of seventy.

He was an affable and gracious prelate, though on one occasion rebuked by the king for holding "routs on Sundays."

With reference to this, William Cole, the antiquary, wrote to Dr. Lort: "No doubt you have seen in the *London Evening Post* of the last fortnight, several scurrilous squibs and reflections on our Primate, not for his routs at the palace, but for his endeavouring to bring folks to a sense of their duty and decency. In the last week's paper it is repeated, and the Archbishop's lady taxed with routs on a Sunday. Though I had formerly the honour of a decent familiarity with his Grace while at college, and have all the veneration that is due, *tanto patri*; yet if the fact is true, and it is boldly and confidently asserted in the Presbyterian manner, I cannot help thinking but all that is said is proper

enough for such anti-episcopal carriage. I have myself, as William Cole, no particular objection to a game of cards even on a Sunday evening, but as Vicar of a parish I should think myself highly blameable to do so in my parish, or as a clergyman anywhere, in a country where the prejudice is so vehement against it ; so I cannot believe the assertion."

A character of the Archbishop, by a contemporary, quoted in Nichol's "Literary Anecdotes," may be given here :—

"No Bishop was ever more respected and beloved in his Diocese than was Dr. Frederick Cornwallis in the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry. His elevation to Canterbury made no change in the gentleness and humanity with which he bore his faculties. The same liberality of soul distinguished his Grace, that had before dignified his Lordship. At Lambeth-house, from the instant that he entered its walls, that odious distinction of a separate table for the Chaplains was abolished. It remained for an Archbishop of high birth to declare that they should be constantly seated at the same board with himself. His board, upon public days, was princely. His hospitality was, in general, as noble as his own moderation in the enjoyment of it was exemplary. The courtesy with which he received those who had occasion to approach him, was not the affected politeness of a Court. It was the courtesy of Religion and Morality. It was the evident result of a good understanding and a consummately benevolent heart."

Archbishop Cornwallis has been sometimes confused with James, fourth Earl Cornwallis, who was a younger brother of the famous Marquis Cornwallis, and a nephew of the Archbishop, the Archbishop being brother of Charles, first Earl Cornwallis.

James Cornwallis was born in 1742, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1781 was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

When the second Marquis died in 1823, the earldom reverted to the Bishop, who died the year after, and was buried at Lichfield. His only son, James, succeeded to the earldom.

Dr. George, who succeeded Dr. Bland as Headmaster, was an efficient teacher and a benevolent man : but he had a pompous and affected manner, and was fond of indulging in lengthy and pedantic discourses. He was a good scholar, however, and had an agreeable turn for Latin composition : he numbered among his pupils many most distinguished Etonians, who ridiculed his obvious foibles, but seem to have had a sincere affection for him. But Dr. George's temper did not improve with years : he had a tyrannical instinct, and expected his peremptory commands to be obeyed without question ; this brought him into frequent collision with both masters and boys, and the constant vexations to which he was subjected, seem not to have chastened but soured him—"foolish, proud, unmannerly and brutal," are epithets applied to him in his late years, and he was known by the nickname of "Dionysius the tyrant." It is curious and interesting to look at the portrait of Dr. George as a boy, which was presented to the College by Provost Hawtrey, and now hangs in the Audit Room. It represents an

ingenuous-looking boy, with a thoughtful and gentle face, and rosy lips rather pouted, prettily dressed in a suit of embroidered silk ; it is pathetic to think that this amiable-looking child degenerated into a violent and bombastic pedagogue.

The following story is interesting, but seems, as Mr. Maxwell Lyte points out, hard to reconcile with dates. It is said that Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was then living at Cliveden, drove over to Eton with Dr. Ayscough, afterwards tutor to his two sons, eventually George III. and the Duke of York. They called on the Headmaster, and being told he was in school, proceeded thither, and being conducted to the door of Upper School, were inquisitive enough to peep in through the key-hole, and are said to have derived much amusement from Dr. George's rhetorical exposition of the lesson. They then left the place without waiting for the Headmaster to appear, or notifying their presence to him.

Dr. George, on hearing of the royal visit, drove over the same afternoon to Cliveden to apologise for his involuntary absence. The Prince described their adventure, and said rudely that if Dr. George had only arrived at Cliveden an hour earlier, he would have heard Dr. Ayscough taking off his allocution to *his* boys. Dr. George "took himself off" very shortly. The whole performance of the Prince was silly and unmannerly : but after all, it was "only Fred."



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WILLIAM GEORGE,

As a boy.

Afterwards Head Master of Eton, 1728—1743.

From an oil-painting in the Audit Room, Eton College.

Dr. George repaid evil by good by writing an elaborate panegyric in Latin iambics on the death of the Prince. The verses were shown to Pope Benedict XIV., who was a good classical scholar, and who said, after reading them through, that the verses were so admirable, that had the writer been one of the faithful, he would have created him a cardinal. As it was, he took a scarlet biretta from a cardinal and laid it on the MSS., from which singular investiture they were afterwards known as the "Cardinal Verses:" the story is almost too odd not to have had some foundation in fact.

In society, the Headmaster was far from acceptable: he is said to have told a learned lady who quoted Latin to him that he would have laid her on the block for her false quantities if she had been one of his pupils.

Royal visits were of frequent occurrence to Eton during Dr. George's tenure of office. The barbarous custom then prevailed of beating a ram to death in Weston's Yard at Election time. The young Duke of Cumberland came to take part in this humane sport in 1730, and was condescending enough to strike the first blow. The ram was previously hamstrung, that the boys might not be tempted to pursue it far, there being an instance on record of the hunt having terminated in Windsor Market-place.

In 1735, the Duke of Cumberland came again, accompanied by Sir Robert Walpole and the Lord

Chancellor, with a number of other notabilities : after a breakfast in Election Chamber, there were declamations in Election Hall, and complimentary verses were recited. The Provost, Dr. Bland, excited a good deal of feeling by not presenting any of the Fellows to the Duke, and allowing them to take no part in the entertainment of the distinguished visitors. "They walked about as strangers within their own walls," writes one of the Fellows of the time. The Duke signalized his visit by presenting the green coverlets with gold braid, which on great occasions adorned the beds in Long Chamber, but which were eventually burnt in 1875, in the fire which destroyed the Brew-house, at which time the great tapestries that form so conspicuous a feature in the older pictures of the College Hall were also burnt.

One of Dr. George's assistant masters was Ralph Thicknesse, who was born in 1707 at Farthinghoe in Northamptonshire, where his father was rector. At an early age he was elected a scholar at Eton, and proceeded to King's in 1727. After obtaining his fellowship he returned to Eton as a master about 1732. He was a sociable man, with agreeable powers of conversation and a humorous wit, and an accomplished musician. In 1742 he published an edition of Phaedrus with English notes : and was considered a strong candidate for the vacant Provostship of King's College, though then only thirty-five years old. In the same year he received a valuable appointment at Jamaica, from his friend Sir Edward

Walpole, an appointment of which the value was increased by the indefinite leave of absence from the appropriate scene of his labours.

His brother, Philip Thicknesse, who wrote a curious autobiography, relates that Ralph Thicknesse had on the occasion of receiving this sinecure to obtain a "mandamus," from Charles, the "proud" Duke of Somerset, who was then Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Mr. Thicknesse said that dinner was announced by the entrance of a majestic servant carrying a silver wand of office, not unlike a bishop's crozier, and saying, "My Lord Duke of Somerset—My Lord Duke of Somerset—My Lord Duke of Somerset"—(in a gradual crescendo)—"your Grace's dinner is upon the table."

The same year Ralph Thicknesse was staying at Bath, and was taking part in a morning concert, playing the violin in fact in a concerto of his own composition, when his head fell back, and he dropped dead from his chair. He was buried in the Abbey Church there, with an inscription by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had been a schoolfellow of his at Eton. He was only thirty-five years old, and the news occasioned general regret.

The following story gives a good idea of the agreeable condition of King's College, Cambridge, at this time :—

Ralph Thicknesse, in 1738, writes—"You may, if you please, close this account of an *innocent* piece of fun

“There was at King’s College, a very good-tempered, handsome, six-foot-high Parson, of the name of Lofft. He was one of the College Chaunters, and the constant butt at commons, in the hall as well as in the parlour.

“Harry dreaded so much the sight of a gun, or a case of pistols, that such of his friends as did not care for too much of his company, always kept fire-arms in their rooms.

“The relater of this article [Thicknesse himself], then scarce a man, was encouraged by the *reverend the Fellows* to place himself at the corner of the Chapel, with a gun loaded only with powder, and, as Harry went to prayers, to shoot at him at the distance of about twenty yards.

“Unfortunately, the gun being loaded with coarse damp common powder, the whole of it did not burn; and poor Harry Lofft’s face received a great many whole grains therein, and with such force as to remain in the skin. The fright, and little inflammation put the poor Chaunter to bed. We were all much alarmed; and lest the report should reach the Vice-Chancellor’s ears, the good-tempered Lofft was prevailed upon to *sink* the cause of his disorder, and to be *only ill*. Battie and Banks [the only two fellow-students in Physic] happened not to be of the *shooting party*, and were, therefore, called to the assistance of the sick man. They found his face red, inflamed, and sprinkled with black spots! that his pulse was high, and his spirits low; and, after a

serious consultation on his case, they prescribed : and then being examined by the impatient plotters of this wicked deed, they pronounced it to be the *black rash*. This was a never-to-be-forgotten *roast* for the two medical students."

Dr. George was elected, in 1742, Provost of King's College, Cambridge. There was a severe contest, and the election, held in the College Chapel, which began on Monday morning, continued all through the day and the following night. The scene was said to have been a very strange one : some of the Fellows sat in their stalls wrapped in blankets "like mummies" : others reclined on cushions "like Gothic tombs" ; "one blowing a chafing-dish with a surplice sleeve," others warming negus or sipping brandy.

The chief competitor for the provostship, besides Ralph Thicknesse, was Dr. Thackeray, Headmaster of Harrow, formerly an assistant master at Eton, of whom mention has been made.

The other competitor for the provostship of King's was John Chapman, who was son of a vicar of Strathfieldsaye, and an Etonian. He was elected tutor of his college, and Bryant, Camden, and Horace Walpole were among his pupils. He was very much beloved and admired in this position, and was only just defeated, after a severe contest for the provostship, by Dr. George.

He became domestic chaplain to Archbishop Potter, and was his executor. He was appointed

Archdeacon of Sudbury in 1741. He was a voluminous controversial writer: Horace Walpole says "I remember a story of poor Dr. Chapman, but I have so entirely forgotten his works, that I shall tell it very tamely. He went to his bookseller and asked how his last work had sold. 'Very indifferently indeed, sir.' 'Ah! why, how many copies are gone off?' 'Only five, sir!' 'Alack! and how many of my 'Eusebius' (I think it was) have you left?' 'Two hundred, sir!' 'Indeed! Well, but my book on (I don't know what), how many have you of them?' 'Oh, the whole impression, sir!' 'Good now! good now! that is much. Well Mr. — I cannot help it; I do my duty, and satisfy my conscience.'"

Among notable residents at Eton at this time was Dr. John Burton, a distinguished alien, who held a fellowship for nearly 40 years. He was a Devonshire man, and was educated at Tiverton, Ely, and Oxford, being scholar and afterwards Fellow of Corpus Christi College. He was elected to the Tutorship there, and made a great reputation as a teacher, but owing to an incurable indifference in money matters he left Oxford as poor as he went there.

However, he had made friends: a son of Dr. Bland's had been his pupil, and in 1733, through Bland's influence, he was elected to a fellowship at Eton, and in the same year succeeded to the valuable College living of Mapledurham.

Mapledurham is the most beautiful, the wealthiest, and in every way the most desirable of the College livings. It lies on the Thames, between Pangbourne and Tilehurst, near two magnificent Elizabethan houses—Hardwick, which is very conspicuous from the river, and the Blount mansion of Mapledurham, which is less conspicuous but even more picturesque. The rectory is close to the water's edge, in large grounds. The hill under which it stands is beautifully wooded, as well as the flat tract that lies on the opposite side of the river, which at Mapledurham takes a sudden turn to the right. The whole landscape has a tranquil opulence, a stately serenity which is indescribably attractive.

The population of the parish was small, and Burton found free scope for the exercise of a literary turn and a versatile mind.

His predecessor, Dr. Edward Littleton, left a widow and three infant daughters; they were peniless, and out of kindness of heart Burton allowed them to remain for awhile in the rectory. But shortly after this a neighbouring clergyman calling, found Burton being shaved by Mrs. Littleton. The visitor remonstrated, and hinted at possible scandal, whereupon Burton proposed marriage to the lady, and was accepted. In 1752 he proceeded D.D., and in 1766 exchanged his delightful retreat for the more important living of Worplesdon, near Guildford. Here he organised and superintended the construction of a raised causeway over the Wey

for his parishioners. He died in 1771, and was buried at Eton in the centre of the ante-chapel, close to the organ loft ; on the grey slab of stone which covers his remains his name can still be discerned. His epitaph calls him "learned, ingenious, pious, a despiser of wealth, a notable friend to ingenuous youth."

His works are many and various, such as sermons, miscellaneous tracts, a criticism of Clarendon's History, a volume of selections from Greek plays, an Itinerary in Surrey and Sussex, an Oration containing an attack on Wilkes, remarks on the Navigation of the Thames, and an Essay on Improvements projected in Eton School, in MS., which has been unfortunately lost.

Burton had a controversy with a Dr. King, of St. Mary Hall, in the course of which King speaks of him as "Jack of Eton, commonly called Jack the Giant" ; and Churchill, in the "*Candidate*," sneers at Burton's "new Latin and new Greek," and speaks of his "pantomime thoughts and style so full of trick."

His portrait is extant, and shows a man of marked features, with a somewhat sly and humorous expression, obumbrated by a huge wig. He was slovenly in appearance, and loved to wear ancient clothes ; he seems to have been a man addicted to petty economies, but indifferent to larger sums ; he saved pence and threw away pounds.



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JOHN BURTON, D.D.,

Vice-provost of Eton.

From a drawing in the Gallery at Eton College.

CHAPTER XII.

HORACE WALPOLE.

The Eton List of 1732 contains a remarkable number of distinguished names, most of them, in after-life, friends and correspondents of Horace Walpole. There was Horace Walpole himself; his two cousins, Lord Conway, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, and his younger brother, better known as General, afterwards Field-Marshal Conway; George Selwyn; George Montagu, and his brother Charles; Gray the poet, and his friend Richard West, son of West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Cole the antiquary; and Thomas Ashton, afterwards Fellow of Eton and a popular preacher.

Walpole, with his singular knack of intimacy, was the centre of two groups of friends: one called the Triumvirate, consisted of Walpole and the two Montagus. "One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect," wrote Walpole long afterwards to George Montagu, "is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles, and your sincere friend." Unfortunately the friendship with George Montagu did not continue. When he died in 1780, after having been for many years member for Northampton, Horace Walpole wrote, "I should

have been exceedingly concerned for him a few years ago, but he had dropped me, partly from politics and partly from caprice, for we never had any quarrel; but he was grown an excessive humourist [by which he means very whimsical], and had shed almost all his friends as well as me."

Others did not take the same enthusiastic views of Walpole's friends. "Some of his friends," wrote Judge Hardinge, "were as effeminate in appearance and in manner as himself, and were as witty others had effeminacy alone to recommend them."

The other group was composed of Walpole, Gray, Ashton, and West, who were drawn together by similarity of intellectual tastes and a pronounced disinclination for the pursuits of their companions. These four named themselves the "Quadruple Alliance," and figured under whimsical names: Gray was Oromasdes; West, Almanzor; Walpole, Tydeus; and Ashton, Plato.

West was the first to disappear. His father, as has been said, was Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1725: his mother was daughter of Bishop Burnet the historian. The Chancellor was a man of literary gifts, and wrote a play called "Hecuba," which was actually performed in 1726 at Drury Lane, though without success. When Gray went to Peterhouse at Cambridge, West went to Christchurch, Oxford: some of the clever and precocious letters that they exchanged are preserved in Gray's correspondence. It is interesting to note a

stanza written by West in his *Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline*, as containing what is perhaps the germ of one of Gray's best-known stanzas in the "Elegy."

" Ah me ! what boots us all our boasted power ?
 Our golden treasure, and our purple state ?
 They cannot ward the inevitable hour,
 Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate."

The metre and the cadence so closely resemble Gray's later poem, to say nothing of the identity of expression, that it may safely be said that the stanza would be referred by an ordinary reader unhesitatingly to the "Elegy."

West went on to the Bar, but found that he had little or no taste for legal studies : he was already afflicted by the restlessness of ill-health. His lamentations over the dreary nature of his profession are heartfelt : he wrote with disgust of the writers he was compelled to study, such as Puffendorf, "as jurisprudent an author as you shall read on a summer's day" : he even talked of purchasing a commission, and entering the army. But his health rapidly declined, and the discovery by him of a very painful family secret told heavily against his enfeebled constitution. He developed consumption, and died at Hatfield on a visit, very suddenly, at the age of twenty-six. He was buried in Hatfield Church, but the stone which was formerly in the Chancel, inscribed with his name, seems to have disappeared. Gray lamented his loss in a sonnet, which in spite

of its pedantic, almost commonplace beginning—

“In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd’ning Phoebus lifts his golden fire,
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire”—

has the note of sincerity.

Gray himself was connected with Eton through the fact that his maternal uncle, Robert Antrobus, Fellow of Peterhouse, was an assistant master at Eton. Gray was the son of a “money-scrivener” of London, and was the only one of a large family of children who survived his infancy. His father was a brutal, violent man, probably mad, who treated the “careful, tender mother”—as Gray wrote in her epitaph, now in Stoke Poges churchyard—with great cruelty. Gray’s father died early, and left some property, a house in London and another at Wanstead, so that Gray was never poor, though his mother had been forced to quit her husband owing to his brutality and violent temper, and set up a milliner’s establishment to support herself. Gray went, in 1734, to Cambridge, to his uncle’s College of Peterhouse, and Cambridge was practically his home for the rest of his life: for his last few years he held the Professorship of Modern History, the only University office he ever filled, though the nearest he came to discharging its duties was to draw up a scheme for lectures which he never delivered. It was his aim to be considered a gentleman who

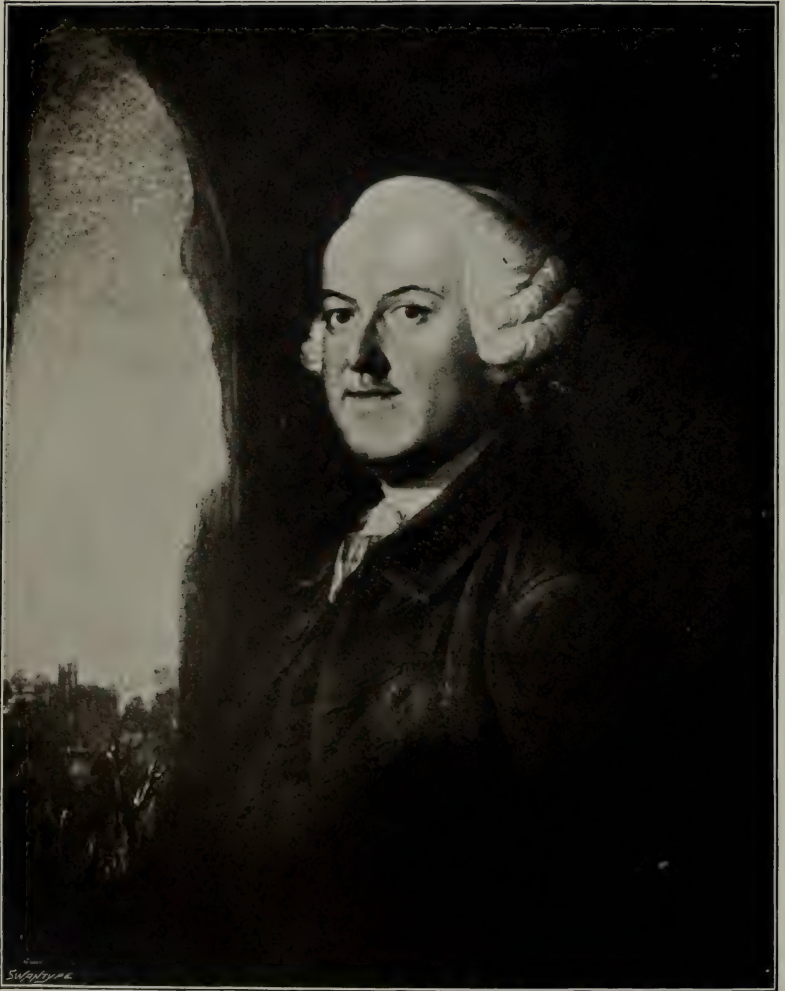
studied for his amusement, a theory which he carried out so consistently as to consider it derogatory to his dignity to receive money for his writings. Gray was often in the neighbourhood of Eton, though too lazy or reclusive to go over there—a fact on which Walpole and West commented with disgust.

Gray had an uncle living at Britwell, close to Burnham, a retired attorney, who being fond of hunting, but too gouty to ride, kept dogs in his house, thereby filling it, as Gray wrote, “with their comfortable noise and stink.” Gray’s mother, on his father’s death, settled at Stoke Poges, with two sisters—“a perfect menagerie of aged aunts”—as it has been called.

Gray was not happy at Peterhouse, his first college: he was considered effeminate, and called “Miss Gray”; he took no part in the life of the place or its amusements: he boasted with some complacency to Cole the antiquary, that he had never been across a horse’s back in his life. Eventually a trick played on him by some undergraduates caused him to quit Peterhouse. Gray had a nervous horror of fire, and put up an apparatus with a rope ladder to descend from his window in case of a conflagration. Some riotous spirits arranged a tub of water underneath the window, and gave the alarm of fire: Gray nimbly descended, amid cheers and laughter, into the tub. He complained to the authorities, and as their action in the matter did not

give him satisfaction, moved across the road to Pembroke, where he eventually died. But to retrace our steps a little. In 1739 Gray went on a foreign tour with Horace Walpole: the result was unfortunate—"We had not got to Calais," wrote Horace Walpole afterwards, "before Gray was dissatisfied": their tastes did not agree; Gray was for antiquities, while Horace Walpole was for balls and parties. Gray too was vexed at the social consideration which Horace Walpole, the son of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, not unnaturally received: eventually they quarrelled; though the cause is somewhat obscure, it seems to have been connected with the opening by Walpole of a letter addressed to Gray, or of one of Gray's letters to England, under the suspicion that he himself was criticised therein. "I treated him insolently," Horace Walpole wrote long after, in a generous letter assuming all the blame; "He loved me, and I did not think he did forgive me if I say that his temper was not conciliating; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them." They parted at Reggio, and Gray returned alone: the breach was formally made up in after years, but all close intimacy was at an end, though they several times met with pleasure.

Gray, at Cambridge, laid in a marvellous stock of very various knowledge; he was said, and there is little reason to doubt that the estimate was just, to



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THOMAS GRAY.

From the oil painting by Benjamin Wilson, in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

(By permission of John Murray, Esq.)

be the most learned man in Europe. Science, history, law, antiquities, moral science, politics, of all these he had an accurate knowledge : he had a great taste for music, heraldry, zoology, and etymology, and he may be said to have invented the modern taste for natural scenery.

Gray's health was never strong, his vitality was very low, and he suffered from all sorts of prostrating complaints. One of his most distressing symptoms was acute depression of spirits, which he relieved by constant change of air, visiting nearly all the picturesque regions of England, and often penetrating into Scotland : he died rather suddenly at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Into the question of his poetry it is hardly possible to enter here : he wrote very little, refining and correcting with infinite pains. Mr. Matthew Arnold has stated that Gray suffered from the absence of literary enthusiasm in the air of his century ; it is true that poetry in England was at a low ebb, and literature generally was dominated by the dictatorial spirit of Johnson, for whom Gray had a dislike which he did not attempt to conceal, calling him "Ursa Major," and which was cordially reciprocated. Johnson's life of Gray in the *English Poets* is narrow-minded and unsympathetic—worse than that, it is entirely uncritical : it is impossible to read it without feeling the personal enmity in every line ; such grudging praise as Johnson does at intervals

concede to Gray's poetry is vitiated in the next sentence by some gruff outburst of petulant humour.

It is a singular fact that Gray should be adopted as the poet of Eton : the celebrated Eton ode shows in every line a brooding uneasy spirit which is hopelessly alien to the spirit of boyhood. Gray was never in the remotest degree a boy. Compare it, for instance, with a realistic school-book, *Tom Brown* : could there be a stronger contrast between Gray's gloomy and saturnine musings and the breezy Homeric swing of that healthy narrative ? It would be an interesting thing to guess what opinion Gray would have held of *Tom Brown* could he have read it. Even if he had been convinced of the truth of the picture, it would not have pleased him. I venture to think he would have read it, as he says in one of his letters, with a "disgustful curiosity."

Thomas Ashton, the Plato of the Quadruple Alliance, was born in 1716, and was on the foundation at Eton : in 1733 he went up to King's, and was followed in 1735 by Horace Walpole : the two lived there in the closest intimacy. Ashton became tutor in the household of the Earl of Plymouth, but in 1745 was made a Fellow of Eton : after holding other preferments he became in 1752 Rector of S. Botolph's, Bishopgate, and ten years after, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

One of the most delightful allusions to Ashton occurs in the often quoted letter of Horace

Walpole, written to George Montagu from the "Christopher" Inn at Eton, shortly after Ashton's election to a Fellowship.

"The Christopher. Lord! how great I used to think anybody just landed at the Christopher! But here are no boys for me to send for—here I am, like Noah, just returned into his old world again, with all sorts of queer feels about me. By the way, the clock strikes the old cracked sound—I recollect so much, and remember so little—and want to play about—and am so afraid of my playfellows—and am ready to shirk Ashton—and can't help *making fun* of myself—and envy a dame over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably! and I could be so jolly a dog if I did not *fat*, which, by the way, is the first time the word was ever applicable to me. In short, I should be out of all *bounds* if I was to tell you half I feel, how young again I am one minute, and how old the next. But do come and feel with me, when you will—to-morrow—adieu! If I don't compose myself a little more before Sunday morning, when Ashton is to preach, I shall certainly be *in a bill for laughing at church*; but how to help it, to see him in the pulpit, when the last time I saw him here, was standing up funking over against a Conduct to be catechised."

In spite of Horace Walpole's merriment on the subject of Ashton's sermons, Ashton rapidly became

one of the best and most popular preachers of the day, and had he not been a thoroughly unambitious man, of quiet tastes, he might have enjoyed high preferment. He printed nothing except a few sermons on special occasions, and some controversial letters on the practice of electing aliens to vacant places at Eton.

He died, after having been some years paralysed, in 1775, at the age of fifty-nine. There is a fine mezzotint portrait of him, after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Horace Walpole was the third and youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of England for over twenty years. He was born at Arlington Street in 1717 (old style). He was handsomely provided for by sinecures. While still at Cambridge he was made Usher of the Exchequer, Comptroller of the Pipe, and Clerk of the Estreats. The duties were all performed by deputy, and the income from the three posts, according to the return of the Commissioners of Inquiry, averaged over six thousand a year. Horace Walpole's mother was daughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, whose other daughter married Lord Conway. Horace was a delicate child of frail appearance and feeble health, and bore so little resemblance to his robust father, that the scandal-mongers of the day considered him to be a Hervey by descent. Sir Robert took little notice of the sickly child until his reputation for precocious

cleverness at Eton attracted his gratified attention. When he was ten years old he set his heart on being presented to the king, George I. Application was made through the Duchess of Kendal, and the king consented. The interview took place in the Duchess of Kendal's apartments in S. James's Palace, on June 1st, 1727: it was just before the king started on the journey to Hanover, in the course of which he died. Sixty years later, Walpole said that the figure of the king was still perfectly distinct in his memory. "It was that of an elderly man," he wrote, "rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall; of aspect rather good than august; with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and blue ribbon over all."

The child knelt and kissed his hand, and the king took him in his arms and said a few words to him, after which he was led away. As the boy had already been several months at Eton, he must have come up to London for the express purpose of being presented. It is interesting to note that when the boy heard not a fortnight after of the king's death, he burst into a flood of tears, which was attributed by the bystanders to the expectation of his father's probable downfall from power, a supposition for which, he says, there was no foundation, as the thought never crossed his mind. At Eton he lived entirely with a few friends, such as Gray and the

Montagues, and took no part whatever in the rough amusements of the place, from which he was in fact precluded by his delicate health. He then went on to King's College, Cambridge, as a gentleman commoner.

Horace Walpole took but little part in public life and rarely spoke in the House of Commons, of which he was a member for twenty-seven years. His tastes lay in the direction of literature, and in the collection of antiquities and portraits, engravings and bric-à-brac. His real legacy to literature was his inimitable collection of letters, full of vivacity and humour, which reflect the social life of the time with extraordinary accuracy. He purchased in 1747 a little country-house at Twickenham, called "Chopped Straw Hall," which name he altered to Strawberry Hill, and built a *rococo* Gothic palace there and crammed it with curiosities. False as much of his taste was, he did more than anyone else to bring about the revival of Gothic architecture in England. He published several dilettante works about Painters and Engravers, a novel "the Castle of Otranto," which was the precursor of Walter Scott's novels, and a tragedy called the "Mysterious Mother," which is more powerful than critics will easily allow. But as an author he was exceedingly sensitive to criticism, and haunted by a terrible dread that he should be considered a professional writer : he was anxious in fact to achieve literary celebrity without ceasing to be an amateur : consequently his fame rests upon his

letters, and a severer literary ideal would have been only a drawback to his success.

“ Pray, my dear child,” he wrote to Sir Horace Mann, “ don’t compliment me any more upon my learning ; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I ? I, who have always lived in the big busy world ; who lie a-bed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please ; who sup in company ; who have played at pharaoh half my life, and now at loo till two or three in the morning ; who have always loved pleasure ; haunted auctions—in short, who don’t know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed, when some of the magazines have called me the *learned gentleman* ! Pray don’t be like the Magazines.”

Miss Letitia Hawkins, a neighbour of his at Twickenham, has left a very graphic account of how he appeared at Strawberry Hill.

“ His figure was not merely tall, but, more properly, long and slender to excess ; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively. His voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and, if I may

say so, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait. He always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy, which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent, and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor his wig combed straight, and showing his very smooth pale forehead”

In 1791 he succeeded his nephew as Earl of Orford, but for several months refused to sign himself except as “Uncle to the late Earl of Orford.” And he could never bring himself to use his new title, nor to take his seat in the House of Lords. “No man,” he said, “of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home, as I always do, and being called by a new name.”

He died quietly at last, his abstemious life having triumphed over gout and other hereditary maladies, in his eightieth year.

Another celebrated contemporary of Gray’s was Charles Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden. He was the son of Sir John Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of King’s Bench, who was twice married and left a very numerous family. Charles Pratt was nominated to a scholarship at Eton, and was in College with Ashton, Bryant, and Cole. Much that is beside the mark has been said of his friendship while at Eton with Lord Chatham: but as the latter was an Oppidan, and six years Camden’s senior, it is very unlikely



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HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD,

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College), by J. McArdeil, after an oil-painting
by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

that they ever exchanged a single word. Lady Pratt was in by no means affluent circumstances, and it was a disappointment to her that her son did not distinguish himself more at Eton: Sneyd Davies, a poetical contemporary at Eton, had, however, discerned his friend's promise; in a poetical epistle, addressing Charles Pratt, he says—

Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame ;
Nor deem the task severe, its prize too high
Of toil, and honour for thy father's son.

He is said to have been a rapid, cursory, and superficial reader, and to have paid little attention to classics. He was, however, elected to King's, and succeeded to a Fellowship.

He went to the Bar, and for eight or nine years was so unsuccessful that he very nearly deserted his legal profession to take Orders and a College living. His father's reputation, he used to say, had never been worth a guinea to him. When he did succeed, it was by an accident: the sudden indisposition of a leading counsel, Robert Henley, afterwards Lord Chancellor as Lord Northington, threw the conduct of a case into his hands: he acquitted himself with distinction, and very rapidly rose to eminence. He was made Attorney-General in 1757 and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1761, in which capacity he presided at the acquittal of Wilkes, who had been arrested on a general warrant, on the publication of the libellous *North Briton*, and severely denounced the method of

procedure against him. In 1765 he was made a peer, and in 1766 Lord Chancellor in the Grafton administration. He resigned in 1770, and is said to have slept sounder that night than he had slept for years. In 1784 he became President of the Council in Mr. Pitt's administration, and held the post for the remainder of his life, being created Earl Camden in 1786, and dying in 1794 at the age of eighty-one. His portrait hangs in the College Hall, and he deserves to be remembered as one of the most distinguished supporters of Constitutional liberty, and one of the most high-minded of statesmen.

Sneyd Davies, mentioned above, was born in 1709, and went to Eton as a Colleger. There can have been few Etonians of his day who were more universally beloved by a large circle of contemporaries. Lord Chancellor Camden was his intimate and devoted friend, and said of him that he was, next to Nicholas Hardinge, the best scholar of his day. Pitt, Fox, Lyttelton, George Grenville, Frederick Cornwallis were all his associates, and it is said that it was a matter of painful bewilderment to Davies why all his friends should rise to the highest offices in Church and State, though with ability inferior to his own. Cornwallis gave him a Canonry of Lichfield. Miss Anna Seward, the writer of verses, thus describes his preaching: "a voice of tremulously pathetic softness; religious energies struggling through constitutional timidity;

but in all his words, his looks, his manners within and without the church, there looked out of a feeble frame a spirit beatified before its time." He wrote a large number of Poetical Epistles, but it was remarked by many of his friends, that in spite of the almost romantic ardour and loyalty of his friendships, he was never in love.

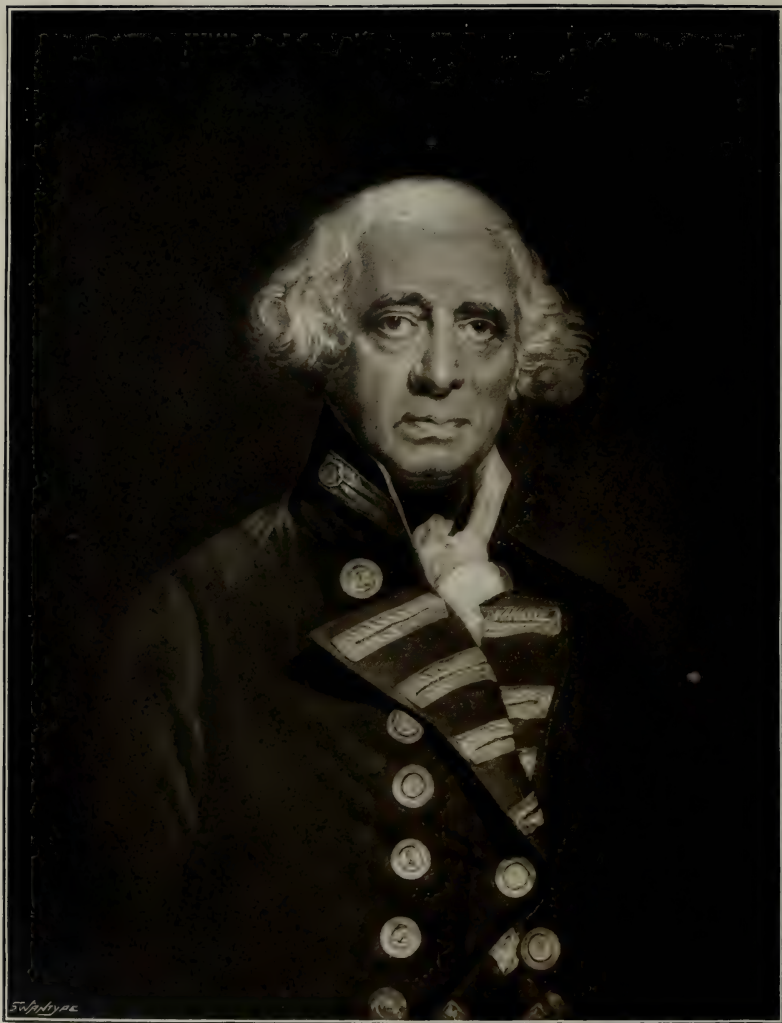
Another contemporary of Horace Walpole's was the notorious Earl of Sandwich.

John Montagu was the great-great-grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, whose body was found floating on the waves after the memorable engagement with the Dutch in 1672, and only recognized by the insignia of the Garter which he wore : he was descended on the mother's side from the dissolute Earl of Rochester. John Montagu, in 1729, at the age of thirteen, succeeded to the earldom, while at Eton. In 1732 he appears in the School List at the head of the Fifth Form. He was a promising boy, and spoke French and Italian fluently, besides being able to read both German and Spanish. At the age of seventeen he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then took a long foreign tour, devoting himself to the study of antiquities of all kinds. On his return, he took his seat in the House of Lords, and at once made his mark as a speaker. His marriage was unfortunate, as his wife went out of her mind, but survived him five years. His first employment was in the Admiralty, of which he became

First Lord in 1749. His life was a profligate one, and the nickname of *Jemmy Twitcher*, from the *Beggar's Opera*, conferred upon him in 1763, stuck to him through life. He was a member of the infamous Medmenham Club, and in such detestation was he held, that in 1764, when he stood for the High Stewardship of Cambridge University and went to dine in Hall at Trinity, all the undergraduates left the building. The terrible murder of Miss Ray, his mistress, who was shot by a clergyman, a former lover, in 1779, seems to have been a turning point in his career. He retired from public life, and lived for the remainder of his days at Hinchinbrooke in complete retirement, endeavouring to atone by charity and religious observance for the profligacy of his early life. He was passionately fond of music, and as Horace Walpole wrote, was never so happy as when "carrying a white wand at Handel's Jubilee." He died in 1792 at the age of seventy-four.

Another of George's later pupils deserves a few words. So few of the great sailors of England have been educated at Eton, that we must be allowed to mention the name of Earl Howe, slight as the connection was, in his case, with the School.

Boys as a rule enter the Navy so young that they are not often sent to a public school. Neither Lord Nelson nor Lord St. Vincent were educated at any great school. Richard, Earl Howe, is an exception to this, having been for a short time at



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EARL HOWE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by R. Dunkarton, after an oil-painting
by J. S. Copley, R.A.

Eton before joining the Navy. He was born in 1725, being the second son of Viscount Howe, his mother being the daughter of Baron Kielmansegge, George the First's Master of the Horse, and of the Baroness Kielmansegge, afterwards Countess of Platen and Darlington. The reputed father, however, of Viscountess Howe was His Majesty George I.

He was taken away from Eton, being offered at an early age a commission on the *Severn*, commanded by Captain Legge, in Commodore Anson's squadron. His famous victory over the French under Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, on the "glorious First of June," was his crowning achievement, being fought at the advanced age of sixty-nine. He only lived five years longer, dying in 1799. There is no tradition extant of his Eton schooldays, but it is interesting to be able to connect the name of one of the greatest of English seamen with the School.

One of the most notorious, perhaps, of Dr. George's pupils was G. A. Selwyn. This extraordinary man, who made so little mark on the public life of his time, and yet filled so large a place in the thoughts of his contemporaries owing to his eccentricities of behaviour and his ready wit, was born in 1719, the son of Colonel Selwyn, who served as aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough. He was at Eton a contemporary of Gray and Walpole, and went on to Hertford College, Oxford, with a reputation for great abilities com-

bined with a still greater notoriety for extravagance. His father several times paid his debts at Oxford, and treated him with the greatest kindness, procuring for him, after the fashion of those times, a valuable sinecure in the Mint, called the Clerkship of the Irons and the Surveyorship of the Meltings, the duties of which post were an occasional attendance at the weekly dinner held at the Mint. To this he was appointed when he was twenty, and then went on the "grand tour," returning to Oxford at the age of twenty-five. From Oxford he was shortly afterwards expelled for a sacrilegious act, which appears to have been nothing less than an impious burlesque of the ceremonies of the Holy Communion. He attempted to enlist Protestant opinion in his favour by alleging that it was only a thoughtless parody of the Roman Rite, but this skilful defence did not avail him. He entered Parliament, acquired other sinecures, and succeeded his father in the family estate at the age of thirty-two. After this he did little but consult his own inclinations. He became an inveterate gamester for many years, but the two fancies for which he was especially famous, were his passionate fondness for the society of children, and his morbid taste for attending public executions. He was gravely remonstrated with for his inhumanity in attending the execution of Lord Lovat, and the interest with which he had watched the fall of the head: "Why," said he, "I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewn

on again." Horace Walpole said of him, laughingly, that executions so ran in his head, that if he went to the dentist's to have a tooth drawn, he used to drop his handkerchief for a signal. But the most curious story of him, is his visit to witness the execution of Damiens, who was executed for the attempted assassination of Louis XV. Selwyn was repulsed by one of the constables, but elaborately explained the trouble he had taken in the matter. The man caused room to be made for him, saying, "Faites place pour Monsieur. C'est un Anglais, et un amateur."

He never spoke in the House of Commons, but his witticisms there were famous. When his friend George Grenville, to whom Parliamentary business was the utmost enjoyment, fainted in the House, and there were calls for salts and cold water, Selwyn was heard exclaiming, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?"

In spite of his oddities, Selwyn contrived to a singular degree to win the affections of his friends. The Earl of Carlisle and Horace Walpole were devotedly attached to him, and the Duke of Queensberry wrote of him and to him in language so affectionate as to seem exaggerated were it not sincere.

He died at the age of seventy-two, leaving the relics of a great fortune behind him.

Richard Owen Cambridge, the poet, was educated at Eton about this time, but distinguished himself

more by his facility than by his application. He lived for a while in Gloucestershire, at a family seat, but fifty years of his long life, from 1751 to 1802, were spent in a villa at Twickenham, which was the resort of polite wits and fashionable notabilities.

Lord Chesterfield wrote of him, "Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear; the latter his body in health. It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintances, a synonymous term for his friends."

The "Scribleriad" was Cambridge's best known work, published in 1751. He was a contributor to "The World" paper, edited by Mr. Moore: and one of the few recorded witticisms of this once famous conversationalist is, that a letter from Moore, asking for an essay by return messenger, was put into his hands on the way to church: in the sermon he appeared very inattentive, and was taken to task by his wife: "What are you thinking of?" she said. "Of the next World, my dear," said Cambridge.

It is true that Eton has not many physicians of note among her alumni, but we may mention Sir George Baker, Bart., nine times President of the College of Physicians, who was born in 1722, and from Eton proceeded to King's, where he became a Fellow. He was a Devonshire man by extraction, but was held to be a faithless son of his county, because in his researches on lead-poisoning, he

discovered that owing to the use of leaden weights and leaden cisterns in the preparation of cider, most of the Devonshire cider became subtly impregnated with lead, and produced the disease known as "Devonshire colic," supposed to be endemic to the soil. He died wealthy and honoured in 1809.

CHAPTER XIII.

DR. COOKE.

Dr. Cooke, one of the Assistant Masters, succeeded Dr. George. William Cooke had been an extraordinarily precocious boy, and actually composed a Greek tragedy while still at Eton. He was a severe master, and gave the impression of being a pragmatist and insolent man, though constitutional ill-health, combined with great natural shyness, probably gave his manner an unnatural formality. He was not Headmaster for long, as his health gave way after three years, and he was forced to resign. He was for a time Vicar of Denham, near Uxbridge, and was elected to a Fellowship at Eton, and eventually to the Provostship at King's. There is a well-known picture in the first edition of the *Polymetis* of Spence, of a capering ass attired as a schoolmaster, the profile of which is said to have been an exact portrait of Dr. Cooke, and was suppressed, owing to the remonstrances of his friends, in the second edition.

In 1729 or 1730, the new College library was finished. To make room for it the southern Cloisters and the buildings abutting on the Hall were pulled down, and a large library, in the

plainest domestic style of the period, containing three rooms, was constructed. The new building projected considerably further into the Cloister court than the ambulatory which it replaced. It must have been a very incongruous addition at the time, but now forms a pleasing variety to the Tudor court. The interior of it is very handsome, the wood carving and pilasters being stately and substantial. The magnificent Turkey carpets which adorn the room must be nearly contemporary with the building.

John Sumner succeeded Dr. Cooke as Headmaster, and held the post for nine years. I can find no single fact recorded of him that is in any degree interesting. He had, however, several distinguished pupils, among whom we may mention the Marquis of Rockingham.

Charles Watson-Wentworth was born in 1730. His father, Thomas Watson, a country gentleman, succeeded a distant cousin in the barony of Rockingham, and was created successively Viscount, Earl, and Marquis by Sir Robert Walpole. "I suppose we shall soon see our friend Malton (he was then Earl of Malton) in Opposition," said the Premier of him on one occasion, "for he has had no promotion in the peerage for the last fortnight." He assumed the name of Wentworth, being a lineal descendant of the great Earl of Strafford, and having succeeded to the Wentworth estates.

Charles was the youngest of five sons, and the only one who survived childhood. A curious incident is related of his Eton days, Lord Albemarle, in the "Rockingham Papers," relates that on the breaking out of the Scottish rebellion in 1745, Charles Watson, or Lord Higham as he then was, happened to be spending the holidays at Wentworth, and went out hunting one morning with a confidential groom named Lobb. The night came on, and neither of them reappeared. Next day it was reported that they had been seen riding in a northerly direction, and a short time afterwards a letter arrived from the boy himself from Carlisle, saying that he had joined the Royal army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, which had taken the field against the Pretender. His boyish letter to his mother, in answer to her remonstrances, is preserved.

"Dear Madam,

"When I think of the concern I have given you by my wild expedition, and how my whole life, quite from my infancy, has afforded you only a continued series of afflictions, it grieves me excessively that I did not think of the concern I was going to give you and my father before such an undertaking; but the desire that I had of serving my King and country, as much as lay in my power, did not give time to think of the undutifulness of the action. As my father has been so kind as to entirely forgive my breach of duty, I hope I may, and shall, have your forgiveness, which will render me quite happy."

This letter is interesting as having been written at the age of fifteen.

He succeeded his father at the age of twenty, and became a favourite of George III. and a magnificent patron of the turf. He took little part in public life at first, and had, moreover, a very timid manner, full of embarrassment. At the age of thirty-six he was entrusted by the King with the formation of a Ministry, an invitation which surprised and bewildered him. His first essays in the House were unfortunate. He became the butt of the witty Lord Sandwich: "How could you worry the poor dumb thing so?" said Lord Gower to the latter at the sight of Rockingham, speechless but writhing under Sandwich's merciless wit. But his sound sense and upright character won him adherents. He was twice Prime Minister, but survived his second elevation only fifteen weeks. He left no children, and the bulk of his property went to his sister's son, Lord Fitzwilliam, his other sister, Lady Henrietta, having married a footman named Sturgeon.

Another noted pupil of Sumner's was Frederick, Lord North, the fifth Etonian who held the Premiership in the reign of George III. He was born in 1732. His father was the first Earl of Guilford, who was Governor to George III. when a boy.

Frederick North was at Eton for several years; his nickname was "Blubbery North;" he had a considerable taste for elegant scholarship, as is shown by the fact that the first copy of verses in the "*Musae Etonenses*" comes from his pen. He

became Member for Banbury in 1754, and in spite of the extraordinary ungainliness of his appearance, he contrived to make an impression on the House from the very first. After holding some minor offices, he succeeded Charles Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer, who said, jestingly, "if anything should happen to me, that great heavy booby-looking Lord North will succeed to my place." His Budget speeches, which he delivered as Chancellor of the Exchequer, increased his reputation.

On the resignation of the Duke of Grafton in 1770 he became First Lord of the Treasury, in his thirty-eighth year. He was peculiarly acceptable to George III. for many reasons; his personal character was very high, and he had never given a single vote, as he himself said with stolid pride, for any one popular measure, adding, "I am not an ambitious man."

He bore vindictive attacks made upon him in the House with dignity and good-humour, and displayed great personal bravery when, in the Wilkes riots, he was set upon by the mob while driving through the streets. In 1772 he was elected Chancellor of Oxford and received the Garter. In 1775 the American War broke out: Lord North, mistaking the seriousness of the outbreak, and miscalculating the relative resources of the two countries, proceeded to carry out the coercive policy supported by his royal master. It is only fair, however, to



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FREDERICK, EIGHTH BARON NORTH, AND SECOND EARL OF GUILFORD, K.G.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by T. Burke, after the oil-painting
by N. Dance, R.A.

Lord North to say that he frequently implored permission to resign, and only continued to hold office owing to the entreaties of the king. In 1781 the war came to an end with the surrender of the British army at York Town. Lord North received the news with the utmost dismay and consternation. "Oh, God! it is all over," he said, as he paced wildly about his room. After this, his majority in the House fell every week, and in 1782 he was forced to resign. The king took leave of him with coldness,—“Remember, my lord, that it is you who desert me, not I you,” he said. In 1783 Lord North threw himself into the arms of the Whigs and allied himself with Fox, taking office under the Duke of Portland in the Coalition Ministry.

When Fox's India Bill was thrown out by the Peers, Lord North's seals were sent for by the king, and he never again held office. In 1787 he became totally blind, a calamity which he bore with not only fortitude but the most easy cheerfulness. Horace Walpole, who dined at Bushey Park with him in 1787 was amazed at his “good-humour, wit, sense and drollery,” and the tender care which his wife and children bestowed upon him. In 1790 he succeeded his aged father as Earl of Guilford, and died in 1792 at the age of sixty.

He was not a wise man or a great statesman ; he obstinately protracted a pernicious war. Pitt said that he was utterly unfit for his high station, and Fox, that he was void of honesty and honour. But

if he was pathetically unintelligent, he was also admirably courageous and of a noble purity of mind and life. We shall regret the circumstances which placed him where he was, but concur in Gibbon's summary of his character, that he was "a statesman of spotless integrity."

Another distinguished pupil of Sumner's was Charles, afterwards Marquis Cornwallis, who went to Eton about 1750, being the sixth child of the first Earl Cornwallis.

It is stated that he "made such good progress at Eton, that, when only half through his sixteenth year, he was near the top of the sixth form." At Eton he was known as Viscount Brome, his father having been created an Earl while he was at Eton.

At Eton a serious accident befel him: Shute Barrington, afterwards Bishop of Durham, accidentally struck him, during a game of hockey, so violently in the eye as to endanger his sight, and to produce "a slight though permanent obliquity of vision." It is said that the rule which compels a player not to lift the crook of the stick above the shoulder dates from this incident.

He obtained an Ensigncy in the Grenadier Guards in 1765. He accepted a command against the American insurgents, and in 1777 won the victory of Brandywine, and then received through Clinton the submission of Charleston in 1780, but was obliged to capitulate at Yorktown in 1781.



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THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by J. Ward, after an oil-painting
by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.

He was offered the Governor-Generalship of India in 1782, while still a prisoner on parole, and accepted it, discharging his duties with great credit. He was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died in 1805.

The following incident is related of Cornwallis, but on doubtful authority : when he was presented to the University of Oxford for an honorary degree, the Orator began his address to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors in the usual style,—“*Praesento vobis virum hunc bellicosissimum :*” he was going on, but at that moment some accident caused the great warrior to turn about unexpectedly : the Doctor instantly rejoined, with great adroitness, “*qui nunquam antea tergiversatus est.*”

Sumner was succeeded by Edward Barnard, one of the most vivid personalities that has ever borne rule at Eton, and of whom it is possible to give many interesting reminiscences.

Edward Barnard, the son of a Bedfordshire clergyman, was born in 1717, and educated at Eton, but being superannuated at King's, owing to a deficiency of vacancies, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. There is an admirable account of him in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, by Hardinge, afterwards a County Court Judge, who was his pupil at Eton. Of Barnard at Cambridge, Hardinge says :—

“I never could learn that he was there considered as a *deep* scholar in Philosophy, in Divinity, or even in

Classics ; but I have understood that he was, in the early part of his life, admired for eloquence, for wit, for spirit, and for that kind of genius whose acute perceptions, taste, and sense, catch, half intuitively, the essence of learning, without labour in the pursuit. His wit made him formidable to the dull, and, like other wits, he felt himself privileged, at the expence of Lord Chesterfield's rules, to dart his lightning upon the culprit.

“ He told me himself an admirable story as related by *him* (but I despair to give half the effect that *his* manner produced) at the cost of a Divine, then an Undergraduate, whom I had afterwards occasion to know, and thoroughly to despise. He was dull in the extreme, proud, and mean. I had occasion to name his conduct by me, when Dr. Barnard said *he* recollected him at Cambridge ; that he considered him as a nuisance from his dullness : that he often gave him a *hint* of it, by telling him ‘ that so dull a man should not appear at coffee-houses, or at all in public ; for you *know*,’ said Barnard (without reserve, and quite in public), ‘ you *know* how *stupid* you are.’ He bore this (Barnard added) with a coward's patience ; and one day he half killed him with laughter at the simplicity of his excuse and remonstrance : ‘ You are always,’ he told him, ‘ running your rig upon me, and calling me stupid ; and it's very cruel, now, that's what it is, for *you don't consider that a broad-wheel-waggon went over my head when I was ten years of age.*”

Hardinge continues, "In 1752 I found him at Eton, and at the same house at which I was to board, a tutor to Henry Townshend, who was the youngest brother of the late Viscount Sydney, was afterwards a Lieutenant-Colonel, and was killed in Germany, lamented by all who had the happiness to know him ; a youth of heroic valour, and the delight of social intercourse. I have a beautiful print of him, perfectly alive in resemblance.

"Mr. Townshend, the Father of this pupil, and the most amiable of men, was intimate with my Father. Upon this account Barnard undertook to be *my* tutor ; so that I had an early access to his wonderful talents and powers. He was like Shakspeare's Yorick, a little more disciplined and guarded by a controuling spirit, which kept all resentment as well as reply at bay. He discovered, with sagacity, in those around him, themes of ridicule, which he never spared ; but admired, without envy, talents or virtues. It has often at this late period astonished me, that in that limited sphere he could have displayed such a dignity of manner, and such effect of character, as to govern every scene connected with him, notwithstanding this playful turn for a joke, and this talent for *making fun*, as we used to call it, even of those whom he admired and loved. I have seen him very often make some of these personages *laugh at themselves* in his presence, led on by him. He was at the same time friendly, compassionate, and

humane. He had a sort of mock thunder in his voice and manner, as if he ridiculed the authority that he assumed. He loved both his pupils as if they had been his children, but *Harry Townshend*, as we called him, the most ; who was then very near a man, very handsome, very good-natured, clever, and spirited ; in short, a noble creature."

"To resume the tutor : Besides other faculties, in his eloquence he had the charm of a musical voice, and, in reading or speaking, a most exquisite ear. He had all imaginable variety of companionable talents, and could, in serious debate, out-argue the doughtiest champions pitted against him. He could also, without servility, make himself acceptable to superiors in rank, who had no taste for his mirth, or capacity for the enjoyment of it ; for he was always a perfect gentleman. If Nature had given him Garrick's features and figure, he would have been scarce inferior to him in theatrical powers. He was an admirable mimic ; but he was never, like that wonderful man, *an actor off the stage*. He had sparkling eyes and fine teeth ; but his features were coarse, his face rather bloated, and his complexion too sanguine. His figure, though compact and strong, had the defect of short, and as they are called, club feet, which gave a kind of swing to his gait, the result of this partial deformity ; but converted by him into a gesture and movement of dignity not ungraceful.

"A little before Townshend had left Eton Dr.



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EDWARD BARNARD, D.D.

From an oil-painting in the Audit Room, Eton College.

Sumner vacated the Upper-mastership of Eton. A sharp contest then arose for the succession between Barnard and Dampier, who had been for several years the Under-master. Then it was that Barnard exemplified Ovid's remark upon Ulysses in the contest with Ajax :—

‘et quid facundia possit
Re patuit.’

Barnard had endeared himself to Mr. Townshend by his admirable tuition of that gentleman's three sons. Mr. Townshend was Member for the University of Cambridge; had very good interest at Court, at Cambridge, and at Eton; and was the zealous patron of Barnard. My Father too and *his* friends exerted themselves in the same cause; but the popularity of Barnard's talents, and his own canvassing address, were not less powerful in the balance.—He carried his point.

“ I remember at this time travelling in my Father's coach from Kingston to London, when, during the heat of this contest, the celebrated John Burton, then Vice-Provost of Eton, and Barnard's eager patron, came up to the carriage, arraigned him for wanting spirit (a fault seldom found with *him*); and, like *Parson Adams*, told my Father, before two ladies who were in the coach, that he had proved himself as ‘*poor-spirited, cowardly, and weak, as if he had been a woman!*’

“ This Burton, a most ingenious and profound scholar, had even then been a favourite butt of

Barnard's humour ; but at later periods, when the latter had more importance of station, and had acquired, by his commanding abilities, a kind of privilege, it was a feast which I have often enjoyed, to see these two men together ; Barnard the good-humoured but keen accuser, Burton the self-convicted, in reply, both of them laughing, and loving one another.

“ *Apropos* to Burton ; a whimsical adventure occurred after Barnard had become the Master, which I may as well relate in this place. The scene is present before me, as if it happened the day before yesterday. I am in part the hero of the tale ; but, as I am the hero of its ridicule, the egotism will be forgiven.

“ We took up, in the boarding-house, a rage for acting plays ; and amongst them was that of Cato, *whom I was to personate !* But I despaired of a *likeness*, till I could obtain a suitable wig, having, I suppose, formed the idea from Pope :—

‘ *Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.*’

“ With some difficulty, a cast-off and *scare-crow* volume of hair, which had once been venerable, was engaged under prime cost ; but was to be made practicable by the hair-dresser, who was to see his wig upon my head for his pains.

“ Many were invited under the rose, and some ladies. The parts were studied, and the effect was thundering applause ; whether to laugh at us, or admire us, I leave unexplored.

“ In the midst of my harangue to the mutineers, who were all the rabble we could find, Barnard, with dignity *emulating mine*, advanced upon the scene. All the world fled—I alone remained firm to my part—he tore my wig and gown without mercy, from the *patriot* whom they had *become so well*, and hung them up as trophies in his room. Telling this adventure to his visitors, he received amongst them Burton, the Vice-provost; who knew his wig, and claimed it from the wig-maker, ‘ who had made it,’ he said, ‘ as good as new.’

“ This anecdote lasted Barnard for a month. Cato and the Vice-provost shared the ridicule, which convulsed the boys with laughter at our expence.

“ The acquisition of such a master baffles all power to describe it. A *parallel* may give some hints of it. Garrick, in his new style of acting, with sense, and with ease, could not have accomplished a more powerful revolution. His little Essays, *from his throne*, of a thousand kinds, were master-pieces of eloquence, taste, and feeling. He corrected, with grace and good-humour, everything vicious in the mode of reading or construing. When he read our compositions, he made them his own, by the charm of his accent, and the just emphasis that he laid. When he gave out a subject for prose or verse, to hear him was a feast. With his unbounded versatility of playful humour, he was feared as much as he was loved. He had some rebellions to

encounter ; but was a perfect statesman in his address ; never departing an atom from the dignity of his courage. Indeed spirit and command were powerful traits of his character, and they never deserted him.

“ He had not long been Master before the numbers increased from 300, the usual average before his time, to 500 boys.” [It may be noted, in passing, that Horace Walpole called him “the Pitt of Masters.”] “What he improved in us the most, was taste of composition, of reading, and of speaking well.

“In the sixth, which is the highest form, he assembled us before him, at stated periods, to read with us Greek Plays. I say to read with us ; for our object, of course, being only to escape from correction for ignorance of the idiom and sense, *he* enlightened us by invaluable dissertations on the peculiar beauties of the sentiment.

“Here, as in everything else which the purpose of the moment required, he was more than *par negotio* ; and, by judicious preparation, made it appear, that he was deep, not only in the Poets, but in all their Critics.

“*Apropos* to his paraphrase of the subjects for our composition, I shall never be able to forget a change in his manner, which overwhelmed us with tears.

“We had lost one of our school-fellows, an only son, the heir to an opulent estate, a youth, admired and

beloved, at the age of 13 or 14—he was drowned. Barnard, just after this event, came to us in school. He was in tears for half an hour ; heard us construe without listening ; broke off abruptly, and was going to part with us, when, recollecting that he was to give a subject—with a forcible action, the impulse of the moment, which Garrick never surpassed, he said, as if looking at *the watery bier*,—

‘ *His saltem accumullem donis ;* ’

burst from us, and said no more. It made us understand, that our subject was a Monody on this Youth.” It may be noted, in passing, that Barnard had been saved from a similar fate, while a boy at Eton himself, by Jacob Bryant.

“ In correcting our compositions, he improved them, by little strokes of his pen, with magic ; yet I don’t recollect that I ever saw a composition written by him in prose or in verse, except his pulpit essays ; which I confess that, with all my habitual prepossession *for* him, I never much admired, or his delivery of them. But his manner of reading the service at the Communion-table was absolute perfection. It was commanding, musical, intelligent, and pleasing. His pulpit manner was too hasty and vehement ; at least, I thought so : but many admired it, and would have gone leagues to hear him.

“ He had such an ascendant in his new sphere, that every part of the system appeared a part of *him* ; and as if on *him* alone it rested.

“ He had peculiar discernment into the character

of boys ; and loved spirit, though in opposition to himself. He admired Charles Fox, who made no eminent figure in learning or literary taste ; was often in scrapes, and was rather a Mutineer than a Courtier ; but marked his energy of genius and spirit with prophetic hints of the Senator and Statesman he afterwards became."

Hardinge continues, " He has been accused of partiality, and some of his enemies have imputed even guilt of corruption to his Government as Upper-master ; but no impartial witness of his conduct will deny that he was eminently the reverse—exemplary in justice, and proudly independent.

" I recollect one striking instance of his acuteness and spirit. When the late Sir James Macdonald arrived at Eton, he had no connexions to recommend him ; and he could not make a verse, that is, he wanted a point indispensable with us to a certain rank in our system. But this wonderful boy, having satisfied the Master that he was an admirable scholar, and possessed of genius, was at once placed at the head of a remove or form ; and Barnard said, ' Boys, I am going to put over your heads a boy who cannot write a verse ; and I do not care whether he will ever be a Poet or no ; but I will trust him in *your* hands ; for I know my boys, and how generous they are to merit.' "

Towards the end of his time as Headmaster, Barnard appears to have made serious attempts to

repress a growing tendency to luxury and extravagance in the school. Extravagant the school charges certainly were not. A school bill for William Pitt, of the year 1719, is preserved, and he appears to have paid £12. 10s. for board and 7 guineas for tuition for the half-year. His hatter's bill was 1/8 and his tailor's 3/6 for the same period. But a change for the worse, both with regard to morals and personal luxury, is said to have been introduced by Charles James Fox, who was taken away by his father on leave for four months when he was only fifteen, and introduced to dissipated Parisian society. On his return he affected fashionable airs, but a severe flogging for some school offence given him by Dr. Barnard, brought him to a more reasonable frame of mind. James Hare, one of the most popular and precocious of boys, the "Hare with many friends," as he was afterwards called, grew his hair long, and it was cut, according to a curious obituary notice of him, by the Headmaster's own hand, who at the same time told him he might be thankful that it had not been done with "a bowl-dish" as the statutes provided.

In Anstey's *New Bath Guide* it is said of Barnard that "He burnt all their ruffles and cut off their queues." Barnard's popularity, however, allowed him to do many things with impunity that no one else could have done.

We have, however, from other quarters, a slightly less favourable account:—"The discipline of the

school," says Sir George Trevelyan, "in Barnard's day was none of the best. Mr. Whately, in a letter published among the Grenville papers, relates that he was riding through Eton with Lady Mulgrave, accompanied by her child on a pony, when something in their appearance caught the fancy of the boys, who at once proceeded to mob the party. Things were beginning to look serious, when George Grenville's son, who happened luckily to be in the crowd, came to the rescue. Her Ladyship was frightened, dismounted, and fled for refuge into Lord Mulgrave's chaise, leaving me and the little urchin in the midst of the circle. My good friend Tom gave me a wink and a whisper, advising me to make my retreat as soon as possible."

Hardinge continues :—" Upon the first vacancy, and after he had long flourished as Upper-master, he succeeded (Dr. Sleech) as Provost ; and in that situation, I was often his guest. There again he animated everything with his eloquence and masterly abilities ; but, feeling himself emancipated from the restraint upon his *manner* (a restraint which in some degree the policy of his good sense had for a time imposed), he indulged his impulse to wit rather too much, and was in some of the circles that he filled, I could almost have said, an over-grown spoiled child ; half degenerating into buffoonery ; and, with ladies, too much *at home* in his manner, too young and volatile ; yet such was the charm of his genius that we forgave all its levities."

The following is a very amusing reminiscence :
Hardinge says :—

“ *Serjeant Prime*, one of the most inflexibly serious Pleaders in his day, was attended by Barnard, then Master of Eton, who was doing the honours to him. Amongst other places which they visited was a room for some of the Collegers, called *the lower chamber* — in this room they found Battie, who had been rambling with some of the boys over the favourite scenes of his youth. He knew *Barnard* with intimacy, and admired, with passion, all his jesting powers. A conflict ensued, which Barnard, then my host, made alive to me, though at second hand. He fell upon *Battie* as a *delinquent Colleger!* The other fell upon *him* in return as a *partial Master*, who, as all the boys would have told him, if they dared, *spited him!* The Serjeant, all astonishment, with smiling civility, after the scene had closed, asked Barnard what it *meant*; ‘for the Gentleman,’ said he, ‘appears of *an age* to have escaped from *your* dominion over him, and he had no *College habit* upon him,’ *Barnard* (with difficulty keeping his countenance) told him it was a kind of practice between them, *to keep their hand in*. ‘Oh! it was *facetious* then, was it?’ said the Serjeant; ‘Oh! yes, I see it was, and upon my word, Sir, it was excellent of its kind.’ Here *Barnard*, who was an admirable mimic, personated the Serjeant.”

In another letter Hardinge says :—‘A lady of

infinite cleverness, and much in his own manner, paid him a visit. He caught from her all her stories, all her characters, all her imitations, with an accuracy of genius, quite astonishing; not as a copyist or a mimic, but so as to make them his own.

“When Lord North was Minister, he battled a College point with him, fought it out with him and prevailed. I was present, with many others, when he argued it with him aloud *upon his throne* in the Lodge, and made him give up the point

“Barnard had a constant flow of spirits, and the only fault of his wit that I could ever detect, was, that he did not *spare it enough*.

‘Parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.’

(‘Sparing his strength and purposely tempering it.’)

“It cannot be dissembled, that he was too ambitious of praise, and rather indiscreet in risking, if not giving offence; but his victims in general were selected well. They were either worthless, and fair-game, or amiable with little singularities, which made them ludicrous, but never despicable, such as Burton and others whom I could name. He saw infinite variety of characters, and, like Shakespeare, adopted them all by turns for comic effect. He cultivated, at one time, Fielding and his thief-takers. He entered into the Battle of the Taylors; and of his grotesque humour, I can tell what I personally attested, with some fear of a riot. He carried me to London in a hired chaise; we

rose from our seat, and put our heads out of the windows, whilst the post-boy removed something under us. He supposed himself in the pillory, and addressed the populace against the Government with all the cant of *No. 45 and Co.* "He once told me a little anecdote of the original Parson Adams, whom he knew, which deserves to be immortalized. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, to Barnard, almost in a whisper, and with a look of horror, 'would you believe it, Sir, he was wicked from a boy;' then going up close to him, 'you will be shocked—you will not believe it,—he wrote God with a little g, when he was ten years old.'

"I have mentioned Barnard's ambition of praise; but he was also ambitious of preferment, in which pursuit, either he miscalculated his view to interest, or preferred his opinion to his views.

"The King had been struck with him; and broad hints had been given, that he would be the new Preceptor to the Heir Apparent, and, of course, in train for a Bishoprick, when he committed, in every view of it, the most indiscreet act of his life. He made a political harangue in the County of Buckingham, taking part with George Grenville against the Court." "*Ex illo fluere*"—(the result of this perfectly unnecessary evidence of partisanship was that further preferment was consistently withheld from him: he felt the neglect very much).

"He was deeply piqued—and the more when Markham, his rival, became so elevated. He often

said, pointing at the beauties of the scene at Eton College, 'Do you think I have any wish to leave a scene like this, for a difference *here*?' pointing at his arm. I always answered 'Yes, I do!'

"He had a sister, as hard-featured as himself, and very like him; but remarkably sensible and pleasing.

"He married a charming young woman, but of too delicate a constitution; he lost her very soon. By her he had a son, who is in orders, an excellent and clever man.

"In powers of conversation, whether *tête-à-tête* or in a mixed company, I never yet knew his equal. He was, at all points of companionable entertainment, admirable; but his *forte* was a picturesque anatomy of character. His narratives, like those of Garrick, brought the figures alive before you, and yet with no theatrical pedantry; in which respect I thought him superior to Garrick.

"Mr. Bryant once told me that he was present at a wonderful illustration of his powers in satire. He was in company with an overbearing and impudent savage, who, conceiving effrontery to be a match for genius, was often rudely offensive to him. Barnard, in high good humour, took an opportunity of describing the man by another name; and, lest the portrait should be too marked, he gave to the hero of *his* portrait a nose that was aquiline. The curious brute was observed by the rest in the act of tracing his features, to discover if the nose corresponded.

“ I cannot, in short, better describe him, than in the character of Biron, as given by Shakespeare :—

‘ His name is *Biron*, and a merrier man,
 Within the limits of becoming mirth,
 I never spent a social hour withal.
 His eye doth seek occasion for his wit,
 Which his fair tongue, conceit’s expositor,
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged years* grow truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished,
 So sweet and voluble in his discourse.’

“ His excellent and respectable son ” (says a later letter) ‘ regrets to say that he has none of his compositions, as he particularly requested him to destroy all his papers.’

“ I am not sure what *your* opinion may be of such a request ; but mine is, that a compliance with it *has its limits* ; and that, if I had thought my Father had left any papers behind him which conferred honour upon his memory, or, without prejudice to it, could be of use to the world, I would have saved them, and with piety, at least in *my* conception of it, better understood. But many excellent men think otherwise.” * * * * *

“ In the case of that very gifted person who gave rise to these remarks, I have no reason to think his written compositions of any kind would have conferred upon his memory one cubit of additional height ; for such was our intimacy and such his manly contempt for the affectation or graces of

* ‘ years,’ so given in Nich. Lit. Anec. : the ordinary editions have ‘ ears.’

diffidence, that I am sure he would have shewn to me, whose partiality for him he knew, whatever had struck him as worthy of peculiar note in his own written works

“I could also have been pleased with a little more stress upon the *revulsion* (for that name I would give it) which took place in the fame of Eton School after the dominion of it fell into *his* hands. In a little time after *James's powder* was adopted, the decrease of deaths by *fever* in the bills of mortality were unequivocal proofs that a new *æra* had arisen. I have not actually ascertained the dates of the accumulating numbers from the average of 300 boys, to that of the 500 at which he left his *throne*; and which it has preserved ever since.”

Barnard was what would now be considered a pluralist: he received the Rectory of S. Paul's Cray in Kent, in 1756, and in 1760 a Canonry of Windsor, both of which preferments he held with his Headmastership. There is an admirable portrait of him in the Audit-room at Eton, with a close-fitting, fuzzy white wig: his face is very red, there is an atrocious cast in the eye, and the general impression conveyed is one of vitality and vehemence: the geniality, however, does not appear. He is represented clutching in his hand an ivory-handled crutch-stick to assist his faulty locomotion, but it assists the idea of wrath and violence, as if grasped for purposes of offence.

Dr. Barnard died suddenly in 1781, at the age of sixty-four, and was buried at Eton, leaving behind him a fragrant memory for unwearying geniality and kindly rule.

His epitaph was written by Jacob Bryant, who had saved Barnard from drowning when they were boys at Eton: a letter written by Bryant from Cippenham, on hearing of the Provost's death, may fitly be quoted here:—

“I have a great loss in my friend the Provost of Eton. You have known him a good while: but it is no less than fifty years and a few months since I was first acquainted with him. He had always an esteem for me; though he knew that I differed from him in some opinions; and ever remembered some little services I had done him. He never mentioned them, or at least never but once, but he had a grateful sense of what I did, and of some advice which I once or twice gave him. As I had seen him several times lately, and particularly last week, and found him free from complaint, and in spirits, I cannot say that I expected his death to be so immediate; for I asked him minutely, not many days ago, about some disagreeable symptoms, and he seemed to say that he was quite free from them; and at the same time he looked clearer and better than I had seen him for some time. He was at Church on Saturday, and at Declamations; so that, finding him not at home when I called about twelve, I was not solicitous to renew my visit, perceiving, by report, that he was so well. But on the next morning, between eight and nine, as he was dressing, he complained of his breath; and, after a very few minutes, the conflict was over. He had experienced so many times this kind of apoplectic disorder, and had been so near death, that I had for some time thought he would not continue long with us; but, as I before said, I did not expect his death to be so immediate.”

Barnard's devoted friend, Jacob Bryant, whose letter is given above, the scholar and antiquary, was the son of a clerk in the Custom-house at Plymouth, and went to Eton about the year 1726: he was gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory, and was looked upon as a youthful prodigy of learning. He was of very diminutive stature, but of great muscular strength. An amusing story is preserved about him in Miss Burney's diary: he was presented to George III. at Windsor in later life:—

“You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant,” said the King, “but pray for what were you most famous at school?” We all expected from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer, his Latin exercises; but no such thing! “Cudgelling, Sir; I was most famous for that.” While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularize his feats: though, unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble little frame, whence issued his proclamation of his powers, you can but very inadequately judge of the comic effect of his big talk. “Your Majesty, Sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, Sir.” The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail. “And there's another man, Sir, a great stout fellow, Sir, as ever you saw,—Dr. Gibbon of the Temple—I broke his head too, Sir; I don't know if he remembers it.”

In 1736, Bryant was elected to King's College, and was afterwards for a time tutor to the sons of

Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, while they were at Eton. He was, by favour of the Duke, appointed to a lucrative post in the Ordnance Office, and settled at the little village of Cippenham, close to Eton, with an annuity of a thousand a year, left by the Duke. He twice refused the Mastership of the Charterhouse, and led a quiet literary life, often going over to Eton. He took a prominent part in the Chatterton controversy, being a fervent supporter of the authenticity of the Rowley MSS. King George III. often drove, or rode over with an equerry to Bryant's house, and spent the day there; and Miss Burney describes driving over with Mrs. Delany to breakfast with him, "he regaling us at once with his excellent anecdotes, and with excellent brown bread." Miss Burney was delighted to find "Evelina" and "Cecilia," her own novels, in his library, beautifully bound.

He died at the age of eighty-nine, from the effects of a fall from a chair while reaching down a volume from a high shelf in his library: he was buried at Burnham, under the pew which he had occupied for many years, and left all his books to King's College, Cambridge. The following letter from George Hardinge, whose reminiscences of Barnard we have given above, gives a careful portrait of him:—

"Mr. Bryant had a vein of humour exclusively his own, with a countenance grave and pensive; an exterior, at the best, uninteresting; with manner rather gentle than graceful, and

more amiable than fascinating ; but with a memory from which nothing worth its care ever escaped. With an acute sagacity of discernment, and with a peculiar taste for innocent ridicule, heightened by a knowledge of the world, and of the human character, unexampled, he had acquired, when I knew him first, a fund of anecdote and of portrait in the comic scene, high or low, which convulsed the audience with laughter, when *he* changed not a muscle of his face. I have passed many a day with him, never to be replaced, when my Uncle, Dr. Hardinge, and the celebrated Master of Eton school, Dr. Barnard, accompanied us. All three of them had powers of companionable eloquence, not seldom equalled, though of a kind perfectly dissimilar. I remember Dr. Barnard saying to my Uncle one day, before Mr. Bryant, that *he*, Barnard, never attempted humour in Mr. Bryant's presence ; having discovered that Bryant merely told his fact, a perfect skeleton of a tale, with no fancy to enliven it, no graces to adorn it, no expression of countenance, no powers of imitation, but, as if by mere chance, relating circumstances the most whimsical and *picturesque* (I am sure of the term), with an effect of as much wit as ever animated the most eloquent of all companions, *Charles Townshend*. Bryant's were, he added, in the accurate sense of the words, *good things*, not *bon mots*."

Cole, the antiquary, was a contemporary of Bryant's at Eton. He was the son of a landed proprietor in Cambridgeshire. As a boy he was of a very quiet and studious disposition, and took great pleasure in the frontispieces of old books. Cole wrote in 1772 : "The first arms I ever picked out from painted glass were in Baberham Church, in Cambridgeshire, where my father lived : so early a taste had I for antiquities, even when at Eton." On leaving Eton, he spent three years at Clare Hall, migrating to

King's in 1736, of which College he was a Gentleman Commoner. He lived a varied life, travelling frequently on the Continent; thus in 1765 we find him making a long tour in France with Horace Walpole. He finally settled at his paternal estate of Milton, near Cambridge, of which parish he was vicar. He also held at different dates the important rectories of Hornsey and Bletchley, and from 1774 onwards was Vicar of Burnham, near Eton, though he rarely visited his parish. He was a very high Churchman, and considered that the Church of England was indebted for its existence to Archbishop Laud. He formed an immense series of collections, antiquarian and historical, which extended to 100 folio volumes, all written by his own hand. His personal memoranda are of the most amusing and trivial character, as for instance :—

“ June 17, Tuesday. Windy, cold and rainy. I went to our new Archdeacon's Visitation. The most numerous appearance of Clergy that I remember: forty-four dined with the Archdeacon, and what is extraordinary not one smoked tobacco.”

“ March 27, Thursday. I sent my two French wigs to my London barber to alter them, they being made so miserably I could not wear them.”

“ Jan. 25, 1766. Foggy. My beautiful parrot died at ten at night, without knowing the cause of his illness, he being very well last night.”

“ Aug. 16, Saturday. Cool day I cudgelled Jem for staying so long on an errand.”

Cole could not decide how to dispose of his collections after his death: "To give them to King's College," he said, "would be to throw them into a horsepond." He left them finally to the British Museum, with instructions that they were to be opened twenty years after his death. As they were known to contain much personal gossip, the termination of the period was looked forward to with some apprehension. Isaac Disraeli wrote that he well remembered the cruel anxiety which prevailed in the nineteenth year of these instructions: "It spoiled the digestions of several of our *literati* who had had the misfortune of Cole's intimate friendship."

Cole died in 1782 at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried at Cambridge, in S. Clement's Church, the spire of which he rebuilt, causing to be inscribed on it the punning rebus, "deum cole," which was his own family motto.

CHAPTER XIV.

BARNARD'S PUPILS.

Barnard's most interesting pupil was undoubtedly Charles James Fox. He was the third son of the first Lord Holland, and, through his mother, Lady Caroline Lennox, great-great-grandson of Charles II. He was born in Conduit Street in 1749. He was a very clever and lively child, his father's favourite. His temper was very high, and his mother took it much to heart, suggesting to his father that severe correction might improve it: "No, no," said the partial father, "he is a sensible little fellow and will soon cure himself: nothing shall be done to break his spirit." As a specimen of parental toleration, it may be mentioned that Charles Fox once, in the presence of his father, declared his intention to destroy a watch. "Well," said Lord Holland, "if you must, I suppose you must." At Eton he made many friends, but at the same time would have made great progress in the studies of the place, had it not been for the unfortunate interruption caused by his father taking him to Paris at the age of fourteen, and afterwards to Spa, where he sent the boy to the gaming-tables well supplied with money. However, he never neglected his work at Eton,

wrote good Latin verses, read French books, and took a prominent part in debates, great expectations being formed of his oratorical powers.

There is a portrait of him in the Provost's Lodge at Eton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which represents an ugly bilious-looking youth, with an unhealthy pallor,—though this is, perhaps, partly caused by the fading of the pigments,—with a look of power and determination in the high forehead and long chin, but with an indescribable air of precocious dissipation over the whole.

Fox laid the foundation at Eton of an ardent love of the Classics, which he continued to read with the careful minuteness of a finished scholar and the enthusiastic appreciation of a cultivated man, during the whole of his life. Apollonius Rhodius, Demosthenes, Cicero, Euripides, Virgil were his favourites, but Homer held the first place in his affections. He read the Iliad and Odyssey every year, often more than once. He noted the minutest points in Homer, such as that he never mentions the singing of birds, and has an obvious dislike for the character of Heracles : of Euripides he said, "he is the most precious thing left us—the most like Shakespeare ;" of Virgil he said that he excelled in "the style which speaks to the heart." When Fox was suffering under the dropsy which killed him, his nephew, Lord Holland, to console him, said, "dabit Deus his quoque finem." "Aye," said Fox, "but 'finem,' young one, may have two senses."



SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

æt. 15.

(Date probably 1764, when Fox left Eton.)

From the oil-painting in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College, by Sir J. Reynolds. P.R.A.

His affection for poetry of all kinds was very remarkable in one who played so great a part in what Sir G. Trevelyan calls "the sterner and coarser business of the world." "If I had a boy," he said to Samuel Rogers, "I would make him write verses. It is the only way to know the meaning of words." "Poetry," said Fox, "is the great refreshment of the human mind—the only thing after all." "I love all the poets," he said. Of English poets, Gray was his favourite: "His face brightened and his voice rose," as he quoted lines from him. In his last illness he even read Southey's "Madoc." And it may be mentioned that at the age of sixteen he discovered the merits of Goldsmith's "Traveller," unassisted.

"The young Etonian," says Sir G. Trevelyan, "is as alive as ever on the canvas of one of Sir Joshua's very best pictures. There he may be seen, smart, but rather untidy, in a blue laced coat; looking amazingly old for fourteen, with his jet-black curls, and his strongly-moulded, rounded features of a Jewish cast,—if that nation could be associated with poor Charles Fox in any connection but one. The boy is represented with a paper in his hand, from which he is apparently holding forth for the benefit of his pretty cousin, and his prettier aunt, Lady Sarah Lennox."

When Fox was at Oxford he read indefatigably. In the Long Vacation of 1765, which he spent there, he was hardly ever seen out of his room. "Applica-

tion like yours," wrote his tutor (Dr. Newcome) to him "requires some intermission, and you are the only person, with whom I have ever had connexion to whom I could say this." Fox made a humorous use of this letter in later years, carrying it in his pocket-book when he was Secretary of State in order to produce it, like a testimonial, when accused of laziness.

Another pupil of Barnard's who afterwards rose to eminence was Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist, who went to Harrow at the age of nine, and was removed to Eton at the age of thirteen. His tutor described him as a good-humoured boy, but immoderately fond of play. He himself traced his fondness for botany to his having bathed one evening in the river, and stayed in the water so long, that when he was dressed all his friends had gone home. He was attracted, as he went back-alone, by the beauty of the flowers and plants that filled the hedges by which he passed. Lord Brougham's father, who was at Eton with him, described him as a fine-looking, strong, and active boy, whom no fatigue could subdue and no peril daunt: and says that his whole time out of school was given up to hunting after plants and insects, making a *hortus siccus* of the one, and forming a cabinet of the other.

It is interesting to find among Etonians in Barnard's time, the name of a potential though not an actual *Laureate*. William Hayley, born at

Chichester in 1745, went to Eton in 1757, and in 1763 to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he composed an "Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales." In 1774 he settled at Eartham in Sussex. His most successful work in verse was the "Triumphs of Temper," which ran into fourteen editions, and was satirised by Byron in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." He wrote a life of Milton in 1794, and a life of Cowper in 1803: for the last-named he had assisted in procuring a pension from Pitt.

He was a genial and cheerful man, and did much to ease the path of many literary and artistic celebrities with whom he was brought in contact. Blake for a time lived at Felpham, in order to be near him; so also did Flaxman, the sculptor. He prevailed upon Cowper to visit him, in the company of Mrs. Unwin, at Eartham—almost the only visit that the unhappy poet ever paid. He was a genial man, cheerful, sympathetic, and agreeable. Southey, a great friend of his, wrote, "Everything about that man is good except his poetry."

But it must be remembered that on the death of Wharton in 1790, Hayley was offered and refused the Laureateship, which was thereupon accepted and held till 1813 by Pye, who was succeeded in his turn by Southey.

Gifford, on the other hand, did not like Hayley: he delayed to insert an article upon his works by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, on the ground

that he could not bear to see Hayley spoken of with decent respect.

Hayley died in 1820, having been long in embarrassed circumstances, and supported by an annuity paid him on condition that he would leave *Memoirs* ready for printing on his death.

Two colleagues of Barnard's deserve special mention :—the Rev. George Graham, who was educated on the foundation, and in due course succeeded to a Fellowship at King's, became a Master at Eton about 1750. He was an accomplished *littérateur*, and attained some celebrity as the author of the masque "Telemachus," which was reviewed by Johnson in the *Critical Review*, and is described by Boswell as a beautiful poem. It was published in 1763, four years before the death of its author, who died prematurely at the age of forty. He was a sprightly conversationalist, and of a highly convivial turn : he was a friend of Boswell's, and seems to have been well acquainted with Goldsmith, Johnson, and the Johnsonian circle. Goldsmith had a great dislike for him : "Graham is a fellow to make one commit suicide !" he said on one occasion. The origin of this dislike was a certain dinner at which Johnson, Goldsmith, and Graham were present. Graham had partaken freely of wine, and was in the hospitable stage : it seemed that he had an awkward habit of looking at one person while he addressed his conversation to another. "Doctor," he said, "I should be happy to see you at Eton"—"I shall

be glad to wait on you," said Goldsmith, complacently. "No, no," said Graham, "'tis not you I mean, Doctor *Minor*: 'tis Doctor Major, there." Johnson, telling the story afterwards, said, "What effect this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet, may be easily conceived."

Thomas Dampier, who was defeated by Barnard in the competition for the Headmastership, was for some years Lower Master. He was an amiable man, but far from strenuous in disciplinary matters: one boy, whom he followed into the Castle to identify, turned upon him, and, after a considerable tussle, pushed the Lower Master down the Hundred Steps: another boy, whom he proposed to flog, declined to "go down," and finally climbed one of the pillars of Lower School, from which he was with difficulty dislodged. Mr. Maxwell Lyte quotes a contemporary letter from a boy in the Lower School:—"Dampier loves a good glass of wine, I'll write to my father to send him a hamper of claret, and mark, if I do not soon *swim* into the Upper School."

Dr. Dampier was appointed Dean of Durham in 1774. It may be noted that his eldest son, Thomas Dampier, also an Etonian and a Kingsman, was Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards of Ely.

Barnard, on becoming Provost, strongly recommended the appointment of John Foster, who was then thirty-four. He had been an assistant for a few years previously. It turned out an unfortunate

selection. Foster, the son of a Windsor tradesman, afterwards an Alderman of that Borough, was born in 1731, and his attainments were so remarkable that he was elected to King's at the age of seventeen, and shortly afterwards became a Fellow. He held a Craven Scholarship, and won a Member's prize by a remarkable dissertation on the Epicurean and Stoic philosophies. When he succeeded Dr. Barnard, the School was in a very flourishing state, and great things were expected of the new Headmaster, as he was not only an enthusiastic scholar, but a man of singular uprightness and virtue. "His memory was great," says a contemporary writer, "and joined to a firm and clear intellect, prevented any embarrassment in his ideas from the great extent of his reading. He was a strict disciplinarian, severe against all immoral conduct, inexorable when he discovered meditated deception, and [he] considered deviation from truth to be an act of baseness which it would be equally wrong to pass without correction, as to commit."

The inevitable comparisons were made : and Dr. Barnard's easy geniality, his bountiful hospitalities contrasted painfully with the laborious erudition and studious life of his successor : again, Dr. Barnard's acquaintance with contemporary literature, and his dramatic eloquence won for him the eager admiration of his pupils, while Foster's far greater erudition hardly gained their respect. Moreover, Barnard's dignified presence and com-

manding manner,—for he was a fine gentleman in all he did, — together with the luxuriant humour with which he seasoned all his rebukes, were very different from the small stature and insignificant appearance of Dr. Foster ; and the low origin of the latter was made a subject of ridicule by the boys. Foster's eyesight was not good, and absurd mistakes that he made, such as calling to a sow behind a tree in the Long Walk to give him his name—under the impression that it was a Colleger trying to shirk him—did not add to his reputation. But Dr. Foster's most serious deficiency was in tact. A dispute took place while he was Headmaster between the Sixth Form and the assistants. The absurd system of "shirking" was then in vogue, by which a boy was required when he met a master in the street to slip into a shop or go behind a tree : the action was purely formal, as no real attempt was made to stop the boys going up and down the street, but the custom was intended as a kind of recognition of authority, and compliance was enforced. To such a ludicrous extent was it carried, that six or seven boys in a string might be seen revolving round a tree as a master passed, keeping the trunk between him and them, but all perfectly visible. The Sixth Form claimed, as possessing monitorial authority, to be exempt from this regulation, and the question was brought to an issue by a Sixth Form boy making no attempt to shirk a master in the street one Saturday afternoon.

In revenge for this, the master complained of the offender the following day on the pretext that he was making a noise in Chapel, and actually collared the boy then and there, and took him before the Headmaster. The other Sixth Form boys, hearing of it, arrived on the scene, and resigned their duties. Dr. Foster accepted the resignation, and flogged the original culprit. The Sixth Form then refused to take part in an exercise called "Declamations," which consisted of Latin orations composed on some selected subject, and delivered before the Provost and Fellow in residence. Foster threatened them with expulsion, and a deputation of Oppidans waited on the Headmaster to ask if this sentence had taken effect. "Go and ask them," said Foster, rudely. The boys held a council of war, and a hundred and sixty left Eton and marched to Maidenhead, throwing their books into the Thames. The march was conducted with regularity and decency, though a bill which has been preserved shows that some fifteen pounds was spent in beer, wine, and punch at Maidenhead. A friendly master rode over and tried to persuade them to return, and on the following day they came back and endeavoured to make terms. Foster refused to capitulate, and many of the boys went home. Some of them were taken back, flogged and then expelled, among whom was William Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister. Lord Granby took his run-away boys to the play "for *your* pleasure," as the gallant General said,

adding, "to-morrow you shall return to Dr. Foster and be flogged for *mine*."

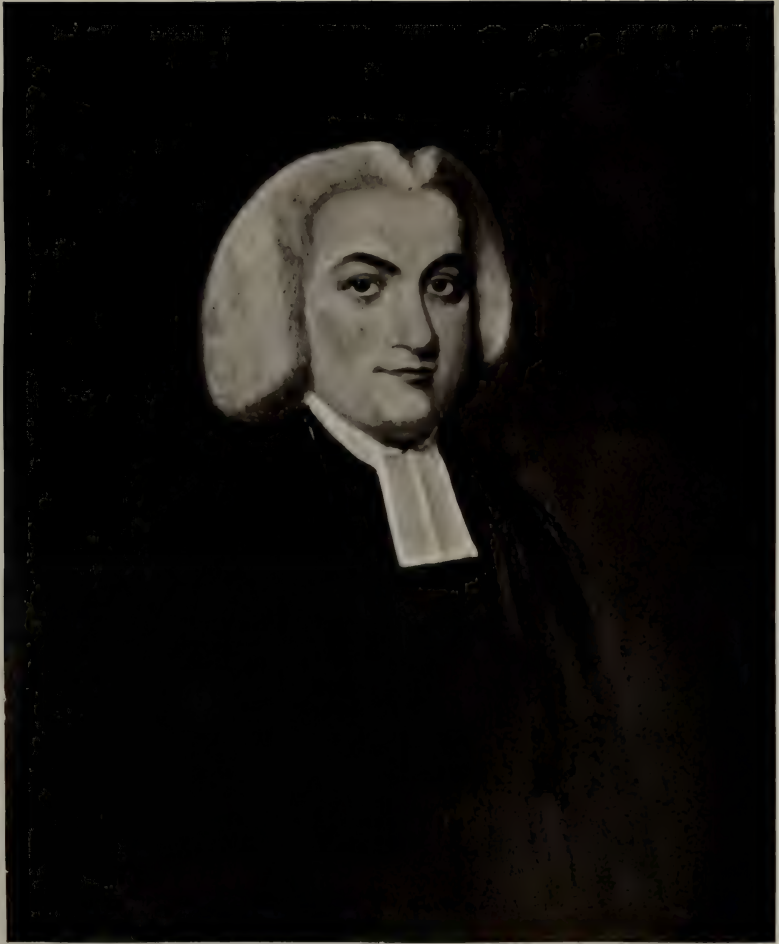
The effect was disastrous: year after year the number declined. In eight years the list fell from 522 to 230. Foster threw himself into his studies and became more morose and severe than ever. A boy called Burke wrote some disagreeable satirical criticisms of the Headmaster in the London papers. Angelo's Reminiscences relate that one evening the whole school was summoned to Upper School, where they found the Headmaster and Assistants waiting, with the block set out. Dr. Foster called out imperatively, "Burke." The boy, a big curly-haired Irish lad, very popular, came forward, and was solemnly flogged before the school. "Stand up, sir," said the Doctor, after three cuts. "Now I expel you the school." The boy told his friends that he had been induced to believe that if he submitted to public castigation he would not be expelled, and duplicity was added in the estimation of the boys to Foster's vices. In fact, as a writer of the day said, "his government is defective, his authority insufficient." In 1772 he accepted a Canonry at Windsor, and a year after resigned his post at Eton, his health having completely given way. The following year he was sent to "the German Spa" in the hope of recruiting his shattered frame, but he died there in the summer. His remains were brought back and interred in the churchyard at Windsor by the side of his father,

with a Latin inscription written by himself. It is a very tragic story, and none the less so when we remind ourselves that had his standard been a little less high, his success would probably have been far greater. Dr. Barnard seems to have done his best to support him, and viewed the sinking fortunes of the school with the utmost chagrin.

Foster's only important work is a learned but somewhat abstruse treatise on "Accent and Quantity in English, Greek, and Latin," published at Eton in 1762: a second edition followed in 1763, and a third edition was issued in 1820.

There is a foolish, ill-painted portrait of Dr. Foster in the College Audit Room; it represents a man of mean appearance, with a smooth, red, oval face without either grace or dignity. Of this there is also a replica in Election Hall.

The above-mentioned William, Lord Grenville, youngest son of George Grenville, was distinguished at Eton for his proficiency in Latin verses, and gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse at Oxford. He entered the House as M.P. for Buckingham. In 1789, when only in his thirtieth year, he was elected Speaker, but held the office only for a few months, becoming Home Secretary in the June of the same year. In the following year he was made a peer. He became Prime Minister in 1806, but was dismissed in 1807 owing to a dispute with the King on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. Sheridan, commenting on Grenville's conduct in the



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JOHN FOSTER, D.D.

From an oil-painting in the Audit Room, Eton College.

matter, said that "he had known many men knock their heads against a wall, but he had never before heard of any man who collected the bricks and built the very wall with an intention to knock out his own brains against it"—(Diary of Lord Colchester). He was a man of great industry, and made weighty and sonorous speeches; but the grave deficiency under which he laboured, he himself confessed: "I am not competent," he wrote to his brother, "to the management of men." He died in 1834.

CHAPTER XV.

CONSUETUDINARIUM.

There is an interesting document of the year 1770, drawn up for Dr. James, Headmaster of Rugby, himself an Etonian, showing the school hours at Eton at the end of the last century. As at Winchester, Tuesday was a whole holiday, and Thursday and Saturday half-holidays. The system of whole schooldays seems to have been much the same as that in use now, except that the first school began at eight instead of seven or seven-thirty. The only exception to this was the Fourth Form, whose work began at seven. On whole holidays Chapel was at eleven and three. There seems to have been an extraordinary number of holidays, as, besides the Saints' days, the birthdays of most of the Royal Family seems to have been observed as, holidays. Dinner seems to have been at twelve and supper at six. On Sunday, besides the two Services at ten and three, a devotional book was read aloud in Upper School from two to three, the origin no doubt of Keate's "Prose."

Homer, Ovid, Horace, Lucian, Virgil, and Greek plays were the staple books read: a theme, a copy of Elegiacs, and a copy of Lyrics were done every

week, and in the Sixth Form, Greek Iambics. A little Arithmetic, Algebra, and Euclid was taught, and a smattering of Geography. There was an examination, called Trials, for boys to pass from one remove to another, and successful candidates received $2/6$ or $1/-$, according to their place in the school. The holidays were a month in August, a month in December, and a fortnight at Easter, with holiday-tasks consisting of verses. Discipline was preserved to a large extent in school by the Sixth Form praeceptors, who walked about in Upper School during school hours to keep the boys quiet, a precaution no doubt necessitated by the unwieldy size of the classes under instruction. This no doubt also accounts for the fact that the Sixth Form praeceptor even now during his week of office is relieved from attendance at the classical lessons of the Sixth Form.

French, dancing, fencing, and drawing were taught by extra masters. M. Porny, the French master for many years, left his savings to found the free-school at Eton: the old Porny School was in the High Street, in a court entered by a narrow passage nearly opposite S. John's Church. Porny's real name was Antoine Pyron du Martre, and his assumed name is evidently an anagram of Pyron. He wrote a book on Heraldry, the frontispiece of which bears a picture of Eton, and which is dedicated to his Etonian pupils, most of his examples of coats being taken from their families. The book

was popular, and went through more than one edition. The drawing-master, Mr. Cozens, was said to have been a son of Peter the Great, and was a celebrated water-colour painter.

The education was mainly rhetorical : some few boys carried the reading of the classical authors on into later life, but the mental furniture of the ordinary Etonian probably consisted in a few more or less hackneyed phrases : still, quotations from the classics had their influence.

“Pitt,” says Mr. Tucker, “in the midst of the Great War, once found himself under a quotation dilemma. He had made a great speech on Continental troubles, and in the classic vein of the time, likened them to the fatal storms raised by Æolus through Juno’s hatred of Æneas, and to the calming them by Neptune, that is England, by implication, under his government : and then in the hurry of thought and debate, dashed into the celebrated simile :

‘Ac veluti magno in populo, cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant—furor arma ministrat—.’

And then he came to the line—

‘Tum, pietate gravem, ac meritis’—

when he stopped, hesitated,—the application was too near,—marked—presumptuous : but the whole House instantly took it up, rose, clapped hands, Whigs and Tories, and carried on the quotation as perfectly familiar with it. That was the power of

an apt Latin quotation in the days of our Fathers.”

Boating was considerably in vogue, the three boats being called the *Snake*, *Piper's Green*, and *My Guinea's Lion*, after the names of watermen of the day. Cricket, Fives, and Football were also played, and besides them a number of games no longer fashionable, such as Peg-top, Kites, Hoops, Marbles, Puss in the Corner, and Hopscotch, and several sports of uncertain origin and nature, such as Bally Cally, Conquering-lobbs, Cloyster and flyer Gigs, Cut Gallows, Chuck, Sinks, Starecaps, and Hurtlecap.

There were thirteen boarding-houses, of which ten were kept by Dames : and it is interesting to note that there was an official called the Pursuivant of Runaways, who had assistants in his office, and rejoiced in the name of Jack Cutler.

Dr. Foster was succeeded in the Headmastership by Jonathan Davies, a man of humble birth : he came, as a boy, under the notice of Barnard, who procured for him a nomination to a scholarship at Eton. In 1755 he went to King's and won the Craven Scholarship ; later he returned to Eton as an assistant-master, and succeeded Dr. Foster in the Headmastership, with which he held the living of Scaldwell, in Northamptonshire : on the death of Barnard he succeeded to his Canonry at Windsor.

Hookham Frere, who went to Eton in 1785, towards the end of Davies' reign, related in 1844 some interesting recollections of his old Head-

master :—" Mr. Frere," says his biographer, Sir Bartle Frere, " had been speaking of the mistake made by a celebrated headmaster, who tried to keep the boys of a great public school in order by superior physical energy. This was not the way, he said, to attain what should be the object of every headmaster—to impress every one about him, tutors as well as boys, with a profound respect for his authority.

" ' Davies,' he said, ' who was headmaster in my time, was the very incarnation of authority. We boys never dreamed of his condescending to any physical effort other than flogging us. I never shall forget my surprise when my father took me to place me at Eton, and I saw the way in which Davies treated a man to whom I had seen every one else so deferential.'

" " ' Mr. Frere, I believe? Well, sir ; is this your son ?'

" " ' Yes.'

" " ' Well, what can he do? where has he been?'

" " ' At Mr. Cormick's, at Putney.'

" " ' Humph ! not a bad school ; we have had some lads well prepared from him.' " And he gave me a passage to read, and away I construed for bare life. Everything about him had the same character, down to his ' Hem !' which might have been heard at the end of the long walk. He was ordered by his physician, when he got a little infirm, to take carriage exercise. So he had a coach and four ; but



JONATHAN DAVIES, D.D.

Headmaster, 1773—1791.

Provost - - 1791—1809.

From an engraving in the Gallery, Eton College.

there was something we boys did not quite like, in his riding, even in a coach and four, like an ordinary mortal ; and this effect was not lessened by his always using, when the horses were restive, the same phrase, and in the same tone, as he was accustomed to address to the præpostors (of the lower school), ‘Can’t you keep them quiet, there?’

“ ‘When old King George III. came over to Eton, which he used to do very frequently, I remember the jealousy with which we watched Davies, to see that he did not play the courtier too much ; and very well he managed it. The King, too, used quite to understand and humour the kind of feeling we had.

“ ‘Davies was preceded by, and, I fancy, caught much of the manner of Foster, who, as I have heard Etonians of his day tell, had almost the same kind of weight in London Society that old Thurlow possessed.’ (This is evidently a mistake ; Frere no doubt was thinking of Barnard.)

“ ‘It was a grand idea to have such a school as Eton close under the wing of the royal castle. I have often wished that some one would hunt up the early charters or statutes to find out whether the position was the result of accident or design, like so many of the things which appear accidental in the foundation of Winchester, but which the statutes show, were all provided for by the foresight of the founder.’ ”

Dr. Davies did not manage his masters as diplo-

matically as he did his boys : in 1783 the assistants called upon Provost Roberts, who had succeeded Barnard, and begged unanimously to resign their posts, complaining, not of any want of conscientiousness or zeal on the part of the Headmaster towards the School, but, as Mr. Lyte says, of "his injurious and ungentlemanlike conduct towards themselves."

The Provost ingeniously pointed out that the Masters were merely the salaried assistants of the Headmaster, appointed and dismissed at his pleasure, and had no official status in the College : he was, therefore, unable to receive their resignations. He expressed his willingness to arbitrate in the matter, patiently heard the complaints they had to make, and had several interviews with the Headmaster. During the proceedings, the Masters refused to perform their duties ; and Davies was left in charge of the schools ; he assembled the boys single-handed at the stated hours in Upper School, and did his best to maintain order.

The result of this anomalous situation was that the boys followed the example of the Masters, and presented a petition to the Headmaster for the reform of certain grievances. The Headmaster abruptly refused to consider the matter, and, in spite of the efforts of the older boys to restore order, a riot broke out, books were thrown, and forms broken up in Upper School. Dr. Davies fled, and, hotly pursued by the malcontents, escaped through the Headmaster's Chambers and reached

the Provost's Lodge in safety. The boys proceeded to break all the windows of Upper School and the Headmaster's Chambers, smashed the furniture in the latter and made a holocaust of books, ledgers and papers : the "block was broken up with pokers, and the fragments parted among the desperadoes as relics." The revolt assumed so serious a character, that the assistants forgot their grievances, and returning to their posts, contrived to restore order after which, to prevent any further outbreak, the school was sent away some weeks before the proper time.

Some of the aggrieved parents of the boys concerned, irritated at what they considered the irresolution and tactlessness displayed by Davies, determined to bring about his removal : but the attempt fell through, and he held his position for eight years longer, when he was elected Provost on the death of Roberts.

He is described by Mathias, a contemporary, as a "learned, pleasant, generous, open-hearted man, but in conversation too much of a Stentor, who is declared by Homer to have had a voice equal to fifty other men. Mr. Provost has an invincible partiality for the charms of London, whenever *his duty* does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reason is simple ; the air at Eton now and then bites shrewdly."

Davies was a convivial person, a *bon vivant*, and a great diner-out : a story is often told of a cele-

brated encounter between the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, and *Dr. Barnard*, but Mr. Maxwell Lyte shows that it is probably a mistake for Davies.

The Provost was dining with the Prince, and as they were sitting over their wine after dinner, the Prince, who was really a well-read man, with considerable critical taste, expressed some general opinion about Homer. "What do *you* know about Homer?" said Davies loudly and offensively, being in all probability intoxicated, "I'd bet you don't know a line of the *Iliad*." "I'll take your bet," said the Prince, and quoted the line—

"O heavy with wine, with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a stag."

Davies left by will, with a grateful mind, large sums of money to the place of his education. He founded a scholarship, to be enjoyed by a superannuated scholar at Oxford or Cambridge, as well as prizes for declamations. At Cambridge he founded a University Scholarship—the Davies, and he left £2000 to King's College for the purchase of livings.

William Hayward Roberts, for some years an assistant master, and afterwards a Fellow, was elected Provost in 1781, before he was fifty. He had a taste for literature, and wrote a book about the Authorised Version of the Old Testament, as well as several volumes of poetry, such as *Judah Restored* (1774), a poem in six books, in blank verse. A valedictory poem, addressed by him to a pupil

leaving the school, published among his miscellaneous poems, has the virtues of sincerity and emotion, if its literary merits are slender. It is addressed to "G. A. S., Esq., on his leaving Eton."

Miss Burney, in 1786, saw on the Terrace "a goodly priest, fat, jovial, breathing plenty, ease and good living"—it was Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton. On Nov. 22nd, the Provost and Mrs. Roberts came to a royal evening party at Windsor. "The Provost is very fat, with a large paunch and gouty legs. He is good-humoured, loquacious, gay, civil and parading. I am told, nevertheless, he is a poet and a very good one." Miss Burney goes on to say that no one would believe it from his appearance or manners. The King, who, Miss Burney adds, was always anxious to show civility to the inhabitants of Eton, asked the Provost many questions about the school: and both he and Mrs. Roberts, his second wife, seemed radiant at the King's condescension.

Provost Roberts, in all his good-humoured importance, would have been surprised to hear that almost the only record that posterity would have of him, would be the impressions of the slim and shy Maid of Honour who stood so quietly in the corner.

The details of the King's conversation with the Provost are not recorded: but in the case of a distinguished author like Dr. Roberts, no doubt literature, which with music formed the King's staple subjects of elevated conversation, was not neglected. Had not

the King said to Miss Burney a short time before, "Was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff?—What?—What?—But one should be stoned for saying so!" George III. was a critic, in a royal way.

Dr. Langford was Lower Master of Eton from 1775 to 1802, but his duties seem to have sate lightly upon him, as he was Canon of Windsor and Chaplain to George III., with whom he was a favourite as a preacher. The consequence was that he was constantly at Court, even during the school-time, and presumably had a general leave to absent himself from his duties, as we hear of him as in attendance upon the King at Weymouth and in London. He habitually resided in the Cloisters at Windsor, and boys had to go up there to be flogged, from which we may infer that his appearances at Eton were not frequent. The Lower Master at Eton appointed his assistants, and disposed of the vacancies in his gift at least as late as 1730 for a money consideration. Mr. Maxwell Lyte quotes a curious advertisement of this nature in the *Evening Post* for that year, in which Mr. Barnham Goode notifies to the public that there are two places for assistants at his disposal, adding that it had been erroneously stated that the last vacancy had been disposed of for forty shillings.

There is an interesting drawing in the British Museum, of the date 1793, representing Dr. Langford



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JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by W. Winston Barney,
after an oil-painting by John Hoppner, R.A.

in his official robes. He wears a three-cornered hat over a wig ; spectacles, a sleeved waistcoat cut low enough to show a plain linen shirt front, and a preacher's gown such as a Doctor of Divinity wears now, but with shorter and less ample sleeves coming down to the elbows ; the gown is looped or fastened together from the waist downwards, and shows neither coat nor cassock ; stockings and plain shoes complete his attire. His face is mild and benignant.

Davies during his long tenure of office had many distinguished pupils. Among these were Hookham Frere and Canning, and others of that brilliant circle which produced "The Microcosm." Hookham Frere's biographer says :—

"Little that is noteworthy has been preserved of Mr. Hookham Frere's early boyhood In 1785, he went from a preparatory school at Putney to Eton. The following are extracts from notes made in 1844 of some of his early recollections :—

"At Eton, Mr. Hookham Frere formed more than one life-long friendship, and there began his intimacy with Mr. Canning, for whom he cherished a love and admiration, which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull.

"They appear to have become fast friends from their earliest school-boy acquaintance. Mr. Canning was the junior by about a year, but had already given promise of a brilliancy of intellect, destined, a few years later, to dazzle the House of Commons, while the oratory of Pitt and Fox, of

Burke and Sheridan, in their best days, was still matter of living memory.

“In 1786 they joined with a few Etonians of their own standing, in starting ‘The Microcosm,’ a periodical, the essays and *jeux d’esprit* in which were supposed to refer primarily to the miniature world of Eton, though they often contain evidence of views directed to the great outside world of politics and literature, where some of the young authors were destined in a few years to play a conspicuous part. ‘The Microcosm’ was the first school periodical which attracted much notice beyond the walls of the school itself, and to this, perhaps, as much as to the intrinsic value of the papers it contained, is due its great success, which led to numerous literary ventures of the same kind at other of our great public schools. Some of the papers in ‘The Microcosm’ contain unmistakable promise of considerable literary ability, and one at least, Canning’s Essay on the Epic of the Queen of Hearts, will probably maintain its place in English literature as a classical specimen of burlesque criticism.

“The first number of ‘The Microcosm’ was published on the 6th November, 1786, and forty numbers appeared regularly every Monday, holidays excepted, till the 30th of the following July, when it wound up with an account of the death-bed of ‘Mr. Gregory Griffin,’ the supposed editor, and a copy of his will, in which he bequeaths to the various

authors the papers they had severally contributed. Mr. Hookham Frere's contributions consisted of five papers, the style of which contains but few traces of a school-boy's hand.

“ ‘The Microcosm’ was subsequently published in a collected form, with a dedication to Dr. Davies, the head master, and went through at least five editions.” It is said that the fifty pounds paid by Knight for the copyright, was the first “copy” money ever paid to a school-boy.

“The Microcosm” has, as might be expected, more social than literary interest. It is evident from it that Eton life was very different from modern school life, and, in fact, far more resembled University life, with rather more frequent lectures, and occasional absences. But there was no athletic organization, and no definite tradition to dictate how every moment was to be employed. For instance, “Narcissus,” an Eton buck, is depicted as lying in bed on Sunday till ten, finding it too cold to go to church, dressing elaborately in the afternoon, and lounging up to “castle prayers,” or, as we should say, service at St. George's Chapel. The only other incident of the day is that he “Smokes;” that is to say, upsets the room of a friend whom he finds reading in a Latin book, and finally retires to bed about twelve. There is no doubt some intentional exaggeration in the picture, but it hints at independence which is not possible now.

The philosophical papers are thin and precocious,

the poetry stilted and pedantic : thus a young poet in No. 17, takes a farewell of Eton in the following words :—

“ For dawning reason warns, that leaving you,
To peace, to innocence, I bid adieu :
Yes, it is true, what'er the world may say,
Within your walls the moral virtues play ;
Infuse their power in ev'ry pupil's breast,
And give the features health, the conscience rest.”

The following (No. 3) is a curious specimen of the affected society phrases of the time : it professes to be a criticism from the buck “ Narcissus,” who was the butt of the paper :—

“ Dear Greg.

“ Your Mic. is *dead lounge*,—dissipates insufferable *ennui* of tea-table,—fills boring intervals of *conversazione*,—exquisite substitute for switch,—and in short quite the ton : By the by, in your next propose some new *lounge*—they are all so *dingle* at present they are quite a *Bore*. Lud, how much I have written !—You charming creature, hint some new lounge.

“ Your's

“ Narcissus.”

The most amusing paper in “ The Microcosm ” is the last but one, No. 39. It contains some reminiscences of the life of Gregory Griffin, as the following :—

“ The voluntary sallies of Mr. Griffin's wit were only to be equalled by the readiness of his repartees : of this the following anecdote will give evidence :—Mr. Griffin walking one day in the street, was suddenly accosted by a friend of his, who, pulling off his hat, addressed him with, ‘ How do you do Mr. Griffin ? ’ Mr. Griffin, without the smallest hesitation or embarrassment, instantly retorted, ‘ Pretty well, I thank you, Sir ; I hope you are well. ’ ”

The paper ends with an elaborate compliment to Dr. Davies, to whom the whole is dedicated, "whose approbation," they say, "has been equally the aim of all their puerile exertions."

Mr. Frere's biographer continues:—

"Like most Eton men, Mr. Hookham Frere, to his latest years, cherished a warm affection for everything connected with the Royal college, and was never tired of recalling the memories of his school-boy days. Among his companions at that time, he used to say that "next to Canning, none was expected by his contemporaries to do more in the world than Sydney Smith's brother 'Bobus.'

"'Of Lord Wellesley's' (then Lord Mornington) 'future career, the boys,' he said, 'formed a truer judgment than the masters; for, while Mornington's school companions had a high opinion of his abilities, and expected him to distinguish himself, the masters underrated him, and used to express surprise at the unsurpassed facility and correctness of his Latin verse.'

"Much was looked for, both by boys and masters, from Mr. Lambton, the father of the first Earl of Durham. 'Lambton was a most amiable, superior man,' he said, 'and would have made a great figure in public life, if he had not been spoilt by his Whig associates. He was a great favourite with all his school-fellows, notwithstanding the mortal offence which his father, General Lambton, once gave us. He was a very rough old soldier, and

affronted some of us mightily by inviting us to eat, with 'Come along, ye young dogs! Come and eat this, will ye?'

"Talking of one of his brother Edward's earliest reminiscences of Eton, when eighty boys were flogged for a sort of barring out, and among them Mr. Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Iron Duke, he said, 'No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as difficult and as important to teach this to the great Bankers' and Squires' boys, as to Dukes' sons, and I know no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school.

"With these recollections he was, not unnaturally, disposed to question the wisdom of the plans which, even thirty years ago, were sometimes propounded, for making fundamental changes in the system and subjects of teaching in our public schools. 'It was not,' he maintained, 'of so much importance what you learnt at school, as how you learnt it. At school a boy's business is not simply or mainly to gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns his own place in the world, and, in a practical fashion, his duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and storing knowledge, and some judgment as to what kind of knowledge is

worth obtaining, his time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. If, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such facts, beyond what are merely elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable, from self-conceit, of much progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any great number of facts which will really be useful to him, when he comes in after life to make those branches of knowledge his special study, because they are all, but especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best ascertained facts, as well as theories, of to-day, may be obsolete and discredited ten years hence. You find many learned men who have been great students and experimentalists, and even discoverers, in very early youth ; but the number of facts worth remembering, which they accumulated in boyhood, always bears a very small proportion to what they have learned after leaving school, and in early manhood.'

“ For these and similar reasons, he held that no physical science, not even history or literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life : classics as forming style, and giving a man power to use his own language correctly in writing and

speaking, and even in thinking ; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning, and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy.

“ He once gave me the following illustration of his position that a man might be a great man, in every sense of the word, without even a rudimentary knowledge of the facts of natural science. ‘ I remember one day going to consult Canning on a matter of great importance to me, when he was staying down near Enfield. We walked into the woods to have a quiet talk, and as we passed some ponds I was surprised to find it was a new light to him that tadpoles turned into frogs.’

“ My uncle added,—‘ Now don’t you go and tell that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great and civilized nation ; but in these days people are apt to fancy that anyone who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.’ ”

George Canning himself was born in 1770 in London : he was the grandson of Stratford Canning of Garvagh ; George Canning’s first cousin, also George Canning by name, was created Baron Garvagh in 1818. Another first cousin was Stratford Canning, the diplomatist. The family claimed descent from the Canynges in Bristol, by one of whom St. Mary de Redcliff was founded.



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GEORGE CANNING.

From the oil painting by J. Hoppner, R.A., in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

George Canning's father married Miss Costello in 1768, a celebrated beauty, but without fortune, and being an unsuccessful barrister and literary hack, sank under the burden of supporting a family, dying in 1771.

Mrs. Canning went upon the stage and married, firstly, an actor named Redditch; and, secondly, a linendraper named Hunn. She did not quit the stage till 1801, when Canning had already been an Under-Secretary of State for five years, though she attained no great proficiency.

George Canning was educated at the expense of Stratford Canning, his uncle, a banker, who received him into his house as a son. At Eton he soon sprang into distinction. In days when brilliance of literary expression was admired by schoolboys, even when they did not understand it, John and Robert (Bobus) Smith, with Hookham Frere, as has been said, and Charles Ellis, under the leadership of Canning, formed a remarkable coterie. Canning went to Christ Church in 1788, where he won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse by a poem on the "Pilgrimage to Mecca." He began political life as a Whig. His uncle was a staunch Whig, and young Canning made the acquaintance of Fox and Sheridan at his house, and was introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire at a great reception given at Devonshire House.

Sir Walter Scott says that Canning was converted to Tory principles by Godwin, who made overtures

to Canning on behalf of the English Jacobins. In 1793 he threw in his lot with Pitt, and entered the House as member for Newport. In 1796 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in 1799 brought out the first number of the "Anti-jacobin," perhaps the most brilliant literary success of its kind ever achieved. The object of the paper was to make the revolutionaries ridiculous: the pieces by which Canning will be remembered in literature all appeared here, such as the "Lament of Rogero" and the "Needy Knife-grinder."

In 1800 Canning found pecuniary independence by his marriage with Miss Joan Scott, sister of the Duchess of Portland, an heiress with a fortune of £100,000. Thus he was not disinclined to follow Pitt out of office in 1801.

He was offered high office by Lord Grenville in the ministry of "all the talents," but declined it on adequate grounds. But when the Duke of Portland became Premier in 1807, Canning, then aged thirty-seven, became Foreign Minister. Lord Castlereagh was Secretary-at-War, and Canning, believing him guilty of gross mismanagement, told the Duke in 1809 that either he or Castlereagh must resign. Thence arose the unfortunate misunderstanding which led to the celebrated duel between the two. Lord Camden, it seems, had been entrusted with the task of communicating Canning's decision to Castlereagh, but deferred the disagreeable task. When the message was at last delivered, Castlereagh

challenged Canning, and a duel was fought on Putney Heath, Castlereagh losing a button off his coat and Canning being wounded in the groin.

He was by this time a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and when not engaged in active parliamentary opposition, engaged largely in literature.

In 1822 he accepted the Governor-Generalship of India, but before he could sail, Castlereagh destroyed himself, and Canning was recalled to the Foreign Office. In 1827 Lord Liverpool became incapacitated from public life by a fit. Canning had himself been in bad health for some months from a cold caught at the Duke of York's funeral. However, on the 10th of April, 1827, he was entrusted with the formation of a new administration, in which he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister. He was severely attacked on his Corn Bill, and being in failing health, attributed, it may be thought, to personal acrimony what was nothing more than political exasperation.

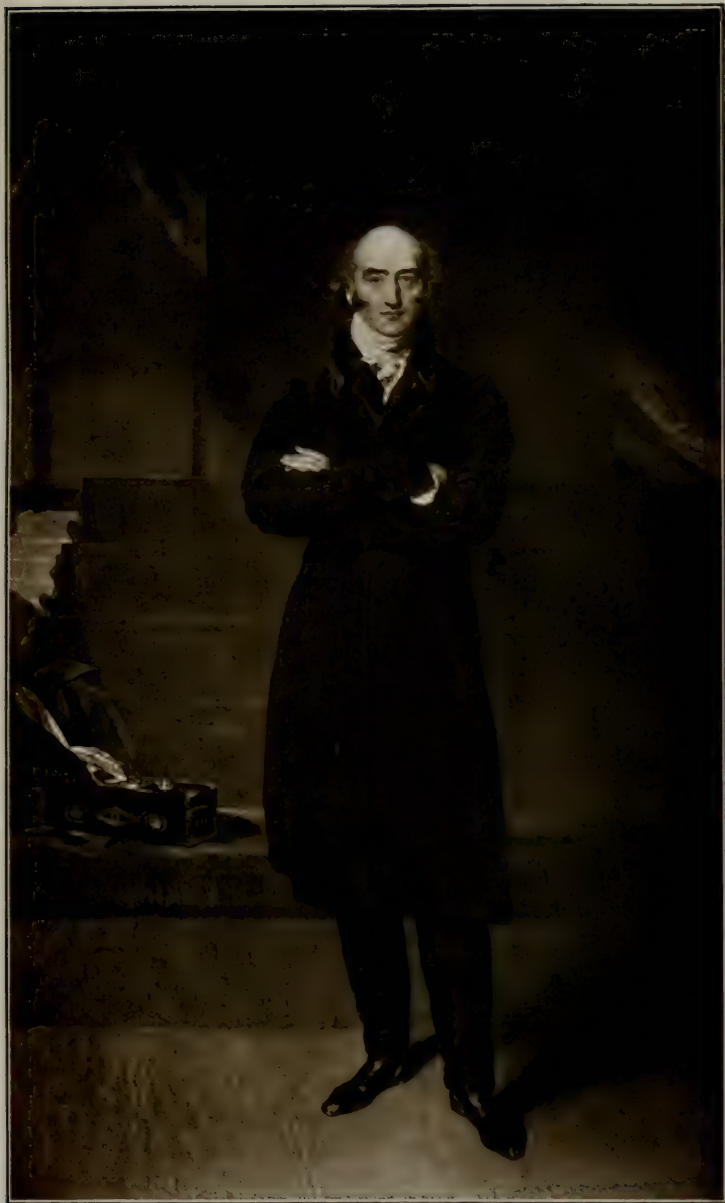
Milnes Gaskell was at Eton at this date, and very intimate with Canning's son, Charles (Carlo). Milnes Gaskell records that on May 14th, 1826, he, with Lord A. Hervey and Carlo, dined at Botham's Hotel, Salt-hill, with Mr. Canning: Lord Clanricarde was there. "Mr. Canning asked Hervey and myself repeatedly the number of boats that were expected to go up this year. At about half-past ten, Mr. Canning drew me aside and pressed me to take some money which he held out. I refused, upon

which he asked me some question which I did not distinctly understand. I told him I hoped we should soon see reformed days at Eton: on which he smiled and shook me by the hand."

"Canning having mentioned to his father that no first fault was granted for Church, Mr. Canning said, 'Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesiae.' I thanked him for the great pleasure I had received from my visit. Mr. Canning frequently put his arm on Hervey's shoulder and patted his cheek." Milnes Gaskell notes that they dined at about twenty minutes past seven. The dinner consisted of "soup with espar in it, eels, boiled fish, lamb, veal, beef-steak pie, two tarts, fowls, oranges, biscuits, claret, sherry, port."

It may be noted that it was the custom for the boys of certain boats to take up with them on the 4th of June, when they went in procession to Surly, some distinguished personage, or friend of the captain's, in the stern of the boat, who was called a "sitter," and was expected to provide champagne for the crew. Canning was rowed up to Surly in 1824 in this capacity, and is said to have shown considerable trepidation as to his personal safety, though the boat was of a size and build which would now-a-days be considered almost impossible to upset.

In June, 1827, Milnes Gaskell writes: "The next time that I saw Mr. Canning was about a month before the August vacation. I was reading the newspapers at the window nearest the fire in my sitting-



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GEORGE CANNING.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Charles Turner, after the oil-painting by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

room at Reeves', when I saw Mr. Canning riding along the street, at a *very slow pace*. I immediately fetched my hat that I might take it off to him, (at the same time not quite certain that it was Mr. Canning). As, however, he nearer approached, I distinctly recognised him, and was much grieved at finding him looking so ill; he stopped and bowed . . . when he arrived at my room he seemed evidently pleased with it and went round it. He went up to his own little print, observing, 'Who propagates these monsters?'"

He mentions that Mr. Canning pronounced *contemplate*—*contēmplāte*, *compensate*—*compēnsāte*, *courtesy*—*curtesy*, which shows that it appeared to him unusual. More than one allusion occurs to Canning's failing health; he died on the 8th of August in the same year, having held office barely four months. It is said that in purely literary oratory, after the death of Fox, Canning had no equal.

CHAPTER XVI.

RICHARD PORSON.

Another of Davies' pupils was Richard Porson. Porson went to Eton in 1774 at the age of fourteen. He was there twitted for being "totally ignorant of quantity," and he did not easily acquire a mechanical knowledge of it. There is a well-known story which represents him as being called up to construe in Horace, and having no book, but catching up one put into his hand by the next boy : the master observed that he was looking at the left-hand page instead of the right, where the lesson lay, and asked him what edition he had. Porson handed up the book, which was the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. He was desired to continue, which he did without mistake. The story does as much credit to his presence of mind as to his memory. Porson used to say that his only pleasurable recollections of Eton were the rat-hunts in the Long Chamber.

He wrote, while at Eton, an operatic drama, "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire," in which he satirised his obnoxious schoolfellows. There being no vacancy at King's, he went on to Trinity, where he obtained a Fellowship. Dr. Okes, whose father was a Cambridge surgeon, remembers to have seen

Porson, who was fond of children, and used to come to play with them.

The Provost of King's said that he recollected one day, when he was a small child, that he was working with a governess at his lessons, with his brothers and sisters, in the back parlour of his father's house in Trinity Street. The black-board had been wiped clean, when Porson stalked into the room, and finding that they were learning to conjugate 'rego,' took up a piece of chalk and wrote on the black-board—rego, I draw a straight line ; regis, thou drawest a straight line ; and so on through the tense ; then he threw down the chalk and went hastily out. He was not himself.

Porson would not take Orders and resigned his Fellowship in 1791, after which he was supported by a small annuity raised for his benefit.

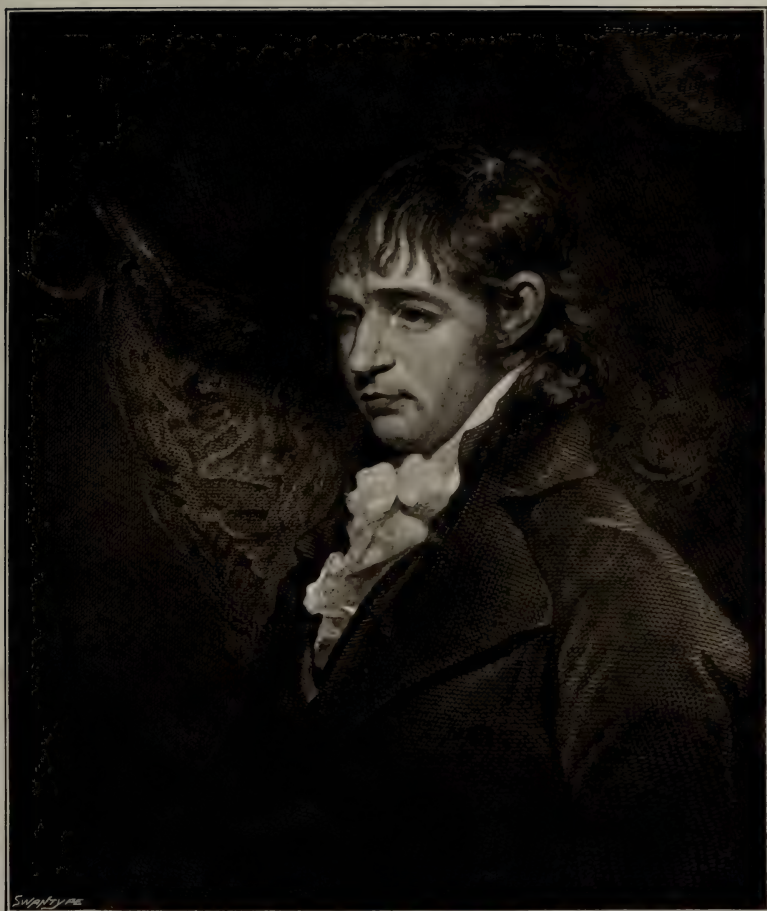
His reason for not taking Orders was that he could not conscientiously sign the Articles. He said, "I found that I should require about fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity to satisfy my mind on all points of theology, and so I gave it up." When we remember that scholarship was the great qualification for Church preferment, and that such a man as Paley said that "he was too poor to keep a conscience," we may admire this singular independence.

Byron, writing in 1818, says, "I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge in the hall of our College, and in private parties ; and I can never

recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both—I mean in an evening; for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table and I at the Vice-master's; and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour: but I have seen him, in a private party of undergraduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his actions. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw him went. He was tolerated in this state among the young men for his talent; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot: and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."

His appearance, which it was said had been distinguished and attractive, though this is somewhat belied by the portrait of him in the School Library, became repulsive and degraded. He was accustomed to wear on his swollen nose a patch of brown paper steeped in vinegar, and in this guise he was once refused admittance to Sir Joseph Banks' house, where he had been invited to dinner.

One Sunday morning, when staying at Eton, Porson met Dr. Goodall, the Provost, going to Church, and asked where Mrs. Goodall was. Being answered that she was at breakfast, he said he would go and breakfast with her. He accordingly



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RICHARD PORSON.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by W. Sharp, after the painting by J. Hoppner, R.A., in the University Library, Cambridge.

went, and being asked what he would take, replied "Porter." Porter was sent for, pot after pot, and the sixth was just being brought up when the Provost returned from Church.

Porson's opinion of the value of the Classics was not that of a pedant. "If I had a son," he used to say, "I would have him taught French and German only. Greek and Latin are only luxuries." Of the first edition of "*Musae Etonenses*," he said that it was "trash only fit to be put behind the fire."

In 1792 he was appointed Professor of Greek, the salary being, however, only £40 a year. He delivered no lectures, and resided mostly in London.

We must not follow the miserable story of his life in detail. He became a confirmed drunkard of the most hopeless kind, collecting the heel-taps of the glasses after the company had broken up, drinking spirits of wine, and even, on one occasion, a bottle of embrocation which contained alcohol. Wine with Porson set his tongue loose and unlocked his memory, and it was in order to obtain conversational triumphs that he first resorted to it.

His work was done by fits and starts. He received an offer of £3000 for a complete edition of Aristophanes, but the plan fell through because Porson could not bring himself to set pen to paper. His great work, on which his fame mainly rests, is his edition of four plays of Euripides—*Hecuba*, *Orestes*, *Phoenissae*, and *Medea*.

His memory was not only prodigious but verbally accurate to an incredible degree. It is said that in the presence of Basil Montagu and others he read two pages of a book aloud, and closing the volume repeated the passage. He then repeated it backwards and failed only in two words. He always maintained that it was merely a question of taking pains, and that anyone could have done it. "I have often," he said, "to impress a passage on my memory, read it a dozen times and transcribed it six;" he added, "my memory is now a source of misery to me. I never can forget anything."

His last important work was the restoration of the text of the last twenty-six lines of the Rosetta Stone, a block of black marble recording in hieroglyphics, Coptic and Greek, the acts of Ptolemy the Fifth.

In 1800 he was appointed librarian of the London Institution, and discharged the duties most discreditably. A letter was once extant from the directors to Porson, saying, "We only know that you are our librarian by seeing your name attached to the receipts for your salary." Often he was brought home to his rooms in the Institution in a state of helpless insensibility. In his last days he gave a pitiable account of his life to Mr. Hughes, dwelling much on the humiliations of poverty in early days. "I used," he said, "often to lie awake during the whole night and wish for a large pearl."

Porson had a Johnsonian wit, of which many instances are recorded. He was staying once with

a large company with Dr. Parr, when the Doctor with pompous complacency began to air a favourite topic—the origin of evil. “Pray, Mr. Porson,” he said, “what do you think about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world?” Porson replied drily, “I think, Doctor, we should have done very well without them.” Dr. Parr replied, “Mr. Porson, with all your learning, I do not think you know much about metaphysics.” “Not of your metaphysics, Doctor.”

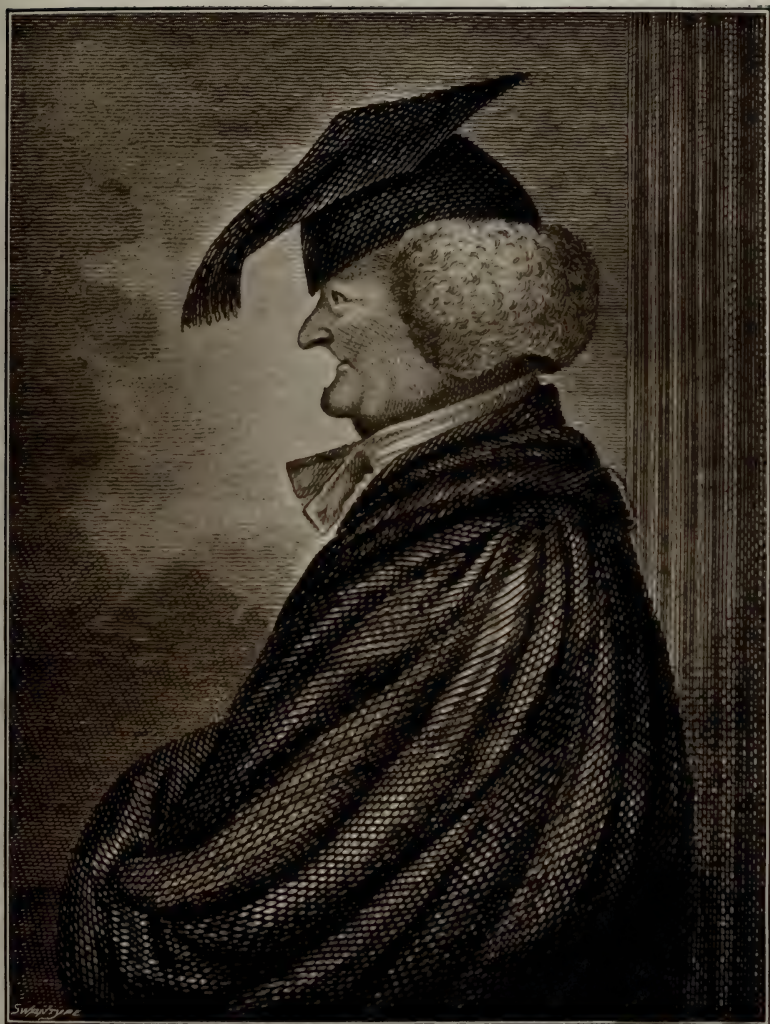
At the same place a gentleman got involved in a heated argument with Porson, and ended by saying, “My opinion of you, sir, is most contemptible.” “I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible,” said Porson.

In 1808, after one of his bouts of drinking, Porson was seized with apoplexy when walking in the Strand, and though he partially recovered, died a few days after. He was buried in Trinity Chapel, with full academical honours, at the foot of Newton's statue. It is one of the most tragical of lives in the history of literature, and a terrible instance of how much mental force can be neutralised by a single moral failing.

Francis Barnes, afterwards Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, entered Eton in 1763, went on in due course to King's, and returned to Eton as a Master, which post he retained for some twenty years, when he was elected Master of Peterhouse. He presided over the College for upwards of fifty years, dying

at the age of ninety-three. He was very proud of his College, and used to meet complaints preferred by outsiders of the undergraduates, whose conduct was often the reverse of decorous, by saying, "It *cannot* be so, Sir, for *all* Peterhouse men are *gentlemen*." When Dr. Barnes was examining for the Porson Prize, he selected an exercise, which had been passed over by the other examiners, and, holding it up, said emphatically, "Gentlemen, this excels all!" The prize was eventually awarded to the exercise, and the author proved to be Benjamin Kennedy. Dr. Barnes left a large fortune, the greater part of which he bequeathed to Eton, King's College, and Peterhouse. There is a very grotesque little engraving of him in the Gallery at Eton, representing a whimsical-looking old man in a wig, with strongly-marked features, and a cap very much awry.

Another interesting figure who was in the School under Davies, and a constant visitor to Eton during the remainder of his long life, was Charles Simeon, the fourth and youngest son of Richard Simeon, of Reading. His eldest brother died young; but both of the other brothers rose to some eminence, John Simeon being M.P. for Reading for many years, a Commissioner for the management of the private property of George III., and in 1815 created a Baronet. Edward, the third brother, was a city merchant and Director of the Bank of England, and made a very large fortune.



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FRANCIS BARNES, D.D.

Assistant Master at Eton. Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

d. 1838.

From an engraving in the Gallery, Eton College.

Charles Simeon was born in 1759, and went at an early age to Eton. He was an energetic and vigorous boy, delighting in hard physical exercise. Provost Goodall, who was his contemporary at Eton, and lifelong friend, wrote to him in 1833: "I much doubt if you could *now* snuff a candle with your feet, or jump over half-a-dozen chairs in succession. Sed quid ego haec revoco?—at 73, moniti meliora sequamur."

He was in boyhood and youth an active horseman, and a remarkably shrewd judge of the points of a horse. One of the few matters in which he indulged himself in later life, when his income was large, was in his stable at Cambridge; instead of making use of the College stable, he had an establishment of his own.

He was a very curious boy: Porson, in a satirical composition, called him "the ugliest boy in Dr. Davies' dominions," but this was accompanied, as Simeon confesses in some autobiographical fragments, by an intense personal vanity and sense of importance: he gave the greatest attention to his dress, and his affectations of manner were so remarkable as to draw down on him general ridicule. When we add to this that he had a remarkably hot temper, and seems never to have been averse to a personal encounter, we get a sufficiently extraordinary medley of characteristics.

Long Chamber, when Simeon was a member of it, must have been a very undesirable, not to say

vicious, place : there is no reason to suppose that Simeon was ever the profligate character in his boyhood which he afterwards maintained himself to have been. Carus, his biographer, says, " It should be remembered too, that the statements of the following autobiography are those of an advanced Christian, recording with matured views his judgment of the unprofitableness of his youth." But, on the other hand, Henry Venn, the great Evangelical, writes in 1782 :—

" On Trinity Sunday was ordained Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College. Before that day he never was in company with an earnest Christian He has been over to see me six times within the last three months : he is calculated for great usefulness, and is full of faith and love. My soul is always the better for his visits. Oh, to flame as he does with zeal, and yet be beautified with meekness ! The day he was a substitute for Mr. Atkinson he began to visit the parishioners from house to house. Full of philanthropy was his address : ' I am come to inquire after your welfare. Are you happy ? ' "

In another letter Mr. Venn writes :—

" This is the young man who was bred at Eton College ; so profligate a place, that he told me he should be tempted even to murder his own son (that was his word) sooner than let him see there what he had seen. This is the young man so vain of dress that he constantly allowed more than £50 a year for his own person. Now he scruples keep-

ing a horse, that the money may help the saints of Christ." Simeon was ordained to the curacy of S. Edward's Church in Cambridge, and shortly after proceeding to Priest's Orders, he was presented to the incumbency of Trinity Church by the Bishop of Ely. He held various College offices, such as the post of Dean of Divinity, and he was more than once Vice-Provost, acting in that capacity, when still quite a young man, in a disagreeable disciplinary matter, with firmness and decision, in the absence of the Provost, Dr. Cooke, and being warmly commended by him.

Simeon was one of the most fervent champions of the Evangelical movement, and did more, by his direct influence on religious undergraduates for nearly half-a-century, to leaven England with Evangelical principles than perhaps any man of his time : the debt we owe to him, for the rekindling of the life of the Spirit throughout England, is incalculable. We may look upon Simeon as the connecting link between the Wesleys and the Oxford movement : he had the fervour of the former with the academical flavour of the latter.

At first Simeon met with much opposition, both in the College and out : his services were disturbed by riotous undergraduates : but besides his manifold gifts of grace, Simeon was possessed of a most incisive and caustic tongue, and his rebukes, even when administered with Christian rectitude, were not agreeable. Carus, Simeon's biographer, did his

best to sink all the more human and, so to speak, picturesque features of the man's character, in a tedious and excessive unction, which would be distressing were it not antique enough to be almost quaint. One incident, perhaps traditional, may be mentioned here. At a time when Simeon's prospects seemed darkest, and the opposition arrayed against him hopeless, on leaving the College one day, a piece of paper was whirled up to him by a gust of wind, which he had the curiosity to pick up, and found to be the leaf of a Bible; the first words that his eyes fell on were, "Simon a Cyrenian: him they compelled to bear his Cross." The singular coincidence even of name comforted him greatly.

His sincere goodness and enthusiastic holiness gradually beat down all opposition: and through the abasement which he reluctantly faced he found the influence which his unregenerate soul had coveted. At the end of his life he was regarded with a singular veneration, almost like a man inspired; but he never accepted other preferment, if, indeed, the dash of fanaticism about the man did not prevent its being offered.

Simeon's was a figure that lent itself to caricature. He was ugly,—grotesquely, whimsically ugly; and his gestures were frequent and ungainly. There is a gross picture of him leaning from a pulpit over an awestruck congregation to thunder the words, "Ye shall be slain all the sort of you"—and, indeed, the



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THE REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

From a coloured print by R. Dighton in the College Library, Eton College.

terrors of hell were an effective part of his Christian scheme. There is a picture of him at Eton, in the College library, a coloured print, representing him preaching from a cushioned pulpit, decorously enough, in a black gown.

He formed a number of societies for the advancement of spiritual life, that met in his rooms at King's. Tea was provided, and his disciples sat on little forms about the room, to propound him questions, which he answered with ingenious eloquence. His voice was said to have been very impressive, distinct and musical, and very beautifully modulated. He attached great importance to the delivery of sermons: a friend wrote of him—"He was the best master of elocution I ever met with, and most obliging were his attempts to teach my guests and my children and myself how to manage the voice in reading and speaking; and polite and tender as he was, and full of most loving apologies to those whom he was instructing, he did not hesitate to mimic his friends in order to their cure. 'How did I speak this evening?' said a clerical friend to him shortly after leaving the pulpit. 'Why, my dear brother,' said he, 'I am sure you will pardon me—you know it is all love, my brother—but indeed it was just as if you were knocking on a warming-pan—tin, tin, tin, without any intermission.'"

He published an immense amount of devotional and homiletical matter. His *Skeleton Sermons*

formed the basis of many a pulpit discourse : they enjoyed a popularity akin to Mr. Spurgeon's in recent times. He died shortly after entering his 77th year, in 1836. He was a true-hearted man, cast in an almost heroic mould : a faithful servant of his Heavenly Master.

It is a matter of regret that the institution that bears his name, the Simeon Trustees, should be of so strictly partisan a character. He himself desired to accommodate his teaching to human needs, not to perpetuate a narrow system.

The following extracts from an autobiographical memoir, written by Simeon in 1813, referring to his boyish days, are interesting :—

“ I begin then with *my early life*.—But what an awful scene does that present to my view ! Never have I reviewed it for thirty-four years past, nor ever can I to my dying hour, without the deepest shame and sorrow. My vanity, my folly, my wickedness, God alone knoweth or can bear to know. To enter into a detail of particulars would answer no good end. If I be found at last a prodigal restored to his Father's house, God will in no ordinary measure be glorified in me : the abundance of my sinfulness will display in most affecting colours the superabundance of his grace.

“ There is, however, one remarkable circumstance which I will mention. About two years before I left Eton, on one of the fast days during the American War, I was particularly struck with the

idea of the whole nation uniting in fasting and prayer on account of the sins which had brought down the divine judgments upon us : and I thought that if there was one who had more displeased God than others, it was I. To humble myself therefore before God appeared to me a duty of immediate and indispensable necessity. Accordingly I spent the day in fasting and prayer. But I had not learned the happy art of 'washing my face and anointing my head, that I might not appear unto men to fast.' My companions therefore noticed the change in my deportment, and immediately cried out, *Ὀυαὶ, οὐαὶ ὑμῖν, ὑποκριταί* (Woe, woe unto you, hypocrites), by which means they soon dissipated my good desires, and reduced me to my former state of thoughtlessness and sin. I do not remember that these good desires ever returned during my stay at school ; but I think that they were from God, and that God would at that time have communicated richer blessings to me, if I had not resisted the operations of his grace, and done despite to his blessed Spirit.

“ On my coming to College, Jan. 29, 1779, the gracious designs of God towards me were soon manifest. It was but the third day after my arrival that I understood I should be expected in the space of about three weeks to attend the Lord's Supper. 'What !' said I, '*must* I attend ?' On being informed that I *must*, the thought rushed into my mind that Satan himself was as fit to attend as I ; and that

if I must attend, I must *prepare* for my attendance there. Without a moment's loss of time, I bought the old 'Whole Duty of Man,' (the only religious book that I had ever heard of) and began to read it with great diligence; at the same time calling my ways to remembrance, and crying to God for mercy; and so earnest was I in these exercises, that within the three weeks I made myself quite ill with reading, fasting, and prayer. From that day to this, blessed, for ever blessed, be my God, I have never ceased to regard the salvation of my soul as the one thing needful."

The late Rev. J. H. Michell, Rector of Kelshall, who was Mr. Simeon's schoolfellow at Eton, from the year 1768 to their removal together to King's College, gives the following account of this circumstance in a letter to Mr. Carus in 1837:—

"On the fast day in 1776 we attended the chapel twice, and heard a sermon from Dr. Barnard, the Provost. Though few of us had any clear notion of a fast, except that we were to abstain from meat and amusement till the afternoon after the second service, yet we could not forbear from observing and ridiculing our schoolfellow, who shut himself within his study, and instead of joining us in the public hall, contented himself with one hard egg. His dress and manners from this time became more plain and unfashionable. This was very observable to myself who slept within a few feet of his bed. As it was the custom for the upper boys to meet,

after the outward doors were closed, in their lower chamber, many a direct and indirect jest was uttered against him We learnt also that he kept a small box with several divisions, into which, on having been tempted to say or do what he afterwards considered as immoral or unlawful, it was his custom to put money for the poor.—His habits from that period became peculiarly strict.” He adds, “We used to have a song about him, ridiculing his strictness and devotion : and the chorus of that song, referring to his box, I am ashamed to say I once joined in : and it haunts me to this day.”

Simeon, continuing his autobiographical narrative, continues :—

. . . “At the Lord’s table in our chapel I had the sweetest access to God through my blessed Saviour. I remember on that occasion there being more bread consecrated than was sufficient for the communicants, the clergyman gave some of us a piece more of it after the service ; and on my putting it into my mouth I covered my face with my hand and prayed. The clergyman seeing it, smiled at me ; but I thought, if he had felt such a load taken off from his soul as I did, and had been as sensible of his obligations to the Lord Jesus Christ as I was, he would not deem my prayers and praises at all superfluous.

“As yet, and indeed for three years after, I knew not any religious person, and consequently continued to have my society among the world. When the

races came, I went to them, as I had been used to do, and attended at the race-balls as usual, though without the pleasure which I had formerly experienced. I felt them to be empty vanities ; but I did not see them to be sinful ; I did not then understand those words, '*be not conformed to this world.*' At the latter ball, Major B. of Windsor, asked me to go over with him the next day to Windsor, to join in a match at cricket, and to spend a few days with him ; this I did ; and it led to an event which I desire ever to remember with the deepest shame, and the most lively gratitude to God. On the Sunday he proposed to go and visit a friend about fifteen miles off ; and to that proposal I acceded. Here I sinned against God and my own conscience ; for though I knew not the evil of races and balls, I knew full well that I ought to keep holy the Sabbath day. He carried me about ten miles in his phaeton ; and then we proceeded the remainder of our way on horseback. The day was hot ; it was about the 26th day of August, 1779, and when we arrived at the gentleman's house, I drank a great deal of cool tankard. After dinner, not aware of the strength of the cool tankard, I drank wine just as I should have done if I had drunk nothing else ; and when I came to return on horseback, I was in a state of utter intoxication. The motion of the horse increased the effect of the liquor, and deprived me entirely of my senses. Major B. rode before, and I followed ; but my horse, just before I came to a very large

heath, turned in to an inn ; and the people seeing my state took me off my horse. Major B. not seeing me behind, rode back to inquire for me : and when he found what condition I was in, he put me into a post-chaise, and carried me to the inn whence we had taken our horses. Here we were forced to stop all night. The next morning we returned in his phaeton to Windsor. I do not recollect whether my feelings were very acute that day ; I rather think not. The next morning we went to a public breakfast and dance at Egham, which at that time was always on the Tuesday after the Reading races. There I passed an hour or two, and after returning with him to Windsor proceeded on horseback to Reading. I went through Salthill, and seeing Mrs. Marsh standing at her inn-door, I entered into a little conversation with her. She asked me whether I had heard of the accident that had happened to a *gentleman of Reading* on the Sunday evening before ; and then told me that a gentleman of Reading had fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication and had been killed on the spot. What were my feelings now ! I had eighteen miles to ride, and all alone ; how was I filled with wonder at the mercy of God towards me ! Why was it not myself, instead of the other gentleman ? Why was he taken, and I left ? And what must have been my state to all eternity if I had then been taken away ? In violating the Sabbath I had sinned deliberately ; and for so doing, God had left me to

all the other sins that followed! How shall I adore his name to all eternity that He did not cut me off in these sins, and make me a monument of his heaviest displeasure!

“There have been two seasons in my life when God might have cut me off in most righteous judgment; namely, in August 1778 when my horse fell with me in Piccadilly, and broke my spur, but without my falling off; (at which time I was at the very summit of all my wickedness, without one serious concern about my soul; and when the stumbling of my horse called forth only a bitter curse at him, instead of a thanksgiving to God;) and on this occasion, when, after having received so much mercy from God as I had since done, I sinned so grievously against him. On either of these occasions he might well have made me a monument of his heaviest indignation. Never have I since gone through Egham without the most lively emotions of gratitude blended with the deepest humiliation of soul before God. I always look for the Assembly Room, that I may begin there my acknowledgements to my Heavenly Father; and it is remarkable that on the very day of August in the last year, (1812) I went through Egham with my dear invalid brother, in our way to the Isle of Wight. What a mercy did I feel it, that after the lapse of thirty-three years the mercy was as fresh in my remembrance as at the first, and that all my feelings, if not quite so acute as at first, were quite as sincere. Blessed, for ever blessed, be

my God, who has not to this hour cast off my soul!"

The following extracts from Simeon's diary while an undergraduate, will illustrate his condition of mind at the time :—

Sunday.—Prayed tolerably fervent in and before Morning Chapel and received the Sacrament so ; but after chapel found a lassitude, and only read in Wilson till dinner : had no devotion at St. Mary's. Had wanderings in Evening Chapel : read to servants and to Mr. R. 'trust in God.' Prayed, but very languidly, at night.

Monday.—In M. C. quite lukewarm ; and much wandering in prayer. In E. C. nearly the same ; after which I went to M. R., but talked only on indifferent subjects ; prayed at night without a true and proper fervour.

Tuesday.—Took physic, and was not in M. C. Rose at 9 tolerably devout. At E. C. sad wanderings and coldness : at night I seemed almost to sleep over my prayers, such was their weakness, and so frequent wanderings.

Wednesday.—In M. C. The Sacrament surely has not given me much more fervour. Very deficient indeed ! Johnson gave us an exposition or sermon on Conscience : at 11 read Bishop Beveridge's sermon on Common Prayer till 12, and then prayed fervently for several graces out of the *Whole Duty*. In E. C. prayed devoutly without much wandering : at night but short prayers, but tolerably performed.

Thursday.—M. C. very little wandering, and pretty devout, owing to my prayers yesterday morning. Went to St. Mary's.
* * * * * Did not keep my attention well. E. C. so, so. Spent the whole evening with M. R. : read Psalms and Lessons pretty devoutly. Cheerful evening. Did not go to the Concert. Prayed poorly.

In another place he writes of John Newton :—

"We may be better men than he ; and, having

less corruption in our hearts, may be unable to go all lengths with him in his expressions ; but if he was so vile, and had humility enough to publish it, let God have the glory, and men the benefit of his fidelity. What good has not been done by Augustine's confessions? When therefore Mr. Newton speaks of being shunned as a wild beast, I would not alter an iota of it. There is certainly one person living who *can*, or rather who *must* go all lengths with him ; and who is comforted by knowing that *such a man felt himself* so vile as HE KNOWS HIMSELF TO BE. Such a thing as the recital of a story may be omitted ; because judgment alone can determine that ; but, when he declares his own experience, I think it wrong to alter a syllable : it is like the Jesuits concealing the Crucifixion of the Lord for fear of its giving offence to the Chinese ; and I am sure that the disposition to alter his words would have induced us to correct the Apostle Paul, if we had been at his elbow when he wrote the 7th of the Romans : or if we had been left his executors to publish his papers."

Simeon had a ready and caustic wit, the free use of which was only partially modified by the practice of Christian graces. On a certain Election Saturday, Provost Goodall was in a merry mood after dessert : the table was crowded with visitors. After a great deal of chaff of very various kinds, the Provost said : "I think, Mr. Simeon, that in our early days you were in the Sense and I was in the Nonsense."

“Just so, Mr. Provost,” replied Simeon, “and there we have remained ever since.”

Sense and Nonsense, it may be added, were the two lower divisions of the Third Form. Sense turned English words into Latin, Nonsense merely arranged casual Latin words into verses.

CHAPTER XVII.

EARL GREY.

Charles Grey, afterwards Earl Grey, who was born in 1764, was at Eton under Davies: the portrait of him which hangs in the Provost's drawing-room, is one of the most charming in the whole collection. He became a Member of Parliament at the age of twenty-two. In the recent Eton Exhibition, the Provost's portrait was hung side by side with another portrait representing Earl Grey by his fireside in extreme old age. The contrast was most striking, and the conjunction of the two portraits made one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition.

One of the best known chroniclers of Eton, Thomas Harwood, was born at Shepperton, in Middlesex, a parish of which his father and grandfather had successively been patrons and rectors. He went to Eton in 1773, at the age of six years and a half, and in 1775, when he was eight and a half years old, went into College. He survived to go to University College, Oxford, in 1784, and in 1791 became Headmaster of Lichfield Grammar School. He died in 1842. He was the author of *Alumni Etonenses*, 1797, a book carelessly edited and without an index, and of several other works.

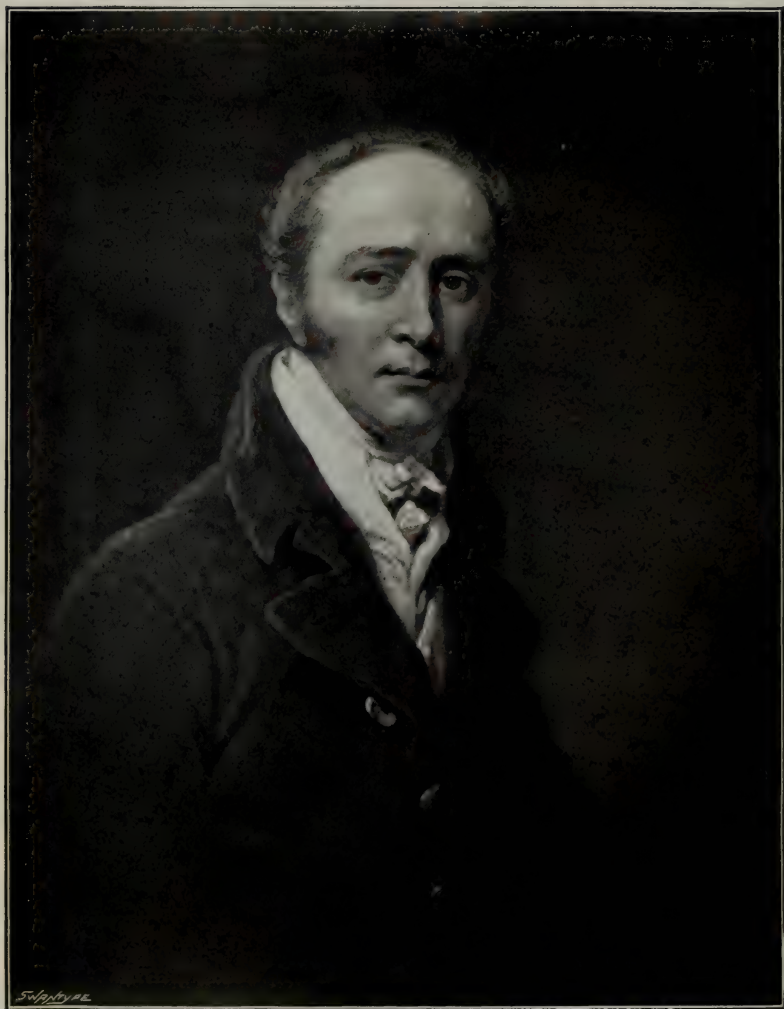


SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

CHARLES, SECOND EARL GREY.

æt. 18.

From the oil-painting by G. Romney in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.



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CHARLES, SECOND EARL GREY.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by C. Turner
after the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A.

Before passing on, we may mention the name of Thomas Denman, afterwards Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice, who went to Eton in September, 1788, at the age of nine, and was there for seven years. He was the son of the celebrated surgeon-accoucheur of the same name.

While at Eton, the boy exhibited a precocious eloquence, and it is recorded that on one occasion while he was a lower boy, he was ordered to make an extempore speech for the amusement of his play-mates and some friends; and on his refusing to do so, was stripped, and branded with a red-hot poker. This treatment may account for the intensely radical opinions he professed while at Eton, where he acquired great reputation as a debater. He was attacked with a malignant fever in 1795, when sixteen years old, and was removed from the School in consequence.

Of George Heath, Headmaster from 1792 to 1802, little is recorded. He was elected to a Fellowship in 1801, and retired the following year.

Dr. Heath attempted one slight reform: he offered a Mastership to a former Oppidan, Mr. H. V. Bayley; but the Provost and Fellows declined to sanction the appointment, on the ground that Kingsmen, and Kingsmen only, were the fit and proper persons to exercise authority in the School.

There is a portrait of Dr. Heath in the Audit Room of the College; it is an interesting picture:

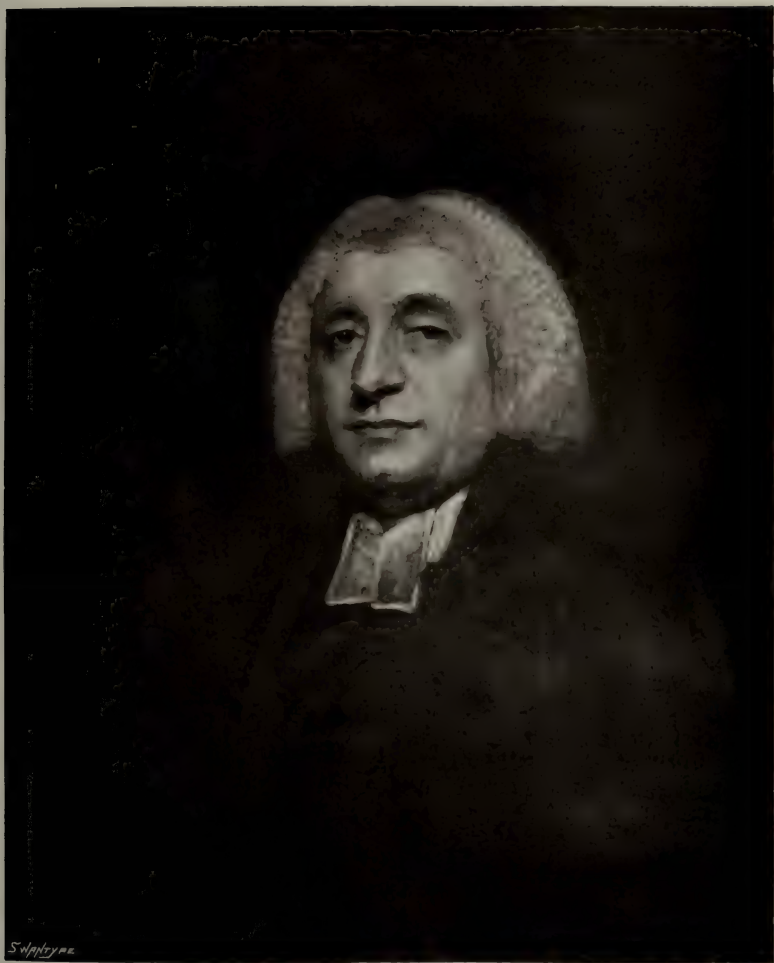
it represents a strong solid man in a wig, but dim-eyed, and of a melancholy air, without any of the radiance of success.

The School flourished under his management, and several boys rose to eminence among his pupils; among these, Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, was a few months at Eton, but was transferred to the Grammar School at Bury St. Edmund's in 1799.

Stratford Canning, afterwards Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, was at Eton under Dr. Heath.

Stratford Canning, was the youngest son of Stratford Canning, banker and merchant, and first cousin of George Canning, the Premier. He was born in 1786, in a house in Clement's Lane, over his father's office. When he was six months old, his father died, and his mother moved to Wanstead. In 1794, at the age of eight, he went to Eton as a Collegier.

He had been so miserable at a previous school, that even the fagging and miseries of Long Chamber were welcome by contrast. He was a boy of high spirits and great personal charm, and he used to say in after life, that it was entirely the influence of Sumner, his tutor, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, that steadied him and gave him an interest in his work. He was once met by George III. in the grounds of Frogmore, and abruptly asked what form he was in: on his replying the Sixth form, the king



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GEORGE HEATH, D.D.

From the oil-painting by J. Hoppner, R.A., in the Audit Room, Eton College.

said, "A much greater man than I can ever make you!"

Together with Rennell, afterwards Dean of Winchester, and Richard Wellesley, he published the *Miniature*, of which a few words may be said later.

His name, his liveliness and charm, and the fact that his father had been one of the most brilliant conversationalists of his day, and had thus made many devoted friends, caused many prominent people to take notice of young Stratford Canning. Sheridan had a house near Wanstead, and often visited Mrs. Canning. His cousin George introduced him to Addington and Pitt, who used to send for him from Eton, and take him to debates in the House of Commons. He records meeting Nelson at Eton, who came to the School "with Lady Hamilton under his arm, and made amends for that weakness by obtaining a holiday for the School."

In 1805 he was elected Scholar of King's, and occupied rooms in the old court, now the University library. The rooms were just inside the old gateway to the right, on the ground floor. I recollect the late Provost of King's, Dr. Okes, showing me the place in 1883 at Cambridge.

He saw a great deal of Walpole, Porson, and Simeon, and joined a debating society, to which Pollock and Blomfield belonged.

"The life," he wrote in his memoirs, "was one of pleasant monotony, in which an easy amount of

study was mingled with healthy exercise and social enjoyments. I had friends, or at least acquaintances, in other colleges besides my own; but I had nothing to do with horses, carriages, or boats."

Of course, a Kingsman in those days was not examined for his degree; and Stratford Canning being soon appointed to a diplomatic post, had his degree conferred on him in his absence "on the King's service" by decree of the Senate.

He was made Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe in 1852. He died, a very old man, August 14th, 1880.

We get a most graphic and amusing account of Eton manners at this date from the pen of Thomas de Quincey. He had very nearly been sent to Eton himself; the matter had been discussed in the presence of George III. himself, who said emphatically to the boy—"All people think highly of Eton; everybody praises Eton. Your mother does right to enquire; there can be no harm in that; but the more she enquires, the more she will be satisfied—that I can answer for."

De Quincey himself, in one of his early escapades, being in want of money, went down to Eton to see some of his young friends there, for the purpose of raising some funds if possible: he came down in a state of absolute destitution, and in very indifferent health, by the night-coach from London, and set off to walk to Eton from Slough.

"In the road between Slough and Eton I fell asleep; and, just as the morning began to dawn, I

was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me, and apparently studying my *physics*, whilst to me—upon so sudden an introduction to him in so suspicious a situation—his *morals* naturally suggested a more interesting subject of enquiry. I know not what he was. He was an ill-looking fellow, but not, therefore, of necessity, an ill-meaning fellow; or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out of doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I have the honour to assure him, supposing him ever to find himself amongst my readers, that he was entirely mistaken. I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it roused me to pass through Eton before people were generally astir. The night had been heavy and misty; but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost, and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved; washed myself, and as far as possible adjusted my dress at a little public-house in Windsor; and, about eight o'clock, went down towards the precincts of the college, near which were congregated the houses of the "Dames." On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made enquiries. An Etonian is always a gentleman; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend Lord Altamont was gone to Jesus College, Cambridge. 'Ibi omnis effusus labor!' I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all who bear that name

in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of Desart, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though, I believe, on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

“Lord Desart placed before me a magnificent breakfast. It was really such; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent, from being the first regular meal, the first ‘good man’s table’ that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, I could scarcely eat anything. On the day when I first received my ten-pound bank-note, I had gone to a baker’s shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had some weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was humiliating to recollect. I remembered the story (which, however, I now believed to be a falsehood) about Otway, and feared there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But there was no cause for alarm; my appetite was utterly gone, and I nauseated food of every kind. This effect, from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks. On the present occasion, at Lord Desart’s table, I found myself not at all better than usual; and in the midst of luxuries, appetite I had none. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine: I

explained my situation, therefore, to Lord Desart, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings ; with which he expressed deep sympathy, and called for wine. This gave me instantaneous relief and immoderate pleasure ; and on all occasions, when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine. Obvious it is, however, that this indulgence in wine would continue to strengthen my malady, for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk ; but, by a better regimen, it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been restored.

“I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends ; I persuaded myself *then*, that it was from reluctance to ask Lord Desart, on whom I was conscious of having no sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord Desart, whose good-nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion, perhaps, for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with several of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connections. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of his

cousin, would avail with my unchristian friends. Still he did not wish, apparently, to mortify me by a refusal peremptory and absolute; for, after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions, which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord Desart was at this time not above eighteen years of age; but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman, the oldest and most accomplished in diplomacy, could have acquitted himself under the same circumstances.

“Re-comforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had anticipated, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it.”

Dr. Joseph Goodall, one of the Assistant-masters, succeeded Dr. Heath. The new Headmaster was born in 1760. He was elected to King's College from Eton in 1778. At Cambridge he got more than one Browne Medal, and he was elected Craven Scholar in 1782. In 1783 he became Fellow of King's and Assistant-master at Eton, being appointed Headmaster in 1801.

In 1808 occurred the Great Flood, which carried away six of the fifteen arches of the bridge on the Slough road. The whole of Eton was under water for nearly a week; the boys were not sent away, nor was any work required of any of them. One of

the Masters suggested that the boys should be compelled to appear in school, conveyed thither in punts, or that, at all events, a certain modicum of written work should be required of them. But Dr. Goodall, who was never distinguished for energetic discipline, merely allowed the school-work to lapse; the boys did as they liked, punted and waded about, and in the evenings sent up fire-balloons from the houses. It is curious that though the bridge has been since rebuilt with three yellow-brick arches, it still retains its ancient name of Fifteen Arch Bridge.

Dr. Goodall was an indulgent Headmaster, and very popular from his unvarying geniality and courtesy. The School flourished in a good-humoured and gentlemanly way under him, but the general discipline became very lax, though the numbers rose.

Goodall was an active-minded man, and an inspiring teacher to his own unwieldy division. Hawtrey, who had been taught by Goodall, wrote of him in 1860, that he had a "peculiar talent of finding out and stirring up latent powers." "He caught at the first symptom of merit, gave it more than its due praise, but not more than the broken spirit required." Again, Hawtrey told Bishop Abraham that "the enthusiasm for self-culture under the inspiration of Goodall was such that not one of that set would ever think of going into school without being prepared to illustrate the lesson from not only Milton, but from Dante and

Tasso, from English orators, from the great modern dramatists, whether French or English."

King George III. was much attached to Goodall, liking his genial presence and good-humoured talk.

It is recorded that one of the Barnards was caught by a keeper coursing a hare in the park with a greyhound, and locked up for the night. The King told Dr. Goodall that he would leave it to him to fix the requisite punishment, and as Goodall declined to fix a penalty for an almost treasonable offence against his Majesty, the boy escaped.

It was not an uncommon thing for boys whose friends had influence at Court to be gazetted cornets or lieutenants in different regiments while still mere children, and draw regular pay. When a regiment of dragoons was disbanded, several boys received commissions, and drew the half-pay for the rest of their lives. They even received higher promotion. Goodall on one occasion said at dinner, "I had the honour this morning of flogging a major in his Majesty's service."

Goodall had a very sprightly wit. It is said that when he was made Canon of Windsor, Mrs. Goodall wanted him to give a ball in honour of the event. One evening after dinner she rallied him on the subject, and giving him a playful tap with her fan, the powder flew out of his wig.

"No, no," he said, "you may get the powder out of the Canon, but not the Ball."

On the death of Dr. Davies, Mr. Spencer

Perceval nominated Benjamin Heath for the vacant Provostship. Benjamin Heath, D.D., was a brother of the George Heath who had been Headmaster of Eton, and had been himself Headmaster of Harrow, (defeating a rival candidate, the great Dr. Samuel Parr), which post he had resigned on being elected to a Fellowship at Eton. "No, he will never do," said the King, "for he ran away from Eton," alluding to his having deserted his mastership at Eton to go to Harrow. The Marquis Wellesley, whom the King consulted, advised the appointment of Goodall, then in his 50th year. The King said, "Goodall, Goodall, Goodall," and the post was filled. Goodall retained his Canonry at Windsor. C. R. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, wrote to a friend, "He (Goodall) bears his dignity well, and makes his bows a third lower on the occasion." Goodall remained Provost long enough to give William IV. a lesson in manners on the same subject. When King William attended Speeches in 1832, he said to Dr. Keate, pointing at the Provost, "When he goes, I'll make you him." Dr. Keate held his tongue, but Goodall, with a bow of infinite grace, said, "Sir, I could never think of *going* before your Majesty." The retort seems almost too exact to be impromptu; but it is recorded that Provost Goodall was asked some time afterwards whether he had used the actual words. "Yes," he answered, "and I meant to show the King how rude he was."

Goodall, as Provost, was a rigid Tory in all respects, had little sympathy with educational development, and used his autocratic power as Provost to cripple every attempt at reform made by Dr. Keate.

On the other hand he was, with this exception, an almost ideal Provost. He had a tall and commanding presence. He was, as Mr. Maxwell Lyte says, "dignified without pomposity and joyous without levity." He always appeared in the full costume of an ecclesiastical dignitary of the last century—a shovel-hat decorated with a large rosette, a frill, knee-breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes. Every morning he assumed a freshly-dressed and powdered wig. The colossal marble statue of him in the ante-chapel at Eton is said to be an admirable likeness.

Goodall, after his elevation to the Provostship, spent his time in leisurely study : when he was over sixty he was learning Hebrew and Spanish. As he wrote to Metcalfe in 1820, "If you wish to know in what part of the School I am, know by these presents that I am in the second form in Hebrew, and in the fourth in Spanish."

In 1816, he wrote to Charles Metcalfe :—

"At fifty-six a man may be indulged with a hobby ; and what nag do you imagine that I have mounted ? Oriental literature I have disclaimed ; Nimrod's propensities are not mine. To the black-lettered Bibliomaniacs I owe no fellowship.



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JOSEPH GOODALL, D.D.

Headmaster, 1802—1809.

Provost - - 1809—1840.

From the oil painting by John Jackson, R.A., in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

My limbs are not supple enough to become an active lepidopterist. I adorn my garden and my greenhouse in moderation, but my rage is an accumulation of calcareous matter, generally known by the name of shells.”*

The following anecdote of Mr. Tucker’s gives a delightful picture of Goodall in public. It was at an examination of some boys for King’s Scholarships before the Posers :—

“Goodall, intervening as was his wont, quoted an Alcaic stanza, leaving the last line for us to fill up. We could not do it; we looked at each other. After a time he gave us a lead in the word “Sanguineis;” but we were still at fault; and so in the end he gave us the whole line—

“Sanguineis Thrasymenus undis.”

As no such line was in Horace, he complacently thought in the end it must have been one of his own!”

Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe (*Metcalfe mi.* as he was at Eton), was a pupil of Goodall’s, and boarded in his house.

Charles was distinguished all through his life for an intense aversion to physical exercise, and at Eton he “sapped.”

* “Another Napoleon item is to be sold on Tuesday, namely, 3,275 conchological drawings, coloured and mounted on sheets, made by the late Mr. Charles Wodarch by order of Napoleon, who was dethroned before the collection was finished; it was subsequently disposed of to Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, in 1819, for the sum of £200.”—*Athenaeum*, June 20, 1896.

Day after day appears in his journal, "read Ariosto," but he did not neglect the classics. In a letter written soon after his arrival in India, he speaks with pathetic regret of the days when "I heard the echo of my own footsteps in the cloisters of my much-loved Eton." He goes on to describe his boyish dreams and hopes in some detail. But he was in no sense a prig—rather, in fact, he showed a hilarious contempt of the authorities, and could manifest a considerable obstinacy, as the following extracts from the Journal will show.

They also possess a separate interest, as bearing on the introduction of tea at Eton. It may be remembered that Gray and Horace Walpole were ridiculed for effeminacy at Cambridge because their stomachs were too delicate for anything stronger than tea and apricot marmalade. Metcalfe writes:—

March 3, 1800.—Drank tea after six in Harvey's room, according to agreement. Afraid the plan of bringing in that custom won't succeed.

March 6.—Tutor jawed about drinking tea after six. Drank tea with Tonson.

March 7.—Drank tea with Shaw, according to our convention, after six. Tutor jawed with great spirit. Destruction of our plan must in the end come on: we are at our last struggle; all our endeavours now are the exertions of despair, and we must only think now how to resign nobly.

March 10.—Gave tea to Neville, Hervey, and Shaw, after six, according to agreement. Had a most tremendous jaw from my tutor, who said nothing but that it was a serious inconvenience, but could not bring one argument to prove that it was so.

March 14.—Drank tea with Harvey after six. We have conquered ; and my tutor, not finding an argument against us, was obliged to consent, so that we may now do it lawfully.

Many years later, when Metcalfe had won fame in India, Dr. Goodall, telling stories of his old pupils, said that one day he heard a loud shouting and cheering in the street, and hurried out, when he found Metcalfe mounted on a camel, hired from a passing circus, among the applause of some lower boys. "So," added Goodall, "you see he was always *Orientially* inclined."

A noted scholar of Dr. Goodall's time was Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.

Lonsdale was born in 1788, and went to Eton at the age of eleven, where he was a favourite pupil of Goodall's, who said of him that he "wrote the best Latin versè since Virgil."

The following story is told of Lonsdale construing up to Keate, but it must refer to Goodall, as Keate did not become Headmaster till 1809, when Lonsdale had left.* It may be added, too, that it is far more in Goodall's manner than in Keate's :—

Lonsdale was construing Horace on one occasion before the Headmaster. The passage was that which describes the auctioneer at the hairdresser's shop, "*proprios purgantem leniter unguis*" (I. Ep., 7, 51). "Cleaning his own nails," said Lonsdale. "Cleaning his nails," said Goodall. "Cleaning his *own* nails,"

* The scene may have taken place at construing. But Keate became Lower Master in 1802, when Lonsdale was only fourteen, and *ipso facto* ceased to have Colleger pupils.

said the boy. "Go on," said Goodall, "cleaning his nails,—the addition of *own* is unnecessary." "If you please, sir," said Lonsdale, "Horace lays the stress on the word '*proprios*' because most of the dandies made the barber pare their nails for them; and when Philippus saw Mena paring his own nails, '*vacua in umbra*'—though no one was engaging the barber's time—he thought him a man of some energy, and likely to become a good farmer." "Well," said Goodall, "there's something in that; lay the stress then on '*proprios*.'"

It is, however, possible that the story may be really of Keate, and that the name Lonsdale has been erroneously affixed to it.

In 1806 Lonsdale went to King's, where he obtained a prize for a Latin Ode. The Dictionary of National Biography says: "When he gained the University Scholarship, he was said to write the best Latin since the age of Augustus." He then was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but threw up his work and was ordained in 1815. In 1827 he was elected to a Fellowship at Eton, with which he held a Professorship of Theology at King's College, London. In 1840 he was offered, but eventually declined, the Provostship, the circumstances being related elsewhere. In 1843 he was made Bishop of Lichfield, and would, it is said, have succeeded Howley as Primate, but that a man of more decision was wanted. He died in 1867: his portrait is in the College Hall.

One of Goodall's most active assistants was J. B. Sumner.

The Sumner family were for many years closely identified with Eton. John Sumner, of whom mention has already been made, was first Lower Master and then Headmaster, Canon of Windsor, and eventually Provost of King's, dying in 1772. His eldest son, Humphrey Sumner, was an Assistant-master at Eton, and afterwards Provost of King's. A cousin, Robert Cary Sumner, was Assistant-master at Eton, and afterwards Headmaster of Harrow. Provost Humphrey Sumner's brother was Vicar of Kenilworth, whose eldest son was John Bird Sumner, Assistant-master at Eton and afterwards Fellow, who from the Bishopric of Chester was raised to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; another son was Charles Richard Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. The mother of John Bird Sumner and Charles Richard Sumner was first cousin of the celebrated William Wilberforce.

John Bird Sumner was born in 1780, and went on from Eton to King's in 1798, where he won a Latin Ode. He went back to Eton as an Assistant-master, where he was known by the sobriquet of "Crumpet Sumner," from his complexion. He was a man of extraordinary self-restraint and method, regulating the employment of his time, his money, his hours of sleeping, eating, and exercise by the strictest rules. "He has just the proportion of feeling which is

sufficient for all practical purposes," his sister wrote of him, "yet I think his habits are too philosophical for him ever to be distinguished for usefulness." In 1817 he was elected to a Fellowship, a post which he accepted with intense relief. He had thoroughly disliked his work as Assistant-master, speaking of it as a "hateful trade," and complaining that the system of the place debarred him from ever saying a single word about God to his pupils, though ready and willing to influence them. He accepted also the living of Mapledurham. After holding other preferments, he was appointed Bishop of Chester in 1828, and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1848, it being understood that the choice lay between himself and Lonsdale. He died at Addington in 1862.

Charles Richard Sumner was ten years younger than his brother, being born in 1790. He was thus at Eton as a boy, first as an Oppidan and then as a Colleger, while his brother was a Master. His great friends at Eton were Lonsdale, Hawtrey, Patteson, Milman, and J. T. Coleridge. For a time Sumner shared a study with Patteson, where they read and "messed" together; but economical reasons caused Sumner to give up a private study, content himself with a bookshelf in Long Chamber, and take his breakfast and tea in his brother's house.

C. R. Sumner was a most sociable character. He wrote to Patteson in 1809, "Seriously, what

can induce you to give up all you have been doing at Eton? Is it totally impossible to study, at least in a moderate degree, and at the same time to enter into society? If so, King's won't do for me, for I must have both; one in the morning and the other in the evening." "Prince of the School, amiable and respectable," is Coleridge's description of Sumner in 1809.

He left Eton in 1810, being superannuated for King's, but was partially consoled by the Davies Scholarship. In 1810 he went for a walking tour, alone, in the Lakes, in "straw hat, light-coloured waistcoat and trousers, (which make the people here take me for a mountebank), umbrella in my hand, and fish-basket, containing clothes, at my back."

He spent a Sunday at Grasmere, and walked up to see Wordsworth, whom he found with S. T. Coleridge, and stayed half-an-hour. "Wordsworth is a talkative, and Coleridge a polished man;" is his comment.

He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1810, where he achieved no academical success. It was the custom at Trinity to wear knee-breeches and white stockings, but the men of fashion, such as Sumner, substituted "ducks" in the summer. "Young man, young man," said one of the tutors to the future Bishop of Winchester, meeting him on his staircase, "you'll never come to any good; you wear nankeen trousers, and keep a dog."

The beginning of Sumner's extraordinary and

rapid promotion was his introduction to George IV. by Lord Francis Conyngham, a former pupil. Sumner was summoned to Brighton, dined at the Pavilion, and talked for three hours consecutively to the King, who was sitting on a sofa while Sumner stood behind it. A day or two afterwards he was offered a Canonry at Windsor, but Lord Liverpool made so strenuous a resistance to a curate, as Sumner was then, being made a Canon of Windsor, even threatening to resign if it was persisted in, that the King gave way. This was in 1821.

In the same year he was, however, made resident private Chaplain to the King at Windsor, Historiographer and Librarian, and a good living at Abingdon was added; this was followed by a Canonry at Worcester, shortly exchanged for one at Canterbury. In 1826, at the age of thirty-five, he was made Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Llandaff. In the following year he was transferred to Winchester.

There are some amusing details in his biography with regard to his assuming the wig, then an integral, almost sacerdotal, part of a bishop's costume. He says that he grows daily more convinced of the propriety of it, and he is only distressed at being told that it makes him—at thirty-five—look like an elder brother of the Bishop of London. Mrs. Sumner wrote to her foreign relations, "*il faut te dire un mot sur la terrible perruque, qui, tu seras bien aise d'apprendre, n'était pas si redoutable.*"



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CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER, D.D.,

Bishop of Winchester.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Samuel Cousins, after an oil-painting
by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.

Bishop Sumner was one of the first bishops to leave off the *redoubtable* head-dress.

When George IV. nominated Sumner for the Bishopric of Winchester, he intimated that he was not sending the Chapter a scholar or divine, of whom he hinted that there were enough and to spare on the bench,—but that he was sending them a gentleman.

Bishop Sumner resigned his See, after a paralytic stroke, in 1869, but was allowed to retain Farnham Castle for his life. Bishop Wilberforce, his successor and second cousin, thus never occupied Farnham, for Sumner survived Wilberforce by about a year. His portrait, painted in extreme old age, hangs in the Hall at Eton. His eldest son, also an Etonian, is the present Bishop of Guildford.

George III. was very popular at Eton, both with boys and Masters. He often visited the School, and his birthday, the 4th of June, is still the chief annual festivity there; it is interesting to note that the present Duke of York's birthday is the 3rd of June, which in the distant future may introduce complications into the celebration of the older festival.

George III. paid many visits to Eton, partly from principle, in order to gain the personal esteem of the rising generation and to show his appreciation of the benefits of education, partly from a homely interest in his neighbours' concerns, which was so characteristic of "Farmer George." He was very

apt to stop boys on the Terrace, and to make simple jests about flogging and school rebellions, not unfrequently ending with "Should'nt you like to have a holiday, eh? Well, we will see about it." He used to ask the names of new boys with whose faces he was not acquainted, and it is recorded that on one occasion he was collided with by a boy in the street who was running at full tilt to get back for absence, who politely stopped to beg the King's pardon. The King took down his name and wrote to the Headmaster to say that he had detained him.

The boys were often asked to the Castle, and royally entertained there, on the occasion of early dances and such simple festivities as the King approved of.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. KEATE.

During his tenure of office, "Keate was Eton and Eton was Keate"—that is the brief summary of one of Keate's pupils, and it is not exaggerated. Keate's figure and Keate's strenuous discipline seem to be indissolubly identified with Eton. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that most of the commonplaces still stated and circulated about Eton and Eton ways date from the time of Dr. Keate. It is still vaguely believed by persons who have no opportunity of correcting their beliefs that all Eton boys are idle, and that they are all repeatedly flogged. Both of these statements require considerable qualification, and if the industry of the School varies inversely as the flogging, it may be assumed that the boys are now very industrious indeed.

John Keate was hereditarily a schoolmaster. His father was the Rev. William Keate, who was an Etonian and Fellow of King's, and was afterwards appointed Master of the Grammar School at Stamford, a post which he held for some years.

He then accepted the living of Laverton in Somersetshire, and was made a Prebendary of Wells Cathedral.

William Keate's brother was a surgeon of some note, who held the post of Surgeon-general to the Army,—succeeding Dr. Hunter,—and Surgeon to the Prince of Wales. There was medical ability in the family, as Dr. Keate's younger brother, Robert Keate, was also a leading surgeon. He was Sergeant-surgeon in Ordinary to William IV., and later to Queen Victoria.

Robert Keate said in later life, "I have attended four Sovereigns, and have been badly paid for my services. One of them, now deceased, owed me nine thousand guineas."

William IV. had a great regard for Robert Keate, and sent for him so frequently to Windsor as to seriously injure his London practice. He was for forty years Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and a well-known operator.

John Keate was born in his father's house in Wells, in 1773, and in 1784 went as a scholar to Eton. In 1791 he was elected to King's. At Cambridge he was a well-known writer of Latin verse, and carried off four Browne's Medals and the Craven Scholarship. His scholarship was sound and not merely ornamental.

He became a Fellow of King's in due course, and in 1797 took Orders and went to Eton as a Master. After five years he was appointed Lower Master.

When Goodall was appointed Provost in 1809, Keate succeeded him as Headmaster, received the

degree of Doctor of Divinity, and the rigorous reign began.

Goodall was universally popular ; he was courteous, benignant, even magnificent ; his ample form, his portly and gracious features, were the utmost contrast to the thick-set, wiry, stunted proportions of his successor. But Goodall had sailed calmly on prosperous seas, and the discipline of the School had been relaxed under his easy-going conservative ways to an almost incredible degree. The boys had so kindly a feeling of personal respect for Goodall, that no affront was ever offered him. But Keate determined that the School must be reduced to order. He was a man of great physical vigour and with an unlimited fund of moral courage. His methods were no doubt carefully thought out and deliberately adopted. He determined that he would be obeyed ; that he would inspire the boys with awe and personal terror. For that purpose, though by nature one of the kindest-hearted of men, he adopted a manner of offensive authoritativeness and of unvarying and almost brutal harshness in all his official dealings with boys.

He was perfectly different in private life, and with the boys, for instance, whom he entertained. Indeed, he owed such popularity as he possessed to the fact that the boys were not really taken in. They knew that behind the irascible mask was a kind-hearted, cheery gentleman, and they accepted

Keate's official manner, and made their own official behaviour correspond to it.

Writing of him as a host, Mr. Tucker, in "*Eton of Old*," says :—

"Invitations to breakfast . . . were now and then given to ten or twelve at a time among the Sixth and Fifth ; . . . nothing could have been more courteous and genial than the host on these mornings, full of pleasant talk ; full of anecdote ; full of Eton allusions ; and endeavours to bring out his guests. He was, apparently, not the same person. Every trait of severity had vanished. We asked him all sorts of questions with the utmost freedom on things past or present—distant or near ; and to sum up all in a word, the talk was without effort and general."

Keate was only a disciplinary reformer : he did not attempt to enlarge the curriculum, to add new subjects, to change the books, or to enliven the methods already in use. He had little educational enthusiasm, though he was a remarkably sound scholar, and his criticisms were trenchant and suggestive.

The one real blot on his method of government was the fact that, either on deliberate principle, or from some deep-seated habit of mind, he could not bring himself to take a boy's word.

Mr. Tucker says :—

"It was Keate's unfortunate and inveterate disinclination to receive the word of any one, though

high in the School, in the first instance. A shade of disbelief, however slight, but still a shade, invariably passed over his countenance at the commencement of any explanation whatsoever."

Mr. Milnes Gaskell gives a similar instance in a letter to his mother. On June 7th, 1826, he writes:—

"I went to Keate after Absence, as he sent for me, and a sharp dialogue took place between the Rev. Canon and me. 'You want to get leave to go to Mr. Lyall, don't you? He has been here to ask me, and I said you might stay till half-past nine, but must be in your room at that time. He asked whether he might be permitted to take you to Ascot Races on the Wednesday, but I told him that was impossible. He is no relation to you, you know, Gaskell? 'No, Sir, he is my uncle's—and before I had time to add 'brother,' the Doctor interrupted me with, 'Why did you drop the 'brother?' Such gross deception must be punished. I tell you, sir, he is only your uncle's brother. Go along, sir, go along, no unfair artifice, if you please; go along.' I was well satisfied."

He was the precise opposite in this respect of Dr. Arnold, whose rule was as effective and whose influence infinitely more far-reaching, and whose deliberate aim it was to cultivate to an almost excessive extent, the sense of responsibility among boys. Arnold, no doubt, strove to develop this sense too early, and thus made it disproportionate to

the position held by the boy. Sir G. Trevelyan, in the *Competition Wallah*, says that the influence of the Indian Civil Service is "as great as that arrogated by the most sublime of Dr. Arnold's favourite prae-postors during his first term at the University." That expresses in a humorous way the result of the Arnoldian system. The result may be a prig; but a prig is better than a young man who never realizes that he has responsibilities at all, a sense which the Eton system under Dr. Keate was not especially prone to develop, except through channels of private influence.

Dr. Keate's appearance was remarkable, not to say grotesque. Mr. Kinglake, in the 18th chapter of "*Eothen*," says, "Anybody without the least notion of drawing could still draw a speaking, nay scolding likeness of Keate. If you had no pencil, you could draw him well enough with a poker, or the leg of a chair, or the smoke of a candle. He was little more (if more at all) than five feet in height, and was not great in girth, but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, and this he could modulate with great skill; but he also had the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect. He was a capital scholar, but his ingenuous learning had *not* "softened his manners," and *had* "permitted them to be fierce"—tremendously fierce. He had such a complete command over his temper—I mean, over his *good*



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DR. KEATE.

From a pencil-sketch in the possession of William Leveson-Gower, K.S. of Eton College.

temper, that he scarcely ever allowed it to appear : you could not put him out of humour—that is, out of the *ill*-humour which he thought to be fitting for a headmaster. His red shaggy eyebrows were so prominent, that he habitually used them as arms and hands for the purpose of pointing out any object towards which he wished to direct attention ; the rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own.”

Keate's costume was as extraordinary in appearance as his face. Mr. Kinglake describes it as “a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, partly that of a widow-woman.” That is not, of course, a fair description. Singular as the costume appears to us, it was the ordinary attire of a Headmaster in those days, as may be seen from the following extract relating to Rugby :—

Speaking of the year 1813, Mr. Bloxam, in “*Rugby School*,” says, “The masters wore with their gowns the common steeple hats prevalent at the present day. Dr. Wooll, the Headmaster, alone wore the clerical hat, not unlike the hat of a Dean at the present time. Mr. Sleath, Master of the First Form, wore a cocked hat, the last of that fashion I remember seeing at Rugby. Wigs were fast disappearing, and were not retained by any masters in the School, but Dr. Wooll wore his hair powdered, and so did one or two of the older masters. College caps, as worn by the masters, first appeared in 1829, to the wonderment of the beholders.”

Keate was generally known in the School by the name of Baffin, or the Baffin, from a loud official cough, or rather hawking, with which he accom-

panied his remarks, and which was, no doubt, part of the panoply of terror with which he was endued.

There is a well-known picture representing Dr. Keate calling Absence, which is entitled, "A View taken at Eton College." But there is a far more interesting pencil sketch in the possession of Mr. A. F. G. Leveson-Gower, which I have had the privilege of reproducing, and which represents Dr. Keate crossing the school-yard at apparently a smart trot, with an umbrella under his arm, and his streamers flying.

He wore a silk cassock and a pudding-sleeved gown, such as is worn by clergymen when they are presented at Court now, only that Dr. Keate's gown appears to have had enormously ample sleeves: over this he wore a Doctor of Divinity's scarf, the ends of which streamed away behind him as he walked: a pair of white bands under the chin, and a large three-cornered hat completed his attire.

The cocked hat is still preserved at Eton in the Headmaster's Chambers, and is made of stiff cardboard covered with silk like a tall hat of the present day.

Dr. Keate always, wet or dry, carried an umbrella, though he would never allow his boys to do so. On one occasion he actually denounced the use of them as effeminate, and said that any boy who used such a thing ought to be called and considered a school-girl.

Some boys, in consequence, went over to Upton



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DR. KEATE.

From a pencil-sketch in the possession of William Leveson-Gower, K.S. of Eton College.

and detached a board from an institution there, which bore the inscription, "Seminary for young ladies." This they affixed above the entrance to School-yard. Keate was unable to discover the perpetrators of the outrage, and his rage knew no bounds.

"Mr. Keate," says a private diary of the time, "put on his robes for the first time (Jan. 17, 1810), and his beautiful triangular hat, and went in to 8 o'clock prayers. To-day at 11 was his first *début* in the Upper School."

The boys resented the change from Goodall's mild and amiable manners from the first, and hostilities soon began. A boy put a bullet into the key-hole of the door leading into Upper School from the Library. Dr. Keate had to descend and enter Upper School by the other end. He was "booed" all the way up to his desk.

The great desk is entered by two doors. When the Headmaster arrived at the usual door, it was screwed up. He gave an angry cough and went across to the other. This was similarly blockaded. Dr. Keate nimbly vaulted over it and gained his place, saying, according to contemporary testimony, "I am not so old as you think." Few people, under such circumstances, could have conducted a lesson to an enormous class with efficiency or dignity.

More trouble followed. The boys, instead of going to their places in Chapel, took to lingering at the doors, and, on the appearance of the Head-

master, stampeding into the building. An eyewitness has described to me the exceedingly indecorous character of this proceeding, which was enacted for many mornings in succession. Inside the Chapel were the lower boys, who had been sent in as soon as the bells began, misbehaving as usual. Keate, as was often the case, appeared late; the Provost, in wig and gown, fuming at being kept waiting (for Keate was often late), went slowly up the Chapel stairs, followed by the Headmaster. The bell ceased to toll; at that moment the rush began. Some two or three hundred boys—some in the ante-chapel, some on the south-west staircase, some in the street—rushed in as fast as they could go. The Headmaster, frowning horribly, took down as many names as he could in his note-book, saying angrily, "Go on, go on." Not for two or three minutes was the doorway clear enough for the Provost to enter the building.

To check this insubordination, Dr. Keate put on an additional "Absence" or calling over for the Lower Fifth. This began on June 2nd, 1810. The boys did not appear. Accordingly, at the next Absence—that at six o'clock—Keate ordered them all to stop behind, and began to flog them. When twenty had been flogged, Keate was hissed, and several rotten eggs were thrown at him. He thereupon summoned the Assistant-masters, and announced that every boy who refused to be flogged would be at once expelled; whereupon the remain-

ing sixty gave way, and were flogged. Keate kept up the additional Absence till the end of the summer. Keate's firmness in the matter met with general approval, and the King, to whom the whole story was told, expressed his great satisfaction at the maintenance of discipline.

After the troubles had quieted down, Dr. Keate received the following interesting letter from the Duke of Wellington, whose sons were then at the School :—

"I have received your letter of the 23rd, and I am very happy to find that my sons had nothing to say to the late disturbances at Eton. They are too young to be concerned in such transactions, and I hope that they have been sufficiently well brought up, and have sufficient sense, to keep themselves clear of them at all times.

"You have it in your own power to frame such rules as you may think proper for the preservation of order in the establishment under your direction, and to enforce them as you may think proper, and as far as I have anything to say to the subject, you may rely upon my concurrence in whatever you may think proper to do with the view to which I have above referred. But in my opinion the parents of those who are receiving their education at Eton have nothing to say to the rules which you may choose to adopt and enforce. If they are so unreasonable as to disapprove of them, they have it in their power to remove their sons from the school, but none to influence your regulations or your mode of enforcing them."

For some years after this, the peace of the School was unruffled, but the discontent which had been suppressed, began to gather head, till it culminated in what has been called the Rebellion. I subjoin Mr. Tucker's account :—

"During many years nothing had taken place

which could come under the name of troubles ; vexations now and then,—but no troubles. I believe there was a sort of cabal, outbreak, or what not, on Keate's accession in 1809 ; but in 1818 he had to face a stupid disturbance, which was exalted by the actors of the time with the title of Rebellion. He faced it with great dignity. He had expelled a stalwart boy in the Fifth, of the name of Marriott. The offence was never generally known, or indeed, sought for ; probably some violent breach of discipline ; but whatever it was, his friends resented the expulsion, and considered it harsh and unjust.

“ It created a fretful, angry feeling during the week, which grew to a head at “ Prose,” on the following Sunday. Keate was reading in his loud, determined manner, his customary portion of Blair, when, on a sudden, from one of the lower desks near the door, where all below the Sixth and Fifth were congregated, there arose in the air a stentorian voice, ‘ Where's Marriott ? ’ There was no Praepostor in that part on Sundays, as was usual on week-days. Keate took no notice, but read on.

“ Presently the same voice arose, ‘ Where's Marriott ? ’ Keate finished the reading at the next full stop ; gave out the work for the week, accompanied by a third cry, as if nothing unusual had occurred, and left, calm outwardly and composed, as he would have left on any other Sunday.

* * * * *

“ During the next day or two there was con-

siderable disquiet. Nearly the whole School assembled at all leisure hours in the Long Walk and its vicinity; the majority as spectators, a small minority divided into agents of mischief, or sympathisers with agents. At last, some one, more mischievous than the rest, threw a stone, and broke one of the windows of a Master's house opposite—Green's. It so happened that, though the most inoffensive of all the Masters, he was unpopular. The train was fired, and in the course of half an hour, not a single pane in front of the house was unbroken.

* * * * *

“Before the end of the week the whole affair came to a head.

“Five boys, three Oppidans and two Collegers, had resolved on a plan. The latter met on the Friday evening, and matured it. What the three Oppidans did, I do not know; but what the Collegers did was this—

“They had caught,—that is, poached with night-lines, a large jack in Lady Thomond's ponds between Slough and Stoke, and laid out a supper in Carter's Chamber. Two or three well-wishers to the cause, or supposed ones, were invited to the feast. The following day was a half-holiday, with three o'clock Chapel. At ten o'clock, when all the School, Masters and all, were at breakfast, the five marched quietly from the Lower School Passage to the Upper School with a sledge-hammer concealed under one of the gowns, and knocked down and

smashed Keate's broad desk, with its two doors and panels ; laid them down as a flooring, and went off on tiptoe as quietly as they came.

“Eleven o'clock school. The upper part was filled with Sixth and Fifth ; the lower part with the three divisions of the Fourth. A dead silence. Presently Keate came through the Library in his usual manner ; mounted the steps ; stood on the smashed panels ; opened his book, and called up one of the Sixth to construe, not taking the slightest notice of the debris around him ; no change of voice or manner ; no sort of indication that there was anything out of the common routine. The usual number of the Fifth were afterwards called up. They construed in the ordinary way, and the school ended. We looked silently at each other. What could it all mean ?

“The Praepostor, later on in the day, was ordered to summon every Form into the Upper School after Chapel. It was done. Keate stood on his dilapidated desk, and the whole staff of Masters lined the room throughout on either side. The climax had come.

“After a short interval, which in truth seemed rather long, Keate, looking chiefly to the Sixth, as if in tacit reproof, gave a firm, measured address, not at all in anger, rather an appeal to common sense, and on the folly of supposing that any grievance, real or imaginary, could be remedied by violence and subversion of all discipline.

“He then called on three Oppidans and two Collegers to stand up. He named them as deeply implicated in the disgraceful scenes of the last few days, but as the sole actors in the outrage personal to himself. It was impossible that they could remain in the school, and they were therefore publicly expelled. He appealed to the Masters, who at once bowed assent.

“The five walked out in perfect silence, without sign, good or bad, from any one. And then a painful incident arose. After a few remarks suitable to what had just taken place, Keate was expressing a hope that things might revert to their former order, and that the events of the last week would be forgotten, when a Sixth, son or brother of the Sir Lawrence Palk of the day, whispered to his neighbour the word ‘Never.’ Ben Drury, his Tutor, who was at the head of the Masters on that side heard it,—begged pardon for interrupting Keate, and said that, in answer to the kind and considerate words which he was speaking, a boy had exclaimed ‘Never,’ showing that the animus of the disturbance had not ceased. Explanation followed, and Palk on the instant was publicly expelled.

“A more innocent, good-natured, anti-rebellion being did not exist at Eton than ‘Johnny’ Palk;—his character was in his name. He meant nothing; but seemed to mean something; and if he had been soundly swished he would only have met with his deserts for his folly. But the sudden, condign

punishment raised a mixed feeling of sorrow and indignation. The thing, however, was done ; there was no general outburst against it ; and the risk was far too great for individual remonstrance or appeal.

* * * * *

“ How was it that Keate was able to denounce the five with such accuracy ? We guessed, and afterwards found that the guess was true. Just in front of his desk one of the three brazen chandeliers was suspended from a large open rose-work between the ceiling, or false roof, and the true one. Cartland, Keate’s servant living in the Cloister below, had free access to this inner roof ; and having observed five boys crossing the School-yard towards the Upper School at an unusual hour, and in a doubtful time, thought he would have a look down through the rose-work. And so he saw the whole process, and Keate knew it all in a quarter of an hour after.”

It must be borne in mind that the elements with which Keate had to deal were of unusual turbulence ; for instance, the irreverence that was permitted in his day, or rather not remarked, presents a curious contrast to modern feeling.

Mr. Tucker writes :—

“ The Collegers had a very worthy custom, drawn from remote antiquity, of meeting in the Lower School every Sunday morning at nine o’clock. Keate sat in the desk, and a Praepostor

stood in the middle of the floor before him, and repeated the Confession and a prayer or two out of the Winchester Latin Prayer Book.

“The hundredth Psalm was then sung by the whole College. On ordinary Sundays it was sung, I cannot say with reverence, but decently, and with nothing to cause remark. But on the last meeting in the half, the word went round: ‘Sing loud the last Sunday,’ and the singing was loud. Every boy, at least in the lower half, and a slight creeping upwards, simply bawled his loudest, at the very top of his voice. It was heard in every room in the Tutor’s house in Weston’s Yard, and in my own Dame’s at the end of it, abutting on the Playing Fields.

“Anything more grotesque, indecorous, and irreverent can scarcely be conceived; but it was a custom venerable from old age, and therefore borne.

“I write it now at this distance of time with shame, that Keate, who, by the account of his friends never moved without the ideal rod, like Macbeth’s dagger, before his eyes, only smiled and nodded his head in faint deprecation.”

In Chapel, things were, if possible, worse. Mr. Tucker writes:—

“The chief offence (in Chapel) was a whispered talking, every now and then accompanied with smiles, which detected the culprit. This was chiefly in the Upper Forms under Keate’s eye; and it was amusing to see his watchfulness. He

could not by any chance ever have said a prayer, or followed psalm, lesson, or sermon. His whole being was on the talkers. First he nailed an offender, then he scowled. If all that was 'innocently' ignored, he would put forward his memorandum book with left hand, and with his right place his pencil in the attitude of writing—a prelude which was invariably successful for the moment, and gave him time to turn to some one else."

An old Etonian says that he, with a number of other lower boys, being kept waiting by a Master on Sunday morning, created a considerable disturbance on the Chapel steps while the Holy Communion was being celebrated. Dr. Keate sent for them and rated them severely for irreverence. Speaking of the incident afterwards, the narrator said that up till that time it had not entered his head that Keate, or, indeed, any of the Masters, were Christians in the ordinary sense of the word—"Christians, for instance, like my own father and mother."

The only definite religious instruction that the boys received during Keate's tenure of office—for the sermons of the Fellows will hardly come under this description—was a singular custom which was called "Prose." But, on the other hand, if a boy used the expression "Prose" to the Headmaster, he invariably replied "Prose, sir, *prose*? I don't know anything about *prose*; I suppose you mean

two o'clock *prayers!*" It was hardly a felicitous description of the practice. The whole School, except the Lower boys, went into Upper School at two o'clock on Sundays. Keate went to his desk, gave out notices, which were received with boeing, stamping, and general uproar; then from a book which he brought in, such as Blair's "*Sermons*," Addison's "*Spectator*," the "*Rambler*," "*Epictetus*," or "*Seneca*," read a short passage in praise of some abstract virtue or the practice of general morality, and then hastily gave out the subject for the Theme for the ensuing week. Up to that moment the noise had been so great as to attract the attention of passers-by in the street, but it suddenly ceased; the boys produced pens and paper and dictionaries, and scribbled off their themes as hard as they could write, taking them as soon as they were finished to their tutors, who were stationed in their respective desks all down the room. The tutors at once began to correct, and many themes were done, corrected, and rewritten before the bells began to go for Chapel.

In the "*Kaleidoscope*," in the Diary of a New Boy, the author writes, "Was told that I must go into— (dear me, I cannot think of the word, some very odd one)—went into the Upper School, heard something read, could not hear what, and on something being said afterwards, the whole school raised a yell, boeing, hissing, and scraping feet. I was thunder-struck at their audacity, listened to hear what would

be said to it, though it amounted almost to a *rebellion*, thought it disgraceful, surprised all was allowed to pass so quietly."

Commenting on the existence of "Prose," Mr. Tucker adds :—

"An example of more direct Theology was given to the whole School in Chapel, during the Sundays in Lent, at the afternoon service.

"The first six Collegers in the Fifth stood up in their surplices in the Oppidans' seats, immediately under the Vice-Provost and Lower Master, and at a certain part of the Service, they said their Catechism. They then sat down ; and the prayers which had been interrupted concluded the Service. They might have been heard by fifty out of the five hundred,—certainly not more, for their backs were turned to them."

He continues :—

"If Dr. Keate's principles had no great basis of sentiment, he at least did not allow himself to pretend that they had. Keate might insist on literal obedience to Christian principles in the pulpit at St. George's, but at Eton he was more directly practical." Mr. Milnes-Gaskell, writing in Feb., 1825, says :—"Wood quarrelled with Ashley *minimus*, a son of Lord Shaftesbury, about a seat at Prose at two. Ashley challenged Wood, and they fought for two hours and a quarter. Ashley drank half a pint of brandy, and after renewing the fight he fainted and died in consequence of the brandy

and the blow on his temple, at ten o'clock in the evening.

“ Dr. Keate spoke to the boys about the fight, blaming the Upper boys for allowing it to continue so long, ‘not that I object to fighting in itself; on the contrary, I like to see a boy return a blow.’ ”

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. KEATE.

Keate was a sound and cautious scholar, with a good critical taste and erudite mind, well stored with allusion and quotation. The strong common sense which he brought to every other department of his work helped him here. But he was diffident of scholastic publicity, and, after his retirement, could not be induced to show his written note-books to those who wished to profit by them.

Unfortunately, owing to the unwieldy size of the class to whom he gave instruction, his teaching was thrown away on dozens of the boys who might have listened to it with advantage.

When Mr. Edward Coleridge, late Fellow of Eton, was "up to" Keate, he was one of a class of 198 boys, and was only requested to construe twice in the Half. Talking was general, even under Keate's vigilant eye. Solos, and even choruses, used to be sung, and Keate could not detect whence they emanated. It is true that Keate read a Greek play two or three times a week at certain periods of the year with the Sixth Form, in the Library, where, as Mr. William Johnson said, "he used to give out his best knowledge, seasoned with perfect taste, and free from all pedantry, to a

respectful party of eighteen lads, who were too much behind the scenes to be afraid of him."

Of Keate's critical sense, Mr. Tucker writes:—

"It used to be a joke amongst us in construing Horace to see the perpetual conflict in Keate's mind as to the relative emendations of Bentley and Baxter. Bentley was the god of Keate's Horatian idolatry; but the name of Bentley always brought the name of Baxter into the controversy, with the invariable addition: "Baxter, as usual, mistakes the sense." We used to bait our hook for that fish, and with general success."

But even in matters of scholarship he was liable to be imposed upon. Mr. Maxwell Lyte says:—

"A boy skilled in copying the handwriting of one of the Masters was in the habit of introducing eccentric alterations into the verses of his school-fellows, as they lay on a table after being looked over. One day he found a hexameter ending '*nigrum detrusit ad Orcum*' (he thrust him down to the dark Hades), and substituted the word '*conto*' for '*nigrum*.' The author of the verses copied out all the alterations in perfect good faith, but the word '*conto*' caught the eye of Keate when he was looking over the fair copy. 'What do you mean by using such a word as '*conto*'?' 'He thrust him down to Hades with a punt-pole.' 'How dare you write such rubbish?' 'If you please, Sir, it was my tutor's correction,' replied the boy with all the confidence of injured innocence."

It would have been an interesting thing to get at what was really in Keate's mind about flogging. Those who have derived his name from $\chi\acute{\epsilon}\omega$, 'to shed,' and $\acute{\alpha}\tau\eta$, 'woe,' believe that it was a peculiar pleasure to him. But Dr. Keate was, in private life, a mild-mannered, good-humoured gentleman, and any brutality was absolutely foreign to his nature. Still, it is clear that, for some reason or other, he considered flogging an essential part of his system. My own belief is, that he thought of it as a kind of tax or tribute levied on misdemeanours—so many rules broken, so many cuts with a birch-rod. It is quite certain that he considered it purely penal and retrospective, and in no way whatever connected with the possible reformation of the sufferer. He was certainly very ready to inflict it. A boy, charged with some offence, pleaded an alibi, and said he had been out of bounds. At the end of every sentence Keate exclaimed, "Then I'll flog you for that." "Is it ignorance or idleness?" he used to say to boys complained of for bad work. "If it is ignorance, I shall turn you down into the next Remove; if idleness, I shall flog you." The story that he flogged all the Confirmation candidates because their names were sent to him on the papers generally used for "bills," and reprimanded them when they endeavoured to explain, for adding to their fault by irreverence and deceit, is probably apocryphal, but that it should have been invented or believed for a moment, shows

what Keate was by many thought to be. The paternal invitation to the boys to be pure in heart—"Mind that, boys, you are to be pure in heart, or I'll flog you all until you are," is, of course, pure burlesque—but the truth is that the phrase was so often on Keate's lips, that it was a mere conversational counter, and, no doubt, often slipped out inadvertently. It is vouched for that a mild-mannered boy of nineteen took leave of Dr. Keate, and deposited the customary bank-notes on the table; and then with what wise and tender aphorism does the veteran educator launch his high-hearted charge into the rougher world? "Now, mind you behave quietly. If I hear of you making a row at your dame's, I'll have you brought back and I'll flog you."

To almost everybody concerned the whole thing was a gigantic joke. Perhaps to some sensitive and delicate boy being flogged for the first time for some offence which he had unconsciously committed, the thing was a horror and a misery. But the habitual criminal, who would far rather be flogged than have to do fifty lines, the *praepostor*, the spectators—for the performance was semi-public—the boys who "held down" the victim, treated the whole thing as absurd, and laughed openly at any ridiculous incident, such as a tiny scared wretch begging the grim little Doctor for mercy. Keate worked away through the business: perhaps he thought it a little sickening at first, but

got used to it in a week or two, and regarded it merely as a slightly disagreeable part of the day's routine. It is not to be supposed that the process was particularly painful to the boys. It discouraged no determined or indifferent boy from breaking any rule he found convenient to break. It corrected no vicious tendencies, developed no moral force ; it merely made punishment a foolish and rather indecent business. The only excuse for corporal punishment at all—and it may be doubted whether there is any excuse at all in the case of children—is to deter those natures which are and can only be deterred from any course by acute physical pain. Whereas the only boys who disliked Dr. Keate's floggings were the boys for whom a word and a frown would have been enough.

In 1832 he flogged over eighty boys. A boy had been expelled for refusing to be flogged. When Keate came to his name in the School List at Absence, and omitted it, he was "booed" all round School-yard. For this, three additional Absences were imposed, thus completely cutting up the boys' leisure time. A hundred boys or so shirked. Keate conveyed them all by batches, under cover of night, in charge of their tutors, to his library and flogged them, although the boys at Knapp's house refused to be flogged, and shouted from their windows to every party that was led past, "Don't be flogged ; don't be flogged. We haven't been flogged."

For habitual offenders, the whole thing was farcical. Mr. Tucker says:—

“ Now and then it (the ordinary system of flogging) strayed outside the routine, as when Sir Harry Goodricke, high in the Fifth, was under the castigation of ten for some tandem work or other ; and, to the delight of the Fourth Form spectators, he counted the cuts aloud as they were given—one, two, three, and so on ; but when they came to the sixth, and second rod, his counting went up in high tones of the utmost astonishment to the tenth, which was given in a voice and manner as if he could not have believed it. Keate took no sort of notice.

“ There were certain names to be found continuously in the slips of paper, and the five regulation cuts were as nonchalantly given as nonchalantly taken. It is perfectly true that on one occasion Keate found a name down with no culprit to answer to it ; but, looking round on the attendance, he saw one of his usual clients of the correct name, and called on him to come forward. The client protested that he was not in the bill, it was his brother. Whether Keate did not believe him, or whether he would not be defrauded of his Voules, and so make his list imperfect, is uncertain ; he insisted ; and, giving him a playful tap on the shoulder with the bushy end of the rod, brought him to a right sense of the case.”

On the other hand, John Moultrie, the poet,

afterwards Rector of Rugby, and James Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo, when little boys, walked over to Stoke Poges to see the monument of Gray, and missed Absence. They went to the Headmaster, expecting the usual flogging, and told him what they had done. To their surprise, he said, with a smile, that he hoped they would turn out "as famous poets as Gray; you may go." Moultrie did acquire some reputation, but curiously enough he never wrote a better poem than "My Brother's Grave," written for the *Etonian*. James Chapman afterwards married one of the Misses Keate.

Mr. Milnes-Gaskell gives an account of his first official interview with Dr. Keate. He says that he waited in the ante-room for the Headmaster, having been complained of for construing a word wrongly. "He first flogged one of the Collegers, then called for me. I begged him to give me my first fault." He answered that I had committed an error very early. I could scarcely refrain from tears, but did, and in his usual harsh manner he said, "Go along, sir, go along."

At the same time Keate, when by himself, was not wholly unreasonable. Mr. Tucker says:—

"It happened once on a time that Charles Fox Townshend, while in the Fifth, stayed out, and received the usual desire of Keate, that he should write out and translate all the lessons of the day.

He sent word back by the Praepostor who brought the desire, that 'he should do nothing of the kind.'

"Keate's face grew red. He said nothing, but at once put on his hat and stalked down to Dame Ragueneau's in all haste to confront and overwhelm the dissentient.

"Townshend was summoned into the parlour, and appeared quietly in his dressing-gown. Keate broke out in his loudest tones, probably of invective; as the boys said, who listened outside for the fun, he roared at him; at any rate he spoke loudly with a strong sense of offended dignity.

"Townshend patiently waited for the first full stop,—or it might be semicolon, and then gently requested him *not to talk so loud*,—for he was not well; his nerves were weak; it gave him the headache; and that if he had been equal to give attention to school-work, he should not have invalidated himself.

"Perhaps he had a persuasive tone; perhaps Keate saw that he was really unwell. At any rate he listened quietly; took no sort of notice of his reproof: and without entering on any debatable ground, told him in the end to take care of himself, and with a few kind words left him."

Such incidents as the last were apt to draw down on Keate the charge of favouritism. Mr. Tucker gives the following dramatic dialogue:—

"'Bond, why were you not in Chapel?' 'Please,

sir, I was down in the Playing Fields, and didn't hear the bell.'

" 'Down in the Playing Fields!—and didn't hear the bell?' evidently disbelieving him.

" 'Well, Dornton, and where were you that you didn't hear the bell?' 'I was down at Sheep's Bridge, sir, snigglng for eels.'

" 'Well, well; I dare say you were there on a good motive. Bond, you will stay after twelve to-morrow.'" Mr. Tucker continues—"And so Bond was soundly flogged, and Dornton passed unscathed into the un-Library shades of Oxford life."

"I should be sorry to chronicle Bond's thoughts, often expressed in words; but no doubt they were natural, too. The phrase 'good motive' lived amongst us long after the occasion and cause of it had lost mention."

It was not often that Dr. Keate was able to forget that he was a schoolmaster.

Mr. Tucker writes:—

"When Keate went out he mostly rode, and started out Dorney way, or to some parts of the country out of the usual haunts of the boys, glad to get rid of them probably; and followed the same plan when he walked. If he lighted on any fellows out of bounds, they simply shirked, and he rode on without taking any more notice than any one of the Masters would have done.

"If they were in mischief, it was another thing;

and on one occasion in one of his walks he lighted on two or three indulging in that luxury. It was no use to shirk, he came upon them too suddenly ; and so they scampered off with their heads down, regardless of the loud, angry summons which followed them in these remarkable terms : ‘ Come back ! come back ! I know who you are. I shall soon find you out ! ’ It was not a logical summons ; but I make myself responsible for its truth to the very letter.”

The absurdity of the situation was that the boys saw through the ridiculous pretences of the system more clearly than anyone : innumerable offences were winked at, and why the whole elaborate fabric should have been maintained, when the boys knew that the Headmaster knew, and the Headmaster knew that the boys knew that he knew, is hard to comprehend. A good instance of the anomalies of the system is the following.

Mr. Tucker says :—

“ After an appropriate allusion to the celebration of the birthday of George III., who had been so great a patron to Eton, he touched on the prolongation to ten o’clock. As he couldn’t mention the boats, he had to give some reason or other for the indulgence. He laughingly said,—‘ he couldn’t see why leave should be extended to ten o’clock ; but supposed there was a cricket match, or something of that sort going on at that time : ’—at which there was a boeing and laughter which might have been heard through the open windows half over

Eton. Keate bore it all with faint deprecation : waited till the hubbub was over, and with a few more words dismissed them."

This speech must have become an institution, as Mr. Milnes-Gaskell reports a 4th of June speech, which he heard as a boy, to the same effect. He represents Keate as saying, "Boys, it is an old custom to have you locked up later than usual this night, that you may enjoy your game of cricket rather later than usual, and that it may be harder contested." He goes on to say that Keate not only knew perfectly well about the fireworks, but was present himself, with his family : "Was there ever such nonsense?" adds the boy, in a letter written the same day.

There was, however, a genuine vein of feeling in Dr. Keate's character, which occasionally betrayed itself even in his public appearances.

An old Etonian, lately dead, who was a boy in the School when Keate was Headmaster, told me the following story on his own authority. He said that on one occasion there was an outbreak of insubordination, and that some books and other missiles were thrown at Keate in school just as he was leaving his desk. He endeavoured to detect the perpetrator, but in vain. On the following morning, on ascending the estrade, he looked round, and with the prodigious cough with which he prefaced all his remarks, he said that he had a few remarks to offer on the event of the previous night.

He went on to say that some books had been thrown at him ; that he was a schoolmaster of long standing, and that this was not altogether surprising to him. " But," he added, " among the books there was a stone flung." He looked round, and his voice grew rather oddly tremulous, " I hope, boys, I haven't deserved that."

This was received with a burst of cheers and tremendous stamping, at which the Doctor first frowned, then hummed and hawed—" There, there . . . that'll do . . . quiet, boys, quiet"—but he was obviously gratified, and the little ovation had swept away any feeling of resentment in his mind. I give the story just as it was narrated, but cannot find it recorded in any of the books.

His natural disposition to geniality cannot be doubted. Mr. Tucker writes :—

" When things went smoothly, he was kind in manner, ready, as in higher Courts, to smile at poor jests, and pass unusual things in school-work, if witty, or intended to be so. For instance, Curzon, in a copy of verses on the ways and dangers of critics—supposedly after the manner of Juvenal—put " *Io pulvis!*" explaining it for the London cry of " Dust, ho!" Keate passed it with a smile, thumb-nailing it after his manner, and so would pass any other witticisms of a similar kind with similar good-nature."

And again :—

" On one occasion, as he was calling *Absence* on

a winter's evening, he lighted on a large folded screen, which we, the Liberty, had hired and drawn round the Lower fire-place. We had answered our names from afar ; but stood up of course as he drew down towards us. He peered within ; laughingly made us an ironical bow, and said, "*Quite* a new thing !" as if an unheard-of luxury, and passed on. He was a very Spartan in the amenities of boy-life,—and would not have tolerated umbrellas, great coats, mufflers, &c., under the certificate of Sir Henry Halford himself."

The recorded instances, however, of his betraying anything deeper than geniality are rare : one, however, must not be omitted. Mr. Tucker writes :—

"On one occasion he had felt it right to administer a sharp and severe word-castigation to a Sixth. It was listened to with respectful silence. No extenuation was pleaded, no mitigation suggested ; and on its conclusion the offender admitted his fault, but touchingly added, 'You know, sir, that I regard you as a father.' Keate hesitated for a moment. 'I believe you do,' and not a word more was said. It seemed almost prophetic. The anticipatory son subsequently married one of his daughters."

Dr. Keate was made Canon of Windsor in the eleventh year of his Headmastership, and held the two preferments together for 14 years. He also accepted the Vicarage of Nether Stowey, in Somerset-



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DR. KEATE.

From a silhouette in the possession of William Leveson-Gower, K.S. of Eton College.

shire, in the same year as his Canonry, but exchanged it in 1824 for the living of Hartley Westpall, in Hampshire, whither he retired in 1834 on resigning his Headmastership. He married a daughter of Sir Charles Brown, the celebrated surgeon, who was long resident at the Court of Berlin. By her he had one son, John Charles Keate, who succeeded him in his rectory, and only recently deceased, and six daughters, one of whom was the wife of Richard Durnford, late Bishop of Chichester.

At Hartley he acquired by purchase the glebe of the rectory, and considerably enlarged the house, at the same time building a new rectory.

Even in retirement, habit sometimes proved too strong. An old Etonian, Mr. Wilkinson, relates that when he was acting as curate to Dr. Keate, after his retirement from Eton, and, as such, scolding a Hampshire lad for misbehaviour in Church, the Rector and ex-Headmaster came up "full of apparent ire," and poked off the village boy's hat, saying, "What's this, sir; don't answer me, sir. Take off your hat, sir. I'll flog you directly!"

But all accounts of Dr. Keate, after his retirement from office, agree in representing him as a cheerful, good-humoured, kindly old gentleman, fond of leisurely pursuits, devoted to his children and tenderly indulgent to his grandchildren. That was no doubt the real nature of the man: the other was the deliberate official mask which he thought it his duty

to assume, like Weir of Hermiston's "Hanging Face."

Mr. Tucker, speaking of Keate's disciplinary difficulties, writes very pertinently :—

"In estimating Keate's character, it must not be overlooked that, in the case of a very considerable part of the School, he was never spoken of, except under some insolently familiar or opprobrious name,—of which he was perfectly cognisant, and that he always stood, like Esau, with hands against him. If he knew that there were some who looked up to him with unfeigned respect, and were proud of the status to which he had raised the School in the eyes of the world, he knew also that there were others who would hesitate at nothing to ridicule, annoy, or injure him. And this, not with the very remotest attempt to understand or appreciate his character ; but simply because he was a strict and stern disciplinarian, and would be obeyed."

There are in existence some careful diaries and other papers, besides a number of water-colour sketches of Eton and the neighbourhood, all relating to this date, in the possession of Mr. Richard Durnford, the grandson of Dr. Keate, who has inherited the house and estate of Hartley from his uncle, Mr. John Keate. The diaries were kept by one of the Misses Brown, Mrs. Keate's sisters, and though much of them is no doubt of a private nature, it is to be hoped that some extracts may eventually be made public.

The following specimen of an Eton boy's letter, written in 1834 by Mr. J. C. Dent, afterwards of Sudeley Castle, may be of interest :—

“Eton College, Feb. 27, 1834.

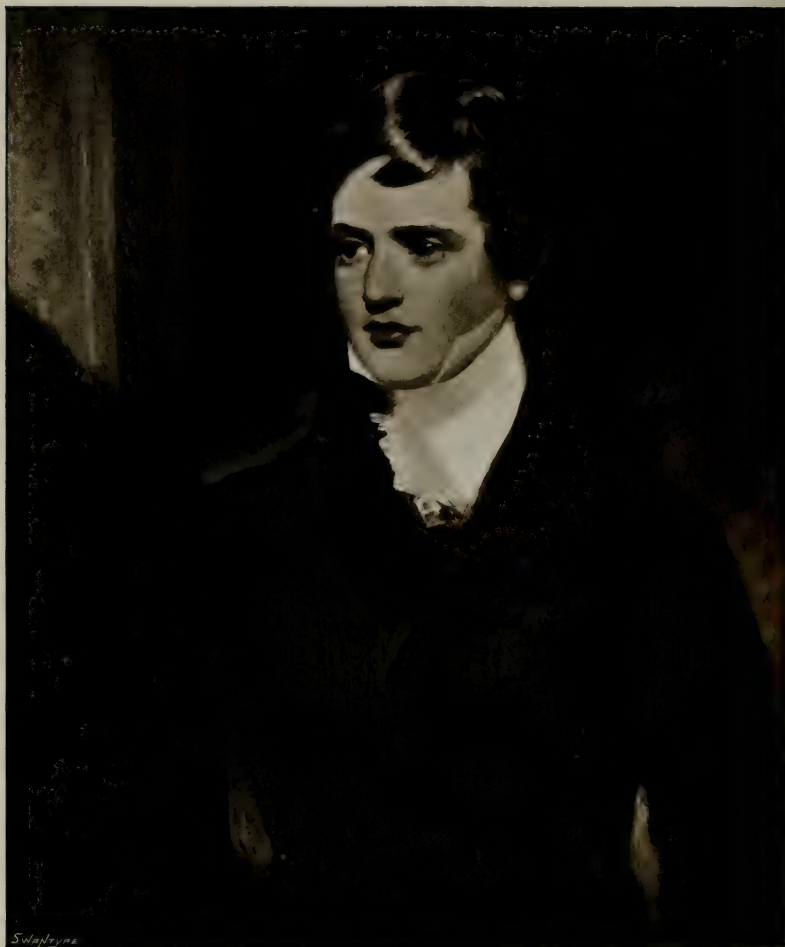
“Dear Uncle,

“I have taken the opportunity of a half-holiday to write to you. I like Eton VERY much indeed. I am placed in the middle remove 4th form, out of which I shall take my remove on the 4th of June into the upper. We have very little work to do, not nearly so much as I had at Mr. HINDE'S. Two or three times a week we have a six o'clock lesson in the morning, then one at 8, again at 11, again at 3, and again at 5, but at 5 and 11 o'clock lessons we are not in more than 10 or 15 minutes, as we have only each to say a few lines of Greek Grammar. Dr. Keate is the Head Master, the Rev. Mr. Knapp second, and there are ten assistant masters. I am very comfortable here. I have 2oz. of tea and 1lb. of lump sugar allowed per week. I mess with another boy of the name of Fort. I am in the room where a boy named Eden died last year. We have fires till Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Dupuis have been very kind to me ; we live very well here ; we often have fish and on Sunday a glass of wine. A perfumer in Windsor brought an action against the Eton fellows which has come off, but I have not heard the result. On Fair-day all the boys went up to Windsor ; some of them pelted the show-men, upon which followed a regular fight, the people joining in the fray. The Etonians got the best of it as they were armed with sticks—then came the constables, and the Mayor, from a window, called out, ‘I charge you in the King's name to assist,’ which they did and were thrashed. In the middle of all this row, up came Keate, and away they all ran ! This perfumer pretended to rescue some of the boys in his shop, and then split on them to Keate. Keate let them off, but the next thing the Eton fellows did was to smash every window in his house and every thing in his shop window. I wonder if you saw an account of it in the paper. I wear a clean neckcloth every day, and shirts when I happen to want them. About coming home there are two ways ; one in a fly to Gerard's

Cross, and be taken up by the Mail, and the other is to go by coach direct from here to Cheltenham, and then by the Alert to Worcester—the latter costs half as much as the other.—My love to all, not forgetting the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Worcester.

“Your affectionate nephew,

“J. C. Dent.”



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THE HON. EDWARD GEOFFREY STANLEY,
Afterwards 15th Earl of Derby.

From the oil painting by G. H. Harlow, in the Election Chamber, Eton College.

CHAPTER XX.

DR. KEATE'S PUPILS.

Dr. Keate, during his long tenure of office, had many distinguished pupils under him.

Edward Geoffrey Smith-Stanley, 14th Earl of Derby, was born in 1799. Little is recorded of his Eton days, but it is stated that he read widely and discursively. He had a strong taste for modern languages, and was a first-rate classical scholar. He left Christ Church without taking a degree, but he gained the Chancellor's medal for Latin verse, with a poem on Syracuse. It is said, however, that his Latin prose was even better than his Latin verse. When he was elected Chancellor of Oxford, on the death of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote an admirable Installation address in polished Latin. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1830, and Colonial Secretary in 1833, and again in 1841. He was thrice Premier, in 1852, 1858, and 1866. He was called to the House of Lords in 1846, as Lord Stanley, and succeeded to the Earldom in 1851. He was always fond of literature, and published translations from French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek. He published a translation of the Iliad in 1864, in blank verse, which went through six editions. It has some literary merit and is a

faithful rendering. His translations of Horace are sonorous, and certain lines, such as "Round thee shall night and bodiless phantoms press"—"Jam te premet nox fabulaeque manes"—may be almost considered admirable.

It will be interesting to quote a few lines of Lord Lytton's celebrated panegyric on Lord Derby:—

"One after one the lords of time advance—
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns the glance!
The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate!
Nor gout nor toil his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy:
First in the class and keenness in the ring,
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring."

And further on, in allusion to his promotion by Sir Robert Peel to the House of Lords:—

"Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,
Suggests fresh fighting in the next remove,
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,
To the prim benches of the Upper School."

A noted Eton family were the Denisons of Ossington. John Wilkinson, a London merchant, took the name of Denison, on succeeding William Denison, his cousin, a Leeds merchant.

John Wilkinson's eldest son was John Evelyn Denison, who was at Eton in 1811. He was afterwards for many years a member of the House of Commons, elected Speaker in 1857, and created Viscount Ossington in 1872.

His brother was Edward Denison, also an Etonian, appointed Bishop of Salisbury by Lord

Melbourne at the age of thirty-six. Bishop Denison was one of the most courageous and charitable of men. When the cholera broke out in Salisbury, the Bishop worked day and night, both as a minister and a sanitary reformer.

He gave away immense sums in charity, and though of an intolerant temper, was a devoted and earnest worker in the cause of Christ. He died in 1853.

Another brother was Sir William Thomas Denison, born in 1804, and also educated at Eton, a Royal Engineer, and afterwards Governor successively of Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, and Madras.

Another brother was Archdeacon Denison, who died recently.

Another well-known representative of a noted Eton family was Charles John, Earl Canning, third son of the celebrated statesman, George Canning. He left Eton in 1827, carrying away with him "a reputation rather for intelligence, accuracy, and painstaking, than for refined scholarship or any remarkable powers of composition." At Oxford he was the contemporary of Mr. Gladstone and of Lords Dalhousie and Elgin. In 1832 he took his degree, with a first class in classics and a second in mathematics. He succeeded to his mother's peerage in 1837, both of his elder brothers having predeceased her. He was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Sir Robert Peel in 1841, holding the

post for five years,—and afterwards under Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston,—and Postmaster-General, in which post he won a reputation for administrative ability.

In 1856 he went out to India as Governor-General, and in February, 1857, followed the incident of the greased cartridges and the Indian Mutiny. Canning has been severely blamed for not appreciating the gravity of the situation; but he displayed calm courage and undaunted firmness. It was said that he was cold and reserved in manner, and he was supposed by some to be unfeeling; but it is recorded by a member of his staff that the whole of the night on which he heard of the massacre of Cawnpore, he spent in walking up and down the marble hall of the Government House. It is clear that he was just, conscientious, and what is perhaps more rare, magnanimous.

He was created an Earl, and given the Garter, but retired in 1862 much broken in health, and died in the same year. His beautiful and gifted wife died of fever in 1861. Her life has been graphically written lately, together with that of her sister, Lady Waterford, in Hare's "Two Noble Lives."

Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the reforms effected at Eton during the present century, attributed them mainly to the Duke of Newcastle, G. A. Selwyn, and Provost Hawtrey. Of Hawtrey's reforms we shall speak elsewhere.

The Duke of Newcastle, of whom Mr. Gladstone



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HENRY PELHAM, FOURTH DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by C. Turner, after an oil-painting
by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

spoke, was Henry, the fourth Duke. He was born in 1785, and succeeded to the dukedom in 1795. He had a long minority, and entered life with many advantages. He married a great heiress, but embarrassed his fortune by the purchase of large estates such as Worksop and Hafod. By the passing of the Reform Bill he lost the patronage of six boroughs, a loss which he himself estimated as being equivalent to £200,000. The Duke was a most rigid Conservative. In 1830, on the occasion of the eviction of some tenants at Newark, he roused popular indignation against himself by quoting in the House of Lords the words, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I please with mine own?" The windows of his London house were broken by a mob; his residence, Nottingham Castle, was burnt to the ground, and he was obliged to fortify Clumber. It was always assumed by the public for many years that the Duke was an insatiable jobber, and acted habitually from the most selfish and interested motives. But he himself said in 1837, "On looking back to the past, I can honestly assert that I repent of nothing that I have done."

He died in 1851. He established a scholarship at Eton for the encouragement of classics and divinity in 1829, during Keate's tenure of office; the second boy was to receive a medal. For many years the latter was in abeyance, but it has been lately revived. The scholarship itself, though of less

value and shorter duration than at least two other scholarships awarded at Eton by examination, has an unquestioned pre-eminence, and is held to be the goal of classical ambition.

His son, the fifth Duke, was born in 1811 as Earl of Lincoln. He will be best remembered from the fact that he presided over the War Office during the Crimean War. The department was in a state of hopeless confusion, and though the Duke worked night and day to make it efficient, he had to bear the blame for long years of negligence and incompetence. He died in 1864, prematurely aged by the anxieties of office.

George Augustus Selwyn was born in 1809, at Church Row, Hampstead. His father was William Selwyn, an eminent Q.C., who was afterwards appointed "Instructor to Prince Albert in the Constitution and laws of his adopted country." He was one of six children, among whom from his earliest he took the lead. His first school was at Ealing, where both Newman and Manning had been educated. But he went on at an early age to Eton, where he was conspicuous, according to the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, for his extraordinary activity, bodily and mental, his high moral ideal, and his great personal fascination. Indeed, from all accounts, we may hazard the guess that Selwyn was one of the very few boys who both acted up to a high moral standard, and was perfectly ready to censure indifferent morality in others without in-

curring either unpopularity or any suspicion of priggishness.

This we may believe was due to his pre-eminence in all the qualities that boys most readily admire, combined with modesty and unselfishness.

"We belonged," wrote Bishop Abraham, his intimate friend, and afterwards coadjutor, "to the pre-scientific period as regards athleticism as well as studies. Our boats in those days were clumsy and the oars clumsier. In Selwyn's 'long-boat' there were seven oars not very good and one superlatively bad. The boys used to run 'up town' as hard as they could to Bob Tolladay's, and seize upon one of the moderately bad ones, and the last comer got the 'punt pole.' Of course he was sulky all the way up to Surly Hall, and the other seven abused him for not pulling his own weight. Every one was out of temper. So George Selwyn determined always to come last. The other fellows chaffed him, but he used to laugh, and at last characteristically said, 'It's worth my while taking that bad oar. I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in a good humour.'"

Bishop Harold Browne, another school-boy friend, spoke to his latest days of Selwyn's feats of diving, and the interest of his spirited speeches in "Pop," adding "He was always first in everything, and no one ever knew him without admiring and loving him." There was at one time in Eton, near Athens, on the river bank, a bush called "Selwyn's bush,"

over which it was his amusement to dive, though he could never persuade any one to follow his example. "It is perfectly simple," he used to say; "you must fancy yourself a *dart*, and you will do it with ease."

He went up to S. John's College, Cambridge, as a scholar in 1827, where he occupied rooms over the outer gateway. He found it at first a disagreeable change after the excitements of Eton, but he settled down to his work, and resolved to make up for lost time and fit himself for a profession, a determination which was accentuated by finding that the expenses of himself and his brother at Cambridge, and the two younger brothers at Eton, were so great as to oblige his father to give up his carriage.

In 1829 Oxford University, under the inspiration of Charles Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of S. Andrew's, proposed an inter-university boat-race. The challenge was accepted, and Selwyn rowed seven in the first race.

His physical activity was very remarkable. "Bishop Tyrrell," he wrote long afterwards, "and I walked from Cambridge to London in thirteen hours without stopping. Many of us were 'psychrolutes,' bathing in winter in all states of the river. And my advice to young men is, in two sentences, 'Be temperate in all things,' and "*Incumbite remis*—bend to your oars."

He took his degree in 1831 as second classic, and, after a brief visit to France, he settled down

at Eton as private tutor to the sons of Lord Powis.

In 1833 he took Orders and became Curate of Windsor. The Vicar, Mr. Gossett, resided at Datchet, and left the care of the parish almost entirely in Selwyn's hands. But he contrived to see a great deal of the boys at Eton, superintended the rowing, and was a kind of unofficial Mentor in athletic matters. He was, in fact, the pioneer of "muscular Christianity," and probably did more to put athletics on a serious footing, and in the prominent position they have ever since held, than any other man.

There was at the time a good deal of ill-feeling and discontent among the various "private tutors" then settled at Eton. The position was an anomalous one, and except in special cases has practically ceased to exist. The private tutors lived in lodgings, generally with the boys whom they coached, and held no official position in the School, being only responsible for the due preparation of their pupils' work.

He wrote to a friend "You were not at Eton when the miserable feuds were raging among the private tutors Many men quarrel because they object to be 'tied to the chariot-wheels' of So-and-so. I believe that, as clergymen, we ought to be willing to be tied, like furze-bushes, to a donkey's tail, if we can thereby do any good by stimulating what is lazy and quickening what is slow."

Mr. H. W. Tucker, his biographer, quotes a letter from the *Guardian* of April 24th, 1878, about his Eton days :—

“His whole residence at Eton was marked by friendship, kindly co-operation, cordiality, and zeal. If there were any misunderstandings among friends, he could not rest till they were reconciled; if pecuniary difficulty fell upon any one, he would make every endeavour to extricate him; if his friends were ill, he was their nurse and companion. If they lost relations and fell under any great sorrow, he was with them at any hour to console and uphold them.”

Till 1839 the river at Eton was out of bounds, but boating was not interfered with. Selwyn managed to persuade Dr. Hawtrey to countenance boating, and to establish the system of a swimming examination called “Passing,” which should make a boy free of the river.

Mr. Gladstone in 1878, writing to *The Times*, (April 18), said of him, “He was universally popular from his frank, manly, and engaging character, and scarcely less so from his extraordinary vigour as an athlete. He was attached to Eton, where he resided, with a love surpassing even the love of Etonians. In himself he formed a large part of the life of Eton, and Eton formed a large part of his life. To him is due no small share of the beneficial movement in the direction of religious earnestness which marked the Eton of forty years

back, and which was not in my opinion sensibly affected by any influence extraneous to the place itself."

In 1839 he married a daughter of Sir John Richardson, a judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and in 1841 he was offered and accepted the See of New Zealand, after it had been refused by William Selwyn, his elder brother.

In 1868, after twenty-six years of arduous missionary work, he accepted the See of Lichfield.

In 1877 his second son, late Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, was chosen to succeed Bishop Patteson as Bishop of Melanesia, and was consecrated the same year. The Bishop of Lichfield died in the following year of a subtle malady which had undermined his constitution. He was sincerely mourned, as an active, generous man, and a vigorous indefatigable worker; but he had an incisive temper, and was not always considerate of others' feelings. His most devoted admirers could not have described him as sympathetic.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHELLEY.

Of the many boys who were in the School under Dr. Keate, perhaps there is none to whom a deeper interest attaches than to the poet Shelley. The following extracts are from Hogg's "Life of Shelley," a most entertaining book, though Hogg was almost as little to be trusted as Shelley himself in the recital of matters of fact. This proceeded not from any deliberate mendacity, but from a mind radically incapable of representing events as they occurred. Hogg's statements were drawn partly from his own very indifferent recollections of Shelley's words, partly from some fragments collected, or equally inaccurately remembered by Mrs. Shelley.

He says :—

"To set a large tree on fire by means of an ordinary burning-glass seems to be impossible ; and the distance at which this achievement was reported to have been performed made the tale altogether incredible. For some time, therefore, I considered it as fabulous. I have since been informed by Eton men, that an old tree was actually set on fire, but that the fire was caused by gunpowder, and that the gunpowder was ignited by a lens. If a small

quantity of gunpowder were placed in the hollow of an old tree, when it exploded it would doubtless set the dry rotten wood alight; a train might easily be laid from the mine to a distant point, where, with a common burning glass, the train might be kindled and the mine sprung. This piece of boyish mischief Shelley, they assured me, really executed. It was a very trifling affair, but the fire and explosion were of sufficient magnitude greatly to terrify the timid old gentlewoman, who then presided over the school, and against whose nerves the flaming attack was aimed."

This last sentence is not an infelicitous description of Dr. Keate, as some have thought, but an allusion to Shelley's "Dame."

He continues :—

"Shelley had several attached friends at Eton; I will insert the kind testimonial of one of them, because it is equally creditable to both the friends :—

"Glenthorne, February 27, 1857.

"My dear Madam (addressed to Mrs. Shelley),

"Your letter has taken me back to the sunny time of boyhood, 'when thought is speech, and speech is truth;' when I was the friend and companion of Shelley at Eton. What brought us together in that small world was, I suppose, kindred feelings, and the predominance of fancy and imagination. Many a long and happy walk have I had with him in the beautiful neighbourhood of dear old Eton. We used to wander for hours about Clewer, Frogmore, the Park at Windsor, the Terrace; and I was a delighted and willing listener to his marvellous stories of fairy-land, and apparitions, and spirits, and haunted ground; and his speculations were then (for his mind was far more developed than mine) of the

world beyond the grave. Another of his favourite rambles was Stoke Park, and the picturesque churchyard, where Grey (sic) is said to have written his Elegy, of which he was very fond. I was myself far too young to form any estimate of character, but I loved Shelley for his kindliness and affectionate ways: he was not made to endure the rough and boisterous pastime at Eton, and his shy and gentle nature was glad to escape far away to muse over strange fancies, for his mind was reflective and teeming with deep thought. His lessons were child's play to him, and his power of Latin versification marvellous. I think I remember some long work he had even then commenced, but I never saw it. His love of nature was intense, and the sparkling poetry of his mind shone out of his speaking eye, when he was dwelling on anything good or great. He certainly was not happy at Eton, for his was a disposition that needed especial personal superintendence, to watch, and cherish, and direct all his noble aspirations, and the remarkable tenderness of his heart. He had great moral courage, and feared nothing, but what was base and false and low. He never joined in the usual sports of the boys, and, what is remarkable, never went out in a boat on the river. What I have here set down will be of little use to you, but will please you as a sincere, and truthful, and humble tribute to one whose good name was sadly whispered away.

"Shelley said to me, when leaving Oxford under a cloud: 'Halliday, I am come to say good-bye to you, if you are not afraid to be seen with me!' I saw him once again in the autumn of 1814, in London, when he was glad to introduce me to his wife. I think he said, he was just come from Ireland. You have done quite right in applying to me direct, and I am only sorry that I have no anecdotes, or letters, of that period to furnish.

"I am, yours truly,
"Walter S. Halliday."

Hogg continues:—

"Dr. Keate, the headmaster of Eton school, was a short, short-necked, short-legged man; thick-set, powerful, and very active. His countenance resembled that of a bull-dog; the expression was not



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PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

After a painting by G. Clint, R.A.

less sweet and bewitching ; his eyes, his nose, and especially his mouth were exactly like that comely and engaging animal ; and so were his short, crooked legs. It was said in the school that old Keate could pin and hold a bull with his teeth. His iron sway was the more unpleasant and shocking, after the long, mild, Saturnian reign of Dr. Goodall, whose temper, character, and conduct corresponded precisely with his name, and under whom Keate had been master of the lower school. Discipline, wholesome and necessary in moderation, was carried by him to an excess ; it is reported, that on one morning he flogged eighty boys. Although he was rigid, coarse, and despotical, some affirm that, on the whole, he was not unjust, nor altogether devoid of kindness. His behaviour was accounted vulgar and ungentlemanlike, and therefore he was peculiarly odious to the gentlemen of the school, especially to the refined and aristocratical Shelley. Being universally unpopular, to torment him was excusable, legitimate, and even commendable. In school, the headmaster sat enthroned in a spacious elevated desk, enclosed on all sides, like a pew, with two doors, one on each side. These the boys one morning screwed fast. The Doctor entered the school at eleven o'clock, advanced to his desk, tried to open one door, and found it fastened. He went round, grinning, growling, and snarling, to the other side ; the door there had been secured also. Then, turning furiously to the boys, he said :—

“‘You think to keep me out, eh! You think I cannot get in here, eh! But I will soon show you the difference, eh!’

“The desk was as high as the breast of an ordinary man, and as high as the little Doctor’s head, but laying his hand on it, he lightly vaulted in. The season was summer; in school old Keate wore a long gown and cassock, and in warm weather, it seemed, nothing under them; for, in his leap, the learned and reverend Doctor displayed not only his agility, but the fact that all lower integuments were wanting. The unwonted spectacle was saluted with loud cheers, and a hearty laugh. The mutinous explosion inflamed his wrath to the utmost.

“‘You shall pay for this, eh! I will make some of you suffer for it, eh!’

“However, nothing came of it; the enraged and insulted pedagogue could not discover the offenders. The screws had been bought by two boys, a tall one and a short one. This was all the detectives could find out.”

Speaking of Shelley’s chemical experiments, Hogg writes:—

“It was still more likely indeed that he would poison himself, for plates and glasses, and every part of his tea equipage were used indiscriminately with crucibles, retorts, and recipients, to contain the most deleterious ingredients. To his infinite diversion I used always to examine every drinking-vessel

narrowly, and often to rinse it carefully, after that evening when we were taking tea by firelight, and my attention being attracted by the sound of something in the cup into which I was about to pour tea, I was induced to look into it. I found a seven-shilling piece partly dissolved by the *aqua regia* in which it was immersed. Although he laughed at my caution, he used to speak with horror of the consequences of having inadvertently swallowed, through a similar accident, some mineral poison, I think arsenic, at Eton, which he declared had not only injured his health, but that he feared he should never entirely recover from the shock it had inflicted on his constitution. It seemed probable, notwithstanding his positive assertions, that his lively fancy exaggerated the recollection of the unpleasant and permanent taste, of the sickness and disorder of the stomach, which might arise from taking a minute portion of some poisonous substance by the like chance, for there was no vestige of a more serious and lasting injury in his youthful and healthy, although somewhat delicate aspect."

Mrs. Shelley writes :—

"On being placed at Eton, Shelley had to undergo aggravated miseries from his systematic and determined resistance to that law of a public school, denominated fagging. It were long to discuss the merits of the question now. To show how the most obedient fags become the worst tyrants ; or how it is detrimental to the disposition,

both of the elder and the younger boys : of the one, that they should capriciously command ; of the other, that they should slavishly and fearfully obey. Shelley would never obey. And this incapacity on his part was the cause of whatever persecutions might attend him, both at school and in his future life. . . .

“ There is . . . a line to be drawn between the vicious and the good in these circumstances, which is, the mode in which they employ their liberty. The most rigid censor could hardly have found fault with Shelley’s. His heart was set on the acquirement of knowledge, and his time was spent in that exercise. At the very time that he neglected the rules of school-attendance, he translated half of Pliny’s Natural History into English. His money was employed, either in purposes of benevolence, or in the purchase of books, or instruments.

“ I do not give him as an example for children to follow. Away with this cant of school-boy reproving. I describe, and as far as in me lies unfold the secrets of a human heart ; and, if I be true to nature, I depict an uprightness of purpose, a generosity of sentiment, and a sweetness of disposition, that yielded not to the devil of hate, but to the god of love, unequalled by any human being that ever existed. Tamed by affection, but unconquered by blows, what chance was there that Shelley should be happy at a public school ?

“ Affection does not enter in the headmaster’s

code of laws ; kindness is too troublesome a mode of discipline, and fear is a short way of enchaining a multitude.

“One is glad when one can bring our pretended moralists to a forced acquiescence. What is it that in spite of all his worth, still always gives an air of the ridiculous to the character of a schoolmaster? Think you that it would be so, if his heart and soul were engaged in forming perfect human beings from the little embryos placed under his care ; or, if beloved by his pupils, studying their dispositions, imbuing them with virtue by the force of reason only ; winding them to his purpose by the resistless power of superior wisdom? Oh, no ! look at the picture of the schoolmaster. Is it the paternal care that his countenance expresses? the thoughtful, yet deep-felt affection that causes his eyes to beam? the lessons of virtue, dropping, like honey, from his tongue? the gentle remonstrance? the firm yet angerless resistance to the freaks of his little flock? Are these what cause a smile of contempt? No. Look at him. His frowning brow ; the rod uplifted in one hand ; the book, the fatal, incomprehensible book, in the other ; the slave, that cowed, fearful, and stammering, stands before him,—his cheek already tingling with the expected blow ! This is no caricature of a schoolmaster ; such is the picture universally acknowledged as his prototype, and you dare to inculcate the angelic nature of Shelley, because he bent not his back to this autocrat !”

Hogg continues :—

“ Inasmuch as a lady, however clever and well-informed, cannot attain to an accurate comprehension of the manners and morals of a public school, exaggeration and inaccuracy may be pardoned. I will not pretend to decide the great question, as to the expediency of a well-regulated system of fagging ; I have sometimes ventured to discuss it with my animated and eloquent friend ; and I must confess that I still think that something may be said in favour of the old practice. For my own part, I learned as a fag, how to do many very useful things. To make a bed, to brush a hat and clothes ; to clean knives and forks, and plates, and shoes and boots, in particular, to set a good polish on the last with a moderate consumption of blacking. To roast potatoes, chestnuts, and the like ; to boil an egg ; to make coffee, toast, and other good things ; to put on buttons, sew up a seam, and in one word, to make myself generally useful. This salutary exercise of humble faculties did me no sort of harm ; on the contrary, it was eminently serviceable in after-life. I was a dutiful fag, but I am no more a slave, Shelley, than yourself ; and from my servile submission to this so-called tyranny, it is quite certain that my aristocratical feelings took no detriment. Whilst I was still a fag, a boy at school, whom I had offended, said to me one day : ‘ People say, as proud as Lucifer ; but I say, if Lucifer were only half as proud as you are, he would have some-

thing to be proud of!’ Shelley sometimes reminded me of the boy’s sally, and he would add: ‘How I wish I could be fastidious and exclusive as you are; but I cannot. I fear it is not in my nature to be so!’” But to return to Mrs. Shelley’s testimonies.

“While at Eton he formed several sincere friendships; although disliked by the Masters, and hated by his superiors in age, he was adored by his equals. He was all passion,—passionate in his resistance to injury, passionate in his love. Kindness could win his whole soul, and the idea of self never for a moment tarnished the purity of his sentiments.

“He became intimate, also, at Eton, with a man whom he never mentioned, except in terms of the tenderest respect. This was Dr. Lind, a name well known among the professors of medical science. ‘This man,’ he has often said, ‘is exactly what an old man ought to be. Free, calm-spirited, full of benevolence, and even of youthful ardour; his eye seemed to burn with supernatural spirit beneath his brow, shaded by his venerable white locks; he was tall, vigorous, and healthy in his body; tempered, as it had ever been, by his amiable mind. I owe to that man far, ah! far more than I owe to my father; he loved me, and I shall never forget our long talks, where he breathed the spirit of the kindest tolerance and the purest wisdom. Once, when I was very ill during the holidays, as I was recovering from a fever which had attacked my brain, a servant overheard my father consult about sending me to a

private madhouse. I was a favourite among all our servants, so this fellow came and told me as I lay sick in bed. My horror was beyond words, and I might soon have been mad indeed, if they had proceeded in their iniquitous plan. I had one hope. I was master of three pounds in money, and, with the servant's help, I contrived to send an express to Dr. Lind. He came, and I shall never forget his manner on that occasion. His profession gave him authority; his love for me ardour. He dared my father to execute his purpose, and his menaces had the desired effect.'

"I relate this in my Shelley's words, for I well remember them. I well remember where they were spoken; it was that night that decided my destiny; when he opened at first with the confidence of friendship, and then with the ardour of love, his whole heart to me."

Hogg here continues:—

"Of Dr. Lind more will be told hereafter. I have heard Shelley speak of his fever and this scene at Field Place more than once, in nearly the same terms as Mrs. Shelley adopts. It appeared to myself, and to others also, that his recollections were those of a person not quite recovered from a fever, which had attacked his brain, and still disturbed by the horrors of the disease. Truth and justice demand that no event of his life should be kept back, but that all the materials for the formation of a correct judgment should be freely given."

“One morning,” says Hogg, “a few days after I made Shelley’s acquaintance, I was at his rooms, and we were reading together, when two Etonians called on him, as they were wont to do; they remained a short time conversing with him.

“‘Do you mean to be an Atheist here, too, Shelley?’ one of them enquired.

“‘No!’ he answered, ‘certainly not. There is no motive for it; there would be no use in it; they are very civil to us here; they never interfere with us; it is not like Eton.’

“To this they both assented. When his visitors were gone, I asked him what they meant. He told me that at Eton he had been called Shelley the Atheist; and he explained to me the true signification of the epithet. This is the substance of his explanation:—

“All persons who are familiar with public schools are well aware that there is a set of nicknames, many of them denoting offices, as the Pope, the Bishop, the Major, the General, the Governor, and the like, and these are commonly filled by successive generations. At Eton, but at no other school, that I have ever heard of, they had the name and office of Atheist; but this usually was not full; it demanded extraordinary daring to attain to it; it was commonly in commission, as it were, and the youths of the greatest hardihood might be considered as boys commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Atheist.

“ Shelley’s predecessor had filled the office some years before his time ; he was also called Blank the Atheist, we must say, for I have forgotten his name. The act of Atheism, in virtue of which he obtained the title, was gross, flagrant, and downright.

“ A huge bunch of grapes, richly gilded, hung in front of the ‘ Christopher,’ as the sign, or in aid of the sign, of the inn. This the profane young wretch took down one dark winter’s night, and suspended at the door of the headmaster of his day. In the morning, when he rushed out in the twilight to go to chapel, being habitually too late, and always in a hurry, he ran full butt against the bunch of grapes, which was at least as big as himself, a little man. From this it is evident that the word Atheist was used by the learned at Eton, not in a modern, but in an ancient and classical sense, meaning an Antitheist, rather than Atheist ; for an opposer and contemner of the gods, not one who denies their existence.

“ Capaneus, Salmoneus, the Cyclops, and the other strong spirits of the olden time, were termed *ἄθεοι*, because they insulted and defied their deities ; not because they doubted, or denied, that they existed.

“ The gods of Eton were the authorities of the school ; nobody ever denied the existence of Old Keate, but many a lad of pluck did everything in his power to torment the old boy ; and amongst these Shelley was conspicuous ; he held the ful-

mimating Jove in scorn, and despised his birchen thunderbolts.

“It was for contumaciously setting the old tree on fire, of which we have spoken, that he first obtained the full title of Shelley the Atheist, which he held and enjoyed so long as he remained at school.

“Two or three Eton boys called another day, and begged their former schoolfellow to curse his father and the king, as he used occasionally to do at school. Shelley refused, and for some time persisted in his refusal, saying that he had left it off; but as they continued to urge him, by reason of their importunity he suddenly broke out, and delivered with vehemence and animation, a string of execrations, greatly resembling in its absurdity a papal anathema; the fulmination soon terminated in a hearty laugh, in which all joined. When we were alone, I said:

“‘Why, you young reprobate, who in the world taught you to curse your father—your own father?’

“‘My grandfather, Sir Bysshe, partly; but principally my friend, Dr. Lind, at Eton. When anything goes wrong at Field Place, my father does nothing but swear all day long afterwards. Whenever I have gone with my father to visit Sir Bysshe, he always received him with a tremendous oath, and continued to heap curses upon his head so long as he remained in the room.’

“Sir Bysshe being Ogygian, gouty, and bed-

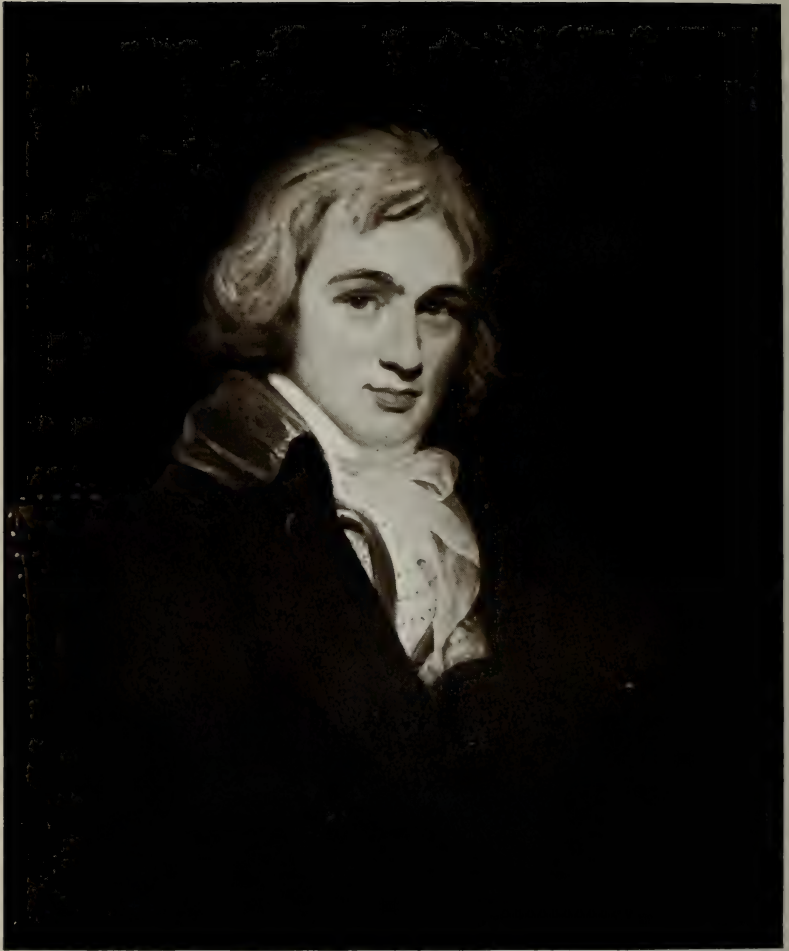
ridden, the poor old baronet had become excessively testy and irritable; and a request for money instantly aggravated and inflamed every symptom, moved his choler, and stirred up his bile, impelling him irresistibly to alleviate his sufferings by the roundest oaths.

“The grandson gave me some choice specimens of his grandfather’s male and nervous eloquence in that peculiar department of oratory.

“Dr. Lind communicated to Shelley a taste for chemistry and chemical experiments, as has been before stated; the mild, the amiable, the gentle Dr. Lind, also taught his young pupil how to deal damnation round the land.

“Shelley invariably spoke with respect, regard, and gratitude of Dr. Lind, and of the injuries the Doctor had received, whatever they might be, with indignant sympathy. He used to go to tea with the meek and benevolent physician at Eton; and after tea they used to curse King George the Third, for the Doctor had really been, or firmly believed that he had been, cruelly wronged by that pious and domestic, but obstinate and impracticable, monarch.

“After a light and digestible repast of tea—made by the daughter, or niece, of the Doctor, with a proper regard, doubtless, for the nervous system, and of bread and butter prepared upon sanitary principles, the butter being thinly superinduced upon bread, the stalest that could be procured, or of the same bread lightly toasted, and to be



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HENRY HALLAM.

1794.

From the oil-painting by Sir W. Beechey, R.A., in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

taken without any condiment — the execrations began.

“After the salubrious meal, the good old Doctor proceeded solemnly to launch the greater excommunication against the father of his people, who, he thought, had acted like a stepfather to himself, and the rest joined in the condemnatory rite: in what precise form of words Miss Lind chimed in, I never heard. From cursing the father of his people, it was an easy and natural transition to curse his own natural father.

“The *dirae*, as they were recited before me once, and once only, were of a peculiar character, differing much from ordinary execrations, and they operated, if at all, demoniacally, by devoting their object to the evil spirits and infernal gods. Whatever else might be the effect of these curses, they certainly did not shorten life, either in the case of the excommunicated monarch, or of his liege man, old Timotheus.”

Another pupil of Keate's, who, from circumstances, has been perhaps more gloriously monumentalised than any other living man of the century, was Arthur Hallam. He was the second son of the historian, who was himself an Etonian, and was born in 1811. When he was seven years old he travelled with his parents in Germany and Switzerland. In the spring of 1820 he went to a school at Putney, and in October, 1822, became the pupil of Mr. Hawtrey at Eton.

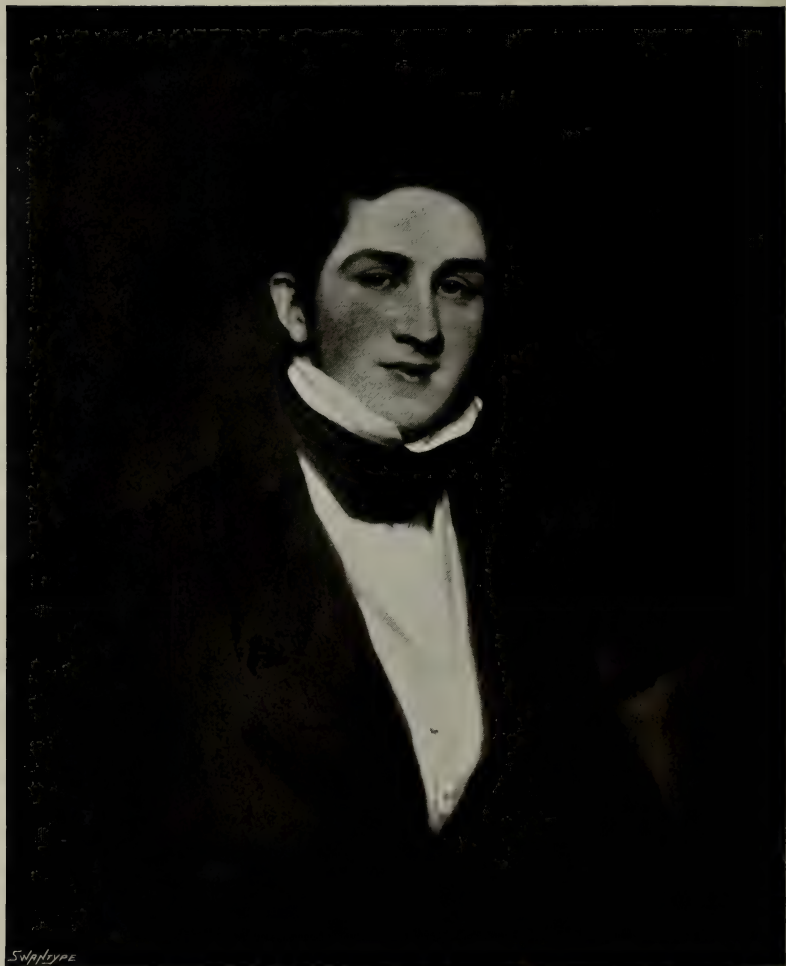
At Eton he formed many friendships with like-minded boys. He was a member of a society called the "Literati," of which Mr. Milnes Gaskell's "Records of an Eton Schoolboy" give the following account:—

"The Literati consist of about half-a-dozen Sixth Form and the same number of Upper Division, and are by no means an exclusively political society. They have four delightful rooms. The few that I know consist of Gladstone (a son of the Member), Lord A. Hervey, Doyle, Selwyn, Hallam (the best poet in Eton). I was out all yesterday evening with Gladstone, who is one of the cleverest and most sensible people I ever met with."

Mr. Tucker adds:—"It was founded, and only known by the name of 'Literati' in my time. 'Docti sumus' in the IX. Satire was always construed, 'We are of the Literati'; and Keate, in a good-humoured way, used to pass it with a laugh, and said, 'Yes; well,' as if Hatton's were an *Academi nemus sacrum*, and Horace's troublesome fellow a member."

It is difficult to read the letters of Hallam which are quoted in this correspondence and elsewhere without forming an impression unfavourable to Hallam. The letters appear, even with all due allowances, to be tinged with unhealthy precocity, and by what we should call priggishness, developed to a painful degree.

Writing to Gaskell in 1826, he says:—"What



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ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

From the oil-painting (attributed to Mrs. Carpenter) in Election Chamber, Eton College.

think you of the *Εἰκὼν βασιλίκῃ* controversy? Would it do for a debate? I think the ayes have it. Pray take up Charles' side; it is sweetly untenable, and I shall have the luxury of beating you down with fair sheer argument. Oh! Gaskell, Gaskell; wherefore art thou Gaskell? Why do you continue to uphold the cause of the tyrant Charles, the frantic Laud, the ruffian Strafford? Jupiter help thee for a bigot! But I see your eye flashing fire at this attack."

It is hardly necessary to quote more to illustrate the point. Still more disappointing is the portrait, by an inferior artist it is true, which hangs in the Election Chamber at Eton. It represents a rubicund, good-humoured, almost beery-looking young man, with a sly and sensual cast of the eye.

He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, from Eton, where he formed the friendship that was to immortalise him. A friend of his writes in 1829, just after Tennyson had obtained the Chancellor's Medal for English verse, by his poem on Timbuctoo:—

"I received a letter this morning from Hallam. He is delighted that Tennyson is successful in the Timbuctoo business. He says that Tennyson borrowed the pervading idea from him, so that he is entitled to the honours of a Sancho Panza in the memorable victory gained in the year 1829 over prosaicism and jingle jangle, of which Charles Wordsworth was the goodly impersonation."

Hallam was not always so amiable as his biographers would have us think. Lord Dudley told Francis Hare that he had dined with Henry Hallam and his son Arthur in Italy, when "it did my heart good to sit by, and hear how the son snubbed the father, remembering how often the father had unmercifully snubbed me."*

He published a small volume of poems, of which a friend wrote :—"Hallam's volume of poems is at length come out, and contains very many pieces of great beauty. Wordsworth, the poet, says he never saw anything giving so much promise."

It is impossible to endorse this judgment. Hallam's poems do not show any very great promise. Those belonging to the year 1829 are written in a strain of despondency and dejection, chiefly due to the state of his health.

The truth, no doubt, was that his constitution, never very strong, was gradually yielding to the intense nervous strain to which it was subjected.

In March, 1830, he writes to Gaskell, "The whole matter resolves itself into this. I am one of strong passions, irresolute purposes, vacillating opinions. I feel not within me that strength of soul by which the distance in place and time becomes as present."

In 1832 he writes from Croydon Lodge, Croydon :—"I am, as you are aware, a moping

* Life and Works of W. S. Landor, by John Forster, 1876, Vol. 1, p. 404.

peevish creature—a sort of dog who wanders about sulkily in the darkness, and bays at the unsteady moonlight which here and there breaks through it.” He goes on to speak with gloom about his prospects in life and the little chance he has of being able to be married. He was engaged to his friend Alfred Tennyson’s sister.

All speculations as to the possibilities of his future career were cut short by his sudden death while travelling with his father in Italy.

Sir F. Doyle says “Arthur Hallam was the most brilliant and charming Etonian of his time. To all of us who knew, and, I may say, worshipped him, his early death was a misfortune which we have never forgotten.”

Another member of the Hallam circle, who lived to a great age, was Lord Arthur Hervey, son of the Marquis of Bristol, who was eventually Bishop of Bath and Wells, and wrote a learned work on the Genealogies of Christ.

Milnes Gaskell says :—

“Lord Sidmouth spoke in such high terms of my friend, Lord Arthur Hervey, whom he met the other day at his father’s, that I was quite delighted. He told me he never saw a young man whose manners were so prepossessing and countenance so indicative of everything that is noble, gentlemanly, and desirable. . . . I told him he was destined for the Church, upon which he said ‘I cannot regret it, as he will shine conspicuously everywhere.’”

Among other notabilities of the period, may be mentioned Capel Loftt, a man of great but eccentric ability, who was offered a mastership by Dr. Keate. He wrote two letters—one accepting, one declining the offer—and enclosed them in perfectly identical covers, and threw one of them into the fire. The result was that he accepted, and in 1829 was a Master for a few months, but with no particular success, and soon found the duties so distasteful to him that he resigned. He afterwards attained some slight literary success with a curious autobiographical book called “Self-formation.”

CHAPTER XXII.

ETON LIFE.

During the last and the early part of the present century, life at Eton was far more like the life of a University than that of a school. The Masters were Professors who came into school and delivered lectures at certain hours, but were not concerned with discipline or morals, as long as public decorum was observed.

The boys lodged at "Dames'" houses. The Dames were both male and female, more generally the latter. Almost any person of limited means and respectable antecedents could settle at Eton and be licensed by the Provost to receive boarders; preference was of course given to vested interests. But the post was a difficult one, and to a sensitive occupant must have been attended with daily and hourly humiliations. The Dame had no precisely defined authority. A Master visited each house for stated purposes, such as reading prayers or calling absence at lock-up; but apart from that the Dame was left to shift as she best could, though she might carry complaints of misbehaviour to the Master who was attached to the house, or to the Headmaster himself. But as a rule she complained little, and managed the boys with such tact as she could.

At one house in Eton there still exists an extraordinary arrangement of swing doors and peep-holes, behind which the Dame might entrench herself, and utter requests for peace and even threats of vengeance. In another house lived three ladies, sisters, whose method of procedure, in case of any disturbance, was as follows. After the noise had continued for some time, the first and most active used to arrive, tap at the door, and say, "Pray, gentlemen, desist!" If this was not sufficient, she remained upon the scene, protesting. It was agreed upon by the ladies that if after a given interval the first did not return, and the noise was unabated, the second and less capable should join her forces, and, if even that proved un-availing, that the third sister, of large proportions, who generally lived in strict seclusion, and was understood to be unequal to the ordinary business of life, should arrive in a state of hysterics, and join her entreaties to those of the previous pair. The manœuvre was invariably successful, as the mutineers were fairly crowded out by the three elderly ladies, often in tears, and even showing signs of being on the verge of fainting.

At another house the Dame was noted for her distinguished manners and the refinement which she endeavoured to inculcate among the boys. "Shadwell," she said one day at dinner to a boy near her, who was clamouring for a second helping, "you are behaving like a pig." "Then fill my

trough, ma'am," said the incorrigible offender, thrusting his plate upon her.

Three other ladies who kept a house had a fancy for attending a particular church in Windsor, at a considerable distance. They liked to arrive there together, but their walking pace varied so much, that the eldest sister was obliged to start first. After a reasonable interval the second started, and then finally the third and most brisk. There is reason to suppose that the handicapping was by long practice fairly exact.

It is to be hoped that these ladies amassed money, for their life was hard. One perpetual form of persecution, to which they were liable, was the "brozier." This was a deliberately-planned attempt to eat the larder bare, but a wary Dame took care, as a rule, to have some sturdy edible in stock, such as a vast cheese, which defied all marauders.

One of the best-known Dames was Ragueneau, at whose house the Duke of Wellington had boarded. "Mr. Ragueneau," says a chronicler, "seldom stirred out of Eton. One one occasion, after the Summer or Election holidays, Ben Drury, who had been travelling as far and wide on the Continent, or elsewhere, as the time permitted, in passing Ragueneau's house on his way home, and seeing him standing at his door, stopped his post-chaise, and leaning out saluted him, and asked the news, and what they had all been doing with

themselves in the holidays. 'Damn 'em ; they've ris the bread,' was the answer. Drury drove on."

The aspect of the place has undergone a marvellous change for the better. At the beginning of the century, says Mr. Tucker, "Outside [the College] was a common-looking hamlet ; two or three fairly good houses scattered amidst others of a most paltry character, with a largish paled, open, grimy, coal-yard in the midst, nearly opposite the School Yard Arch."

No less remarkable a change has passed over the interior of the College. The arrangement of the Chapel was very different before the restoration ; the sacrarium was not railed off, as now, but the altar alone was railed in ; boys sate all round the rails. North and south of the altar was high panelling with two large doors, one on each side, leading to the turrets, and concealing Provost Murray's tomb and the present sedilia. In front of this panelling were seats extending up to the eastern wall. On the steps leading up to the altar were seats for boys, but as the School increased, no fresh seats were added, and a great number of boys never sate or knelt at all, but stood during the whole service. Near the pulpit, which was on the south side, were pews for the Provost's and Fellows' families, for the parishioners, the College servants, the servants of the Masters. The Master-in-desk sate in a large pew, and his office was no sinecure.

It is said that a vigilant Master, before service

began, would have a miscellaneous collection of articles—knives, fives balls, bags of eatables, apples, even quinces, on his book-board, which he had confiscated from impatient boys.

The Lower boys came into Chapel first, and were sometimes kept waiting ten minutes before the service began, controlled or not controlled by the solitary Master-in-desk. The Fifth Form loitered about the doors till the Headmaster appeared, and then rushed in. If the Headmaster was late, as Dr. Keate not unfrequently was, the disorder was extreme. The Provost and Vice-Provost sat where they do now, the Headmaster immediately on the Provost's right, and the Lower-master on the Vice-Provost's left. The next few stalls on each side were filled by noblemen in the School. Then the Fellows sat, three on each side, where the Headmaster and Lower-master now sit. Then came the Assistants, and then, on the north side, the Conduct.

Before the restoration, the sacristy, now the practising-room of the Choir, was used as a lumber-room by the Chapel clerk, old Gray. Among other things that he kept there was a coffin, originally ordered for a boy, Charles Montagu by name, who had been drowned at Eton. The body was, however, not buried at Eton, but was removed in a different coffin, the former one becoming Gray's perquisite. He always showed it to visitors as the coffin in which he intended to be buried, and buried in it he actually was.

The condition of the Collegers at this time, and for long afterwards, was a disgrace to civilization. Mr. Tucker gives a most vivid and picturesque account of his early experiences. On his election to College, he says:—“I chose the Long,* and imparted that choice to my Dame, with the request that my things might be sent thither. They were, and embraced a thin flock mattress, which lasted through my eleven succeeding years; three blankets, thin also; sheets, bolster—no pillow; and a woollen horse-rug woven in long worsted strings for counterpane.

“I had in addition the universal desk, a rough, half-planed affair in lead-coloured paint, some four feet square, or nearly so—a few inches higher perhaps than wide in front. It had a folding leaf, disclosing a shelf and one or two pigeon holes; and doors below, having also a shelf, and a side cupboard. It was a stand-up desk, for no chairs were given; we were not supposed to sit down; and a more awkward, useless, provoking affair could not easily be invented.

“Similar desks stood by every one’s bedside, ranged all up and down against the walls to the Liberty, or first six in the Fifth Form, who were allowed to fag, and have personal fags; they were also allowed to have chairs and bureaus.

“Such as it was, it had to contain all books and

* The choice lay between the Long Chamber, on the first floor, and Carter’s Chamber, on the ground floor.

scholastic matters ; it was the only repository for any other goods and chattels which the youthful owner might possess. For example, dry shoes after football, and trousers ; football trousers in those days being generally of striped bed-ticking, and very good football trousers too. They also did duty after lock-up. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, put on what were called 'College things,' that is, any old clothes at hand, so that they would hold well together, for the Lower boys, and smart College things for the Upper—flannels or bed-tick for the inferior limbs, and a coat or jacket of some light stuff for the upper. Long Chamber was no joke at any time if taken in the light of dust, smoke, and peculiar atmosphere ; but at night, with fifty boys of all sizes roving about, larking, making beds and other things, a Long costume was a necessity.

“On our return from football, muddled sometimes up to the elbows, we managed a sort of passing wash for dinner in my Dame's yard at the tap, and so were set up for the rest of the day. The lower part of the desk had, therefore, usually an indiscriminate assortment—rather mixed.

“There was indeed a 'Collegers' room' at my Dame's ; but it was chiefly for the use of morning face and hand washing, with a press for linen and other clothes, and was used as a sick-room when 'staying out.' The room had a window, a fire-place, a sanded floor, half-a-dozen basins, a chair, and a table—and nothing else ; *simplex munditiis* ;

not much used though by the Collegers at my Dame's.

“ But to return to the Long. It had fifty or fifty-two beds. I think the former ; not fifty or fifty-two bedsteads, so that three of us had to sleep on the floor between two bedsteads with heads against the desks. They were decently laid on the adjoining beds during the day-time ; but as every one had to make his own bed, the floor one was bundled down anyhow, trodden on and smirched in the double process of bed-making on each side of it. It was nearly a year—two terms I think—before repeated and strong home complaints brought about a complement of bedsteads. Our generation, perhaps, was less enduring than preceding ones.”

The life and diet, says Mr. Tucker, were no less trying than the accommodation. “ I have gone times out of number without a morsel of food within my lips from dinner to breakfast, save draughts of water ; and I have slept and dreamed of feasts and banquets such as boys of nine and ten can imagine, many a night, till wakened up at seven in winter by Keate's servant, Cartland, ringing a bell, and swinging a large horn lantern, ready to give a light to any one who had fortunately preserved a bit of his candle from overnight to dress by.

“ And then, if in the Fourth, into what was called from a memorial remnant, I suppose, of former days ‘ six o'clock lesson ’ in the Upper School. Dark and cold ; a Master in Windsor

arm-chair ; an iron rod in a stand by his side, supporting a tallow dip.

“ A boy called up. Steps down from his form to the Master-and-candle’s side, and construes as he best can, and parses some lines of Farnaby. . . . ”

The whole educational system was based on a principle of elaborate neglect, and was almost incredibly haphazard. This is Mr. Tucker’s account of the education contributed by his Tutor :—

“ My Tutor’s Pupil-room (and others, with rare exceptions) was a little dirty, dingy room, some few yards in length and breadth, standing by itself away from the house. The furniture, a deal table, two forms, a Windsor arm-chair, and a desk with a leaning top ; the table black with generations of ink, and deeply intersected with names and initials, to the total disappearance of original smoothness. Anything less inviting to study of any sort might long be sought in vain.

“ Soon after our arrival my Tutor would come out with strips of paper in his hand containing English for verses, or other tasks, distribute them, and leave us in the necessary quiet to do them carefully and well. That was, say, at twelve. About a quarter to two, or dinner hour, he would come again, gather them up, and take them away to correct, or mark mistakes in them for correction after four, and leave us.”

The result of this method of tuition was a deep-seated dishonesty, of which, so long as it

was not too flagrant, no notice whatever was taken.

Mr. Tucker says :—

“A friend of mine in the Fifth, who did a little of his work—not much, and that intermittently, grew weary of the obligation of having it done for him, and set about his themes and verses himself, I dare say, not very well at first, and full of mistakes, but his intention was good. However, this gave my Tutor more trouble in altering them than he wished ; and so one evening when he gave back his verses corrected, he said : ‘ B——, you don’t improve : if I couldn’t do better than this, I would be given ’—a phrase for having his work done for him. ‘ I will, sir,’—and so he did for ever afterwards. In after-life he rose into a good position, but he began his work after he left Eton,—not in verses and themes though.”

As to the relations between Masters and boys, nothing can have been more repellent ; of course there were brilliant exceptions, but the average attitude towards a Master was that of a suspicious dread, not unmingled with secret contempt. The consequence was obvious ; the boys were treated, as a rule, with a chilly brutality, and nothing is so contagious as tyranny ; like Ransome, the cabin boy in “ Kidnapped,” finding themselves the victims of cruelty, they liked to have a rope’s end of their own to wallop the little ones with, and keep them in order.

Here is an entry from the Milnes Gaskell Records, evidently made with no idea that there was anything revolting or even distressing about it:—

“ Rolles got spurs and rode some of us over a leap positively impossible to be leapt over with a person on your back, and every time (which is every time) we cannot accomplish it, he spurs us violently, and my thigh is quite sore with the inroads made by this dreadful spur. My ‘Poetae Graeci’ is destroyed, my new coat completely ruined.”

How is it possible to blame Rolles, when the Bursar behaved as Mr. Tucker records?

There exists in College an absurd notion that the threepenny bit given on Threepenny Day is the equivalent of half a sheep, formerly supposed to have been presented to the Collegers. The tradition is harmless and quite ineradicable. Mr. Tucker says:—

“ Some years ago, forty or thereabouts, a boy whose name should not be lost—Bramwell—said to the Bursar—*teste* Montagu Williams—that he would rather have half a sheep than the threepence. ‘No, thank you, Sir; I want my half sheep.’ I suppose he spoke too abruptly; a little preface or preparatory introduction might have been better. It evidently jarred, for we read that “Bethell flew into an awful rage, and exclaimed ‘I’ll mention this matter to Dr. Hawtrey, and have you flogged.’” And so he was sent to the Library for impudence, and had the

solid advantage of two rods instead of his visionary half sheep."

The following extract from the *Kaleidoscope*, a school magazine of 1833, gives a disagreeable enough picture of school-boy tyrannies. No doubt there is a little exaggeration in the picture, but what is intended to amuse is not the brutality, but the heart-sickness with which it was contemplated by a sensitive boy :—

"As I was . . . hurrying on, I was stopped by a sixth form, who having enquired my name, &c., told me if I did not shirk him another time, I should be well licked.

* * * * *

"Going to church, I thought, of course, I ought to take a Prayer Book, but on my way, a fellow meeting me, and seeing it, eased me of it, and sent it into Barnes's pool. After four go up town, and without seeing him, ran up against the same sixth form colleger that I had met before ; he gets into a great rage, and tells me to come to him in long chamber next morning. I go back to my dame's, and relate my misfortune to Harris, and ask him what I shall have to go to the long chamber for? 'For!' says he, 'to be half killed ; that is, getting as sound a licking as ever you had in your life ; for all the sixth form who are in chamber when you go there, will assist to lick you.' This was consolation indeed, a pleasant prospect to sleep on.—It will be impossible for me to describe the fears, &c., I felt all

that night ; for, indeed, I did not sleep much. It is sufficient to say, that the much-dreaded morning arrived—that I found my way to the long chamber, and never wished to find it again. The sixth form was waiting for me, and upon my arrival, *condescended* to take off his gown, turn up his sleeves, and set to, much in the same way a butcher would do, when about to commence operations. But no one else helped him, so I found that Harris had a little exaggerated this ; but, indeed, he did in everything he told me.”

It is not an agreeable picture, but what can one expect of the boys when their pastors and masters set them such an example ? flagellation being looked upon not so much as the punishment of crime, and with no idea of reformation—but as a mere requital ; a necessary *consequence* of wrong-doing—applied without justice and without discrimination, alike to guilty and innocent. It is something of a joke to look back upon ; and robust and cheerful boys shook themselves, whimpered, and forgot. But what of the sensitive and delicate, going from morning to night in fear of a beating from somebody for no particular offence or fault ?

Meanwhile the Provost and Fellows drew their dividends, resided at comfortable country livings, and no doubt considered Eton a place of sound learning and religious education. They had been through it all, and why should not the rising generation ? At all events, they performed the

statutory obligations with great punctilio, especially in so far as they referred to annual festivities.

Mr. Tucker writes :—

“ Election Saturday was a day of general feasting throughout the College. The Hall was crammed with old Etonians on very sumptuous fare with Provost and Fellows at the high table. Some old Etonian always sent vension ; and a wretched turtle of aldermanic proportions—that is, worthy of aldermen, reposed on his back on the kitchen dresser some week before to the admiration of Lower boys, who were incessant in their enquiries how and when he was to be immolated.

“ The hour of dinner was rather early in a warm July day. ‘ I must leave you for a moment,’ said one Eton man to another,—‘ I have to *break* to my servant that I dine at three o’clock.’ ”

Great amusement was caused on one occasion, early in the present century, by a venerable Fellow of King’s, who came to attend the banquet. The custom was that a haunch of venison should be set before the Provost, who carved a number of slices and put them on a plate, which was handed in turn to each guest, so that he could select for himself as much or as little as he desired.

On this occasion the plate never got further than the reverend guest, who was seated on the Provost’s right. He looked somewhat doubtfully at the mass of venison, but took it from the hands of the servant, and set it down before himself saying,

“Thank you, Mr. Provost; you have helped me somewhat bountifully, but I will endeavour to dispose of it as well as I can”—a feat which he accomplished without apparent difficulty.

There were of course a few notable men produced by this system, but the rank and file became hopelessly commonplace, lazy and greedy, if not brutalized and sensual. A little incident, graphically related by Mr. Tucker, shows clearly what the contemporary Fellows of King's were like; the pampered darlings of the royal and religious foundations. Mr. Tucker says:—

“It was at a Convocation of half the Fellows at the Provost's Lodge, on College business. That was transacted by Provost and Bursar. We were only ornamental witnesses; and to pass the time, the writer and a cousin of his got hold of a Greek Testament on some disputed point. One of the old-school Fellows overheard us, looked on, and asked in astonished tone, ‘Are you doing that for fun?’”

Such a worthy was the old gentleman, Fellow of King's for fifty years, who, on receiving a call from Mr. Dupuis, afterwards Vice-Provost of Eton, to ask for a subscription to some charitable purpose, looked grimly at his visitor and said, “Get out of my room, you damned Frenchman, or I'll call you a hard name!” The same scholar and divine heard an aged and infirm Fellow, who inhabited the rooms above his own, fall down, in the course of the

evening, on the floor above him, carrying a large pile of china plates, of which he was a passionate collector. He did not hurry to the assistance of his old friend, or even take the trouble to summon a gyp, to enquire what was the matter. He merely took out his watch and noted down the hour with accuracy, saying the next day, "I thought the relations would like to know the hour at which old —— went off!" Fortunately the fall was unattended with serious consequences, except to the china.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROVOST HODGSON.

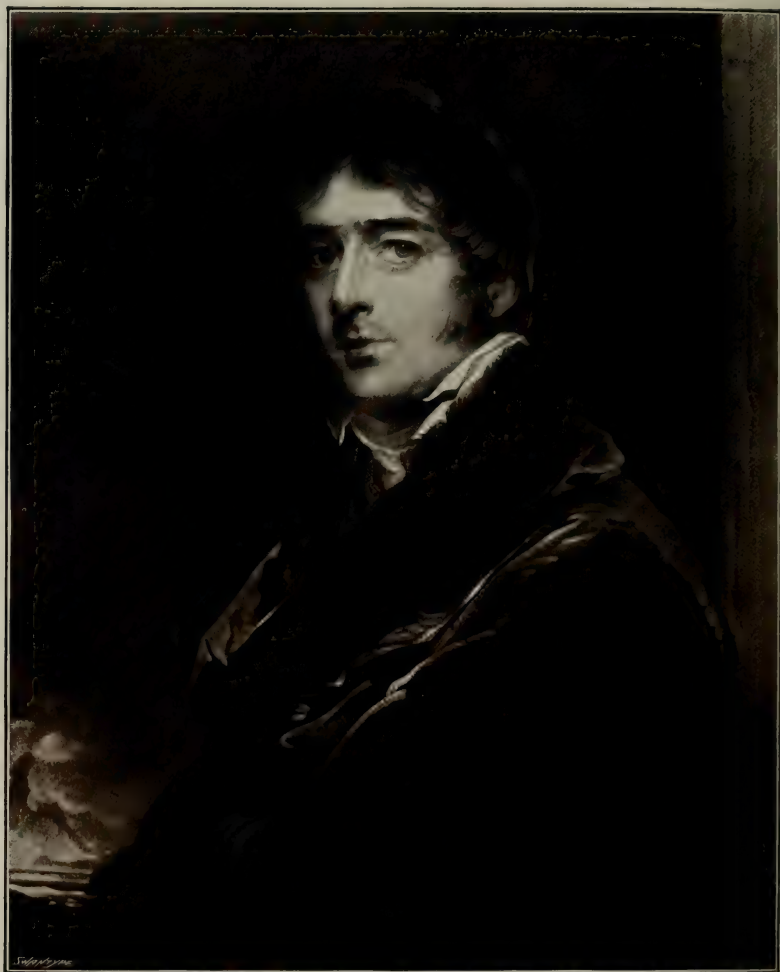
Provost Goodall was succeeded by a man of a totally different stamp ; a man whose connection with Eton, since he left it as a boy, had been of the slightest, and who had not therefore crystallized among Eton traditions, into Eton modes of thought.

Francis Hodgson was the second son of a Herefordshire clergyman, and was born at Croydon in 1781. He went to Eton at the age of thirteen, and in 1799 was elected to a Scholarship at King's, where he became an intimate friend of Lord Denman's. In 1802 he became a Fellow of King's, and was for a time Tutor to the sons of Lady Ann Lambton, after which he went for one year (1806) to Eton as a Master. He did not find the work at all congenial, and made preparations to go to the Bar, but was strongly dissuaded by his friend Denman ; and in the following year he was elected Tutor of King's. It was at this time that he formed a close and intimate friendship with Lord Byron, whom he visited at Newstead in the year 1808. All these years he was very active with his pen, reviewed a large number of books, wrote translations, poems, and rhyming epistles. In 1809 he published "Lady Jane Grey," and other poems,

and his translation of Juvenal into English verse was much admired.

In the following year his father died, deeply in debt, and Hodgson undertook to satisfy his creditors. This left him in embarrassed circumstances for several years, until in the most delicate manner, Byron advanced him £1000 in 1813, by which he was enabled to clear himself. Hodgson gave Byron a bond for the amount, though it was evidently intended for a gift and accepted as such, but Byron omitted to destroy the paper, and it being discovered after his death, his executors applied for repayment. During the years 1810 and 1811, Hodgson was in constant communication with Byron, who was then abroad, and wrote and received from him many letters, still extant, on literary and religious subjects. He was much in Byron's confidence at the time of his unfortunate matrimonial differences, though it appears that he was ignorant of the cause of the quarrel. He took Byron's part, and wrote letters on the subject to Mrs. Leigh and to Lady Byron herself, appealing to her sense of generosity, and imploring her to be reconciled. Lady Byron replied in a friendly way, but did not follow his advice.

In 1816, Hodgson became Vicar of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, and twenty years after, Archdeacon of Derby, a combination of posts afterwards held by Dr. Balston. In 1840 he was, on the suggestion of the Prince Consort, appointed Provost of Eton.



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VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by Edward McInnes, after the oil-painting
by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

His first wife had died in 1833, and in 1838 he had married as his second wife, Lord Denman's daughter Elizabeth. With the Provostship of Eton he held the Rectory of Cottesford.

When Dr. Goodall died, Lord Melbourne mentioned the name of the Hon. William Herbert, an old Etonian, afterwards Dean of Manchester, for the vacant post. He was a very graceful and accomplished scholar, and in every way qualified for the position, but the statute was still in force which demanded that the Provost should have been a member of one of the foundations of Henry VI., and thus Herbert was ineligible.

In the meantime the Fellows were plotting to get the election into their own hands. The Vice-Provost called on Dr. Keate at Windsor, and asked him if he would accept the vacant post. Dr. Keate declined on the ground that he had no further taste for administration, and that the lavish expenditure entailed on a Provost who filled the position worthily, was hardly within his power. The Marquis Wellesley urged him to reconsider his decision, and went so far as to urge Lord Melbourne to offer the appointment to him. Dr. Keate, however, persisted that his Canonry at Windsor and his quiet Hampshire Rectory were what he wanted; and though a deputation of the Fellows called upon him to say that they were prepared to elect him, he gave a definite refusal.

Meanwhile the Queen, acting on the advice of

Prince Albert, nominated Hodgson, and Lord Normanby wrote to the Fellows to announce it. But the Fellows declared him ineligible on the ground that he was not a Bachelor or Doctor of Divinity, and elected John Lonsdale, Professor at King's College, London. Dr. Lonsdale came down to Eton, and, after consultation, went up with three of the Fellows, to be instituted by the Bishop of Lincoln. But just before the ceremony Lonsdale declared he must reconsider the matter, and finally, fearing that there would result a serious quarrel between the Court and College, declined to accept the post.

Hodgson was created B.D. by Royal Mandate, and immediately installed. He had more than once unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain a Fellowship at Eton, and his appointment was a complete surprise to him. He threw himself with great energy into the duties of the place, and in co-operation with Dr. Hawtrey, then Headmaster, carried out a series of unpopular but necessary reforms.

The condition of Long Chamber was the first subject which Hodgson investigated. He found it a disgrace to humanity and civilisation. The accommodation was miserably insufficient, the food was utterly inadequate, and the boys were locked in from 9 p.m. to the following morning without any kind of supervision. Cruelties of every kind were practised upon the timid and the eccentric,

and the utter absence of privacy and even decency had the most deleterious effect upon the *morale* of the large majority of boys. It is almost incredible that so short a time ago such an institution can have been allowed to exist unquestioned in a Christian place of education.

Provost Hodgson's son says that when his father's carriage, conveying the family from Derbyshire, came in sight of Weston's Yard, the newly-appointed Provost exclaimed with intense earnestness—"Now, please God, I will do something for these poor boys."

By 1844, owing to Hodgson's exertions, a sum of £14,000 had been collected, and by 1846 a new wing had been built, now known as "New Buildings," with separate rooms for 49 boys, sick rooms, lavatories, and other conveniences. A matron was appointed, and Mr. Abraham, afterwards Bishop of Wellington, gave up a full boarding house to take the new position of Master in College.

A Sanatorium was built on the Eton Wick road; and at the same time, by exchange with the Crown, the old "Christopher" Inn at Eton, now Mr. White-Thomson's house, came into the hands of the College.

The existence of the "Christopher" in the very middle of Eton was a most unsatisfactory thing. Boys went in and out on trifling excuses, and an enormous amount of drink was both consumed on

the premises by boys, and carried out to the boys' houses. Old Etonians, both reputable and disreputable, made it their headquarters, and entertained more profusely than wisely.

Hawtrey called the Masters together and asked their opinion. The majority were in favour of petitioning the College for its removal. Some of the more conservative spirits maintained that a source of temptation in the midst of the boys was a bracing discipline of the moral nature. Mr. Coleridge, with characteristic energy, was heard to say, "Oh! the Devil will do that without your help!"

The result was that, though the refusal to renew the lease entailed a serious loss on the College, the place was abolished and the sign-board removed. This last relic actually forms the floor of a boy's room in one of the newer houses. But from the inside of the livery stables the old galleries of the inn, with their quaint balustrades, are still visible.

The Provost, under the old statutes, was an autocrat. He exercised a control of a kind which must have been singularly galling to an energetic Headmaster. No change, however minute, could be made—the Headmaster could not even introduce new school-books—without his approval and consent. Goodall, a most uncompromising Tory, never sanctioned any reform whatever, unless it was absolutely forced upon him. Provost Hodgson did not always approve of Hawtrey's projects, but he

was open to argument, and even assented to alterations of which he did not altogether approve. Under his rule, the absurd system of "bounds," by which the Castle was in bounds while the road leading to it was out of bounds, was swept away, and the ridiculous custom of "shirking" was abolished.

The Eton "Montem" had by this time become an anachronism. It was originally a nutting expedition to a wood in the neighbourhood of Slough, celebrated on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul. It became a procession with fancy costumes and military ceremonies, and the boys were allowed, even encouraged, to levy contributions from passers-by, which were made under the name of "Salt," and which went to defray the expenses of the day, the surplus forming the "peculium" of the Captain of the School.

When William III. visited Eton, the Saltbearers, as they were called, audaciously stopped the Royal carriage, and narrowly escaped being cut down by the King's Dutch guards, who took them for a fantastic species of highwaymen.

It became a triennial festival, and was celebrated after 1758 on Whit-Tuesday. Salt-hill, the goal of the procession, is a little eminence on the outskirts of Slough, near the Bath road. It has been stated to be an ancient tumulus, but it looks more like an ornamental mound formed out of the debris of the ancient gravel pits and excavations which surround

it. Probably few present Etonians have any idea where it is. It now forms part of the grounds of a modern villa, and is adorned by a hideous little gazebo. It is to be regretted that when it was for sale a few years ago, the College did not see their way to acquire a site with so many traditional memories. Close to Salt-hill on the Bath road, sprang up an immense red-brick hostelry, a posting-house known as the "Windmill," or "Botham's Hotel," which in the early seventies was a very picturesque place, overgrown with a gigantic wisteria. Shortly after that date it was accidentally burnt, and what was left of it was demolished. A small hotel called the "Windmill" was built on its site, and the only relic of it is a range of stable buildings.

Early in the day the Saltbearers and their assistants began to scour the neighbourhood for "salt." They occupied all the high roads of the district, and carried satin bags for the collection, and long painted staves with globular tops. To every one who contributed—and contributions were mercilessly exacted—little printed tickets were given by way of a receipt, bearing the inscriptions "Mos pro lege" or "Pro more et monte." The average amount collected at later Montems was about £1000. Most of the Fifth Form wore red tail-coats, and the officials and pages wore fancy dress of various kinds. After Absence, the procession was formed and marched to Salt-hill, where the great banner

was waved in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, and the ceremony was at an end.

When the Great Western railway was opened, the character of the whole institution was changed. In 1841 a promiscuous mob of persons came down to attend the festival, and the disciplinary difficulties of the day, always great, became infinitely greater.

I cannot here resist quoting verbatim Mr. Tucker's charming account of the ceremony as he remembered it :—

“ Montem began early on Whitsun Tuesday, about three o'clock in the morning. The twelve Runners had to dress and set out for their different stations—Slough, Datchet, and others, at six or before, and snatch their breakfast as they could. All Eton was soon after this astir; but the real business of the day began at eleven in the School-yard.

* * * * *

“ It was now crowded, crammed with men, women, and children; men with the bluest swallow-tail coats, the only coats then worn, with gilt buttons, plain or basket-work; ladies with the latest fashion in bonnets, very large and spreading—rudely called ‘coal-scuttles,’ a mode introduced from Russia by the Duchess of Oldenburgh; or wide-spreading bonnets in Leghorn straw, varied by muslin strained on steel; highest waists, shortest dresses and sandalled shoes; all laughing, smiling, giggling, according to their nature; fathers shaking hands with their adorned sons, and leaving the one

or two pound note of those days in their palms ; sisters telling their smooth-faced brothers that they ought to wear gowns, as the ' frocks ' of that age were called ; and heavy Londoners, who came by coach to see the show, but who gave their ' salt ' with the most good-humoured and smiling of faces.

* * * * *

" All that lasted till twelve, when the inevitable ' Absence ' was called, and the procession set forth, round the School-yard, through the archway, across the wall into the road.

" Captain first, with his eight Pages behind him ; all dressed alike, looking like pretty little girls in pretty little boys' dresses. Then the other officered Sixths, with their Pages, according to rank ; while the twelve runners hovered about with sharp eyes, to see who had not the exonerating salt-ticket receipt on hat or bodice.

" It was throughout a gay, lively, good-humoured scene, without any of the jar and incongruity which would mark such an institution now ; and when Bath and Western coaches were stopped at Slough by a graceful boy in a fancy ball dress, and when a large silken bag, strongly encased in net-work, was presented to the passengers for ' Salt,' a general smile was the usual answer, and coins were dropped laughingly into it.

* * * * *

" The two Saltbearers were great, whose dignity did not suffer them to go out of the purlieus of the

Long Walk wall, and Eton proper ; and so were the twelve Runners in smartest dresses of selected colours—pink, blue, violet, and red with combinations, plumed hats, buff boots, and silken bags to hold the ‘salt.’ They all carried painted staves with mottoes on the crown. These were chiefly from Virgil or Horace—‘Quando ita majores,’ and so forth. The only modern one that I recollect was a punning one—‘Nullum jus sine sale.’

“The Fifth had a more moderate tenue ; cocked hat, scarlet coat—dress, frock, or cut-away *ad libitum* ; sash and sword, white kerseymere shorts, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. They marched two and two ; and in the rear of each marched a lower boy in civil costume—blue coat proper, or coat with small square four-inch tail adorned with four gilt buttons ; the distinction between coats and jackets had not then been established—a jacket was a coat under age ; gilt buttons were *de rigueur* on all coats wherever worn in those days, except in mourning ; white waistcoat ; white or nankeen trousers and silk stockings, with a plain deal wand or pole in their hand, some five feet long.

* * * * *

“We all met below the Mount, rather huddled together, and rather warm and dusty ; carriages, visitors, and boys intermixed, and the boys on foot not always or altogether exactly pleased. But on the Mount a great scene was in action. It was the flourishing of the Flag before the College authorities

and the distinguished visitors. It was the fruit of long practice ; the lieutenant used to labour at it hour after hour in the Long Chamber—wearisome practice ; the Flag waved here and there ; round the neck, round the waist, round the knees, round the ankles, aloft, below ; you could not catch it ; if you caught its flutter on one point, before you fairly saw it you lost it on another ; and the final flourish, which, I suppose, meant ‘God save the King !’ was the real termination of Montem.

“It was succeeded by a famous dinner at ‘Botham’s,’ the chief inn, Dame and Tutorwise in different rooms ; dinner hastily eaten. Attraction out of doors ; and it was good to see the Fifth cut off the heads of Botham’s cabbages in the Inn gardens afterwards ; and when they failed from annihilation, to view them attacking the polemen’s wands, and reducing them with right martial ardour to chips. We straggled home in the gloom of the evening, delighted, but sorely done up.

* * * * *

“And so, when the eve of the twenty-one days came round, the whole College, from Captain to lag, was on the alert till midnight struck. It was called, ‘Montem sure night.’ A resignation might come even at the last moment. If it did not come until the lazy, wheezy old clock in the School-yard struck twelve—the whole Long Chamber broke out into a wild uproar. Window shutters were banged hard ; and as neither window nor shutter were

ever dusted or cleaned—except under a very doubtful election-holidays' hypothesis—the dust, spider-web, and concrete air were such as only boys could endure. Bedsteads, too, half a ton weight, were raised a foot or more, and thumped down upon the floor; and shouts were raised as well, and a mild Pandemonium succeeded for the next quarter of an hour.”

The authorities, however, went into the whole question. Provost Hodgson consulted Dr. Hawtrey, and it was found that there was a consensus of opinion among the authorities in favour of the reform or abolition of Montem. Mr. Plumptre, one of the Fellows, dissented on the ground that Montem had taken the place of a procession in honour of the Virgin Mary, and was thus symbolical of Protestant principles. The Prince Consort and the Queen on being consulted expressed their regret at the idea of the abolition of so old and interesting a custom. But it became obvious that public opinion was on the side of the Provost, and Lord John Russell wrote to Mr. Hodgson to say that the Queen waived her objection.

The festival was accordingly abolished, not without a few demonstrations on the part of some old Etonians. On the evening previous to the day on which the festival would have been celebrated, Dr. Hawtrey summoned one of the leading Collegers to his chambers, and asked what he would do if there was an *émeute* on the following day.

“ I will head it, sir,” was the courteous reply. Dr. Hawtrey, with infinite tact, explained the reasons which had led to the change, and the boy went away, saying that he would endeavour to do his best to support the authorities. A few windows were broken, a Master hissed at Absence, and a mock procession to bury a flag at Salt-hill attracted little attention. Dr. Hawtrey gave a cheque for £300 to the parents of the boy who would have been Captain, and a few days after a dinner in Upper School to a number of prominent old Etonians, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Firmness, combined with common sense and courtesy, had won the day.

An interesting reminiscence of the festival may be found in the writings of Miss Edgeworth, who published a play entitled “ Eton Montem,” describing the adventures of certain boyish heroes.

Among other reforms made under the authority of Hodgson, was the introduction of an examination for the scholarships instead of the old system of nomination. Mathematics were also given a place in the School curriculum, instead of being merely an “ extra,” as before ; and the munificent offer of the Prince Consort to found prizes for modern languages was enthusiastically accepted.

Provost Hodgson died at Eton in 1852, having won the respect and admiration of all old Etonians for his good sense, his courtesy, and his consistent efforts to carry out wise and good reforms in a place

where Tory feeling was rampant, and tradition was allowed to sanctify the continuance of abuses that ought never to have been tolerated. It has never perhaps been adequately realised what an immense debt Eton owes to Hodgson. He had not perhaps the personal charm, the easy geniality of some of his predecessors. His scholastic acquirements were rather superficial than profound, and his literary instincts were more traditional than stimulating. But the unflinching courage with which he faced possible unpopularity and criticism, and the sympathy with which he set himself to investigate and assist the higher interests of the place give him a very high rank among our Eton worthies.

Provost Hodgson's religious principles were as practical as they were unimpeachable. In 1841 such was the reputation of Long Chamber, that only two candidates presented themselves for election to fill thirty-five vacancies. Little save a baptismal certificate was required by way of qualification. One of them passed the ordeal; the other, Branwell by name, could not even affirm with any certainty that he had been christened. The Provost had him into Election Hall in a trice, sent for a wash-hand basin, and with two Examiners, or Posers as they are called, for Sponsors, then and there administered the rite.

Hodgson was fond of using an old-fashioned phraseology, which was strange to his hearers. He was on one occasion threatened and very much

frightened by a tramp in the Playing Fields. Recounting the fact, he is reported to have said, "Luckily I had a Joey in my fob, with which I pacified him."

Hodgson had a species of somewhat heavy pleasantry, which however nearly approached wit; when being condoled with for having been upset in his carriage one day, when really it had been the Vice-Provost to whom the accident occurred, he said, "Oh, no; it was *vice versa*."

We must now proceed to give a more detailed account of certainly the greatest of Eton Headmasters, Dr. Hawtreay.

The Hawtreys were a family that had been connected with Eton from time immemorial. John Hawtreay was Fellow of Eton in 1692, and gave the advowson of Burnham to the College. His descendant, Edward Hawtreay, Fellow of King's, for some years held most appropriately the vicarage which the College had originally derived from his family. At Burnham Vicarage, on the 7th of May, 1789, his only son, Edward Craven Hawtreay, was born. Edward Hawtreay, who had married a sister of Dr. Foster (Headmaster of Eton from 1765 to 1773), was in 1792 elected a Fellow of Eton. E. C. Hawtreay entered Eton in 1799 under George Heath, but in 1802 Heath was succeeded by Joseph Goodall, whose mild and beneficent sway lasted only some seven years. Hawtreay was under him in the

Sixth Form, and regarded him with the most affectionate reverence.

In the School Library at Eton is Goodall's copy of Ainsworth's Dictionary, which at Goodall's death came into Hawtreys hands. It contains the following touching inscription, written in Hawtreys autograph :—

Hunc librum
 Quem nocturna diurnaue manu
 Versare solebat
 Vir desideratissimus
 Josephus Goodall
 Cum ipse e pueris
 Nondum excessisset
 in Bibliotheca
 Alumnorum Etonensium usui dicata
 tanquam
 asservandum
 D.D.
 Optimi illius doctissimique
 Magistri
 discipulus olim amantissimus
 E. C. Hawtreys
 1840.

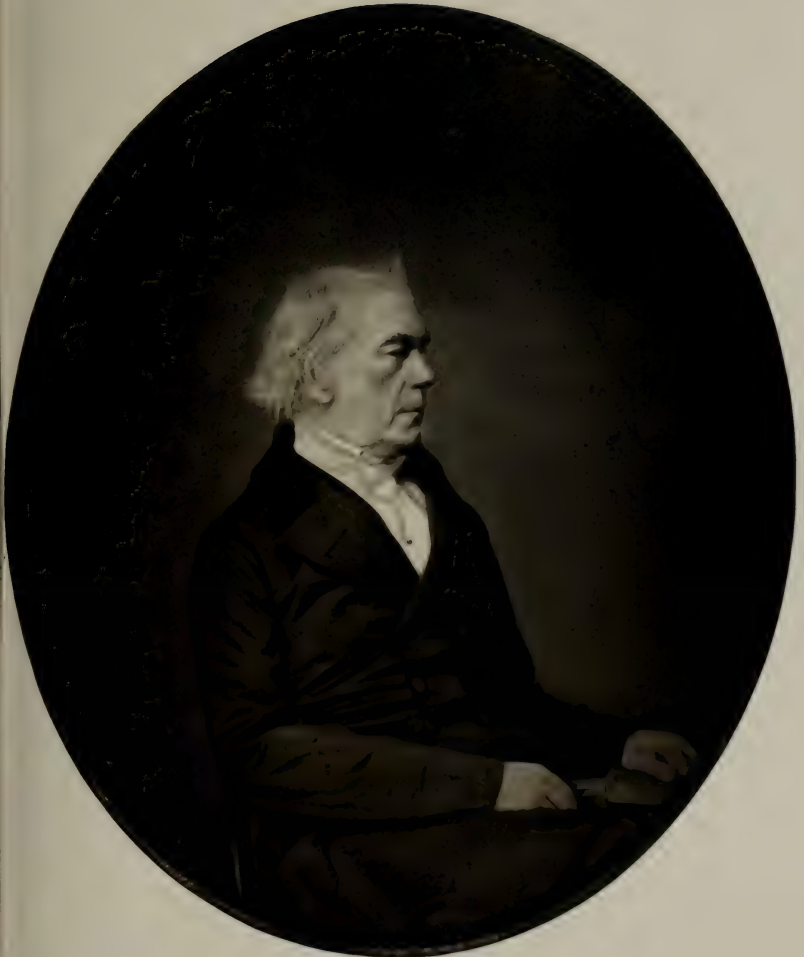
Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Stratford Canning, and Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield, were Hawtreys immediate contemporaries. Lord Ellenborough, Sir John Patteson, Sir John Coleridge, and Dean Milman were in the School with him, but his juniors. Hawtreys, in after life, said that

the stimulus afforded him by competitive rivalry with such minds had been the best part of his education.

In 1807 he was elected Scholar of King's, and in 1810 Fellow. Hawtreys was honourably mentioned in the examination for the Craven Scholarship, but as Kingsmen then took their B.A. degree without passing through the Tripos examination, there were few opportunities of gaining University distinction. In 1811 an attempt was made to procure for Hawtreys the Headmastership of Bristol Grammar School—but this came to nothing. He resided at King's for a short time, and was private tutor in the family of the Earl of Shrewsbury for a year or two; but in 1814 he gladly accepted the offer of a Mastership at Eton, made him by Dr. Keate.

Hawtreys had a genius for teaching. In the first place he was an enthusiast for mental cultivation; in the second, he was full of facile accomplishments; he had, moreover, a taste for rhetoric and elaborate speech of all kinds. He was courteous and fond of displaying courtesy; and lastly he had the instinct which makes a man a good judge, or magistrate, or ambassador—a zest for public appearances and social functions, for receiving and bestowing distinguished consideration.

In 1815 he went to Paris in the Summer holidays. His letters are preserved in which he describes to his mother the evident traces of the Revolution. At Eton and at Cambridge he had been fond of



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EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY.

Headmaster, 1834—1853.

Provost - - 1853—1862.

From a photograph.

reading modern languages, and at Paris he learnt to converse fluently in French. Hawtreys took to French as to a native element. It exactly suited the elegance, the delicacy, the urbanity of his disposition. He devoted some time to the special study of the dialect of Picardy.

This visit gave him a special taste for modern literature and language, which he gratified to the full. A facile worker, he bestowed his leisure on the pursuit, and in the twenty years of his Mastership at Eton, he acquired so many languages, that he was known as the "English Mezzofanti." A friend of Dr. Hawtreys told me that it was a remarkable and agreeable sight to see Hawtreys in later days dispensing hospitality to foreign visitors. On one occasion, he said, he met French, German, and Italian guests at one dinner-party at the Lodge, and was amazed to hear the Provost slide from one language to another with absolute facility, and discourse upon polite and abstract topics in each tongue with easy familiarity. But he was not merely a fluent and superficial conversationalist; he had a singular insight into structure and idiom, and his translations both into and out of German and Italian are said to be pre-eminent for literary grace, as well as idiomatic accuracy. In 1839 he printed privately "Il Trifoglio ovvero Scherzi Metrici d'un Inglese," besides another volume of translations into Italian, German, and Greek verse. He joined with some other friends in a volume of translations

published in 1847, to which he contributed renderings of Schiller, Goethe, Homer, and Callinus into English hexameters, as well as of the Heliodora of Meleager, "Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora," which is one of the most graceful translations of a well-known lyric. Matthew Arnold, it may be noted, praised his English hexameters very highly, and coupled him with the late Master of Trinity and the late Master of Balliol as the natural judges of Homeric translation. Besides these books he contributed to the *Arundines Cami*, prepared an edition of the first Earl Cowper's Diary for the Roxburghe Club, and edited, in 1833, an edition of Goethe's "Lyrische Gedichten" for presentation to his private pupils. It was, moreover, under his care that the Eton Atlas of Comparative Geography was published.

Belles lettres and books were his passion. He founded the School Library at Eton, with a basis of some books left for the purpose by Dr. Newborough and Dr. Rosewell. In this project he received valuable assistance from W. M. Praed, then a boy in the School. Among Hawtreys's most noted characteristics was a passionate generosity, and many books left his own shelves to join the School collection. It was on his suggestion that Praed started his two magazines, first the *Apis Matina*, which was circulated in manuscript, and is now in the Boys' Library at Eton, and secondly the *Etonian*, in 1820, a fuller account of which will

be given elsewhere. Not only did Hawtreys make good scholars of his pupils, but he inspired them with a genuine ardour for literature. Arthur Henry Hallam was a favourite pupil; Sir George Cornwall Lewis, a lifelong friend, dedicated to him his work on early Roman history. Mr. Gladstone was "sent up" for the first time by Hawtreys, and writes "It was an event in my life; he and it together then for the first time inspired me with a desire to learn and to do."

In 1834 Dr. Keate resigned, and Hawtreys, who was then Senior Assistant, became Headmaster. Up to that time there had been no official residence for the Headmaster. Dr. Keate had lived in the large, red brick house, now occupied by A. C. Ainger, Esq., where Keate's Lane turns into the Dorney road. Dr. Hawtreys gave up his boarders, but continued to live in the house in Weston's Yard that was originally built for Savile's printing-press. From that time until the present decade, when the extinction of the Collegiate body threw vacant several houses in the Cloisters, and the Headmaster was provided with a more spacious and appropriate house there, Hawtreys's house remained the Headmaster's house. A very curious, awkward, and interesting house it is. Its long front, of mellow brick, with innumerable gables, recalls the ancient seclusion of a Cathedral close. The back, towards the Slough road, is one of the quaintest imaginable buildings, with its long row of irregular chimneys,

and the grotesque additions of every shape and size made for convenience without any thought of beauty. Inside, the house is only one room thick, almost without passages. Everyone going to the north end of the house from the south must pass through either the dining or drawing room, which are large, low-ceilinged rooms. There is no entrance hall to speak of; the room on the left of the front door was Hawtreys's library, and there is a most interesting picture by William Evans, in the possession of Mr. S. Evans, which represents the room exactly as it was in Hawtreys's days, with Hawtreys himself sitting at his books.

Dr. Goodall, who had been Provost all through Keate's reign, was a pronounced Tory of the most inflexible type. Reform, under Provost Goodall, was out of the question, and it must be remembered that the control of the Provost and Fellows at that date was absolute. The school hours could not be changed, the sizes of the divisions could not be altered, the very school-books could not be revised without their consent. One reform Hawtreys made at once. He gave up the hopeless system, which Keate had rigorously pursued, of taking a gigantic class, amounting at one time to nearly 200 boys, in Upper School. He migrated with the Sixth Form and the twelve highest boys in Fifth Form, six Collegers and six Oppidans, to the room next door, the Library as it was called, from the fact that there were some dusty bookshelves there with a few anti-



DR. HAWTREY IN HIS STUDY.

from a drawing by W. Evans, Esq., now in possession of S. Evans, Esq., R. W. S.



quoted volumes. Hawtreys refitted the room, and erected a frieze of plaster, modelled from the Elgin Marbles, above the panelling. The pictures which still adorn the room, the panorama of Rome and other archaeological illustrations, were placed there by him. Under Dr. Goodall, Hawtreys seems to have worked in a somewhat discontented spirit. The impossibility of making the reforms he hankered after weighed on his mind. But in 1840, when Provost Hodgson was appointed, he found sincere sympathy and rational co-operation. By 1846 the numbers of the School had increased from 444 to 777. The New Buildings were opened for the Collegers, Long Chamber swept away or remodelled, the old "Christopher Inn," a source of disciplinary difficulty and moral delinquency, was closed. The Sanatorium was opened, and the restoration of the Chapel set on foot, "Montem" was abolished; cricket-fagging was stopped. The Prince Consort founded modern language prizes, and Hawtreys himself a prize for an English essay. Mr. Gladstone, writing in 1890, said "The popular superstition is that Eton (from 1830 onwards) was swept along by a tide of renovation due to the fame and contagious example of Dr. Arnold. But this in my opinion is an error. Eton was in a singularly small degree open to influence from other public schools. There were three persons to whom Eton was more indebted than any others for the new life poured into her arteries: Dr. Hawtreys, the

contemporary Duke of Newcastle, and Bishop Selwyn."

Provost Hodgson died in 1852, and Dr. Hawtreys succeeded him. On becoming Provost he encouraged at first the improvements supported by the new Headmaster, Dr. Goodford, but his encouragement soon grew half-hearted. It is strange, but not really surprising, that an energetic reformer like Dr. Hawtreys should decline in his later years into the Toryism that had made his own early years as Headmaster so painful: but he had believed so fervently in his own reforms that, with advancing age, he found it hard to see that further changes were necessary, and in his later days he offered considerable opposition to reasonable alterations, and crippled the action of his successor. In 1854 he became Vicar of Mapledurham, a pleasant College living on the Thames, which he held to his death.

He was in many respects an ideal Provost. He delighted in hospitality, and was himself a master in the art of elegant literary conversation. His breakfast parties were famous, and the suggestive criticisms and pungent anecdotes which he delighted to pour out without interruption were long remembered. Many persons of note were to be met at the Lodge, as there was nothing that Hawtreys more enjoyed than inviting some literary or political celebrity for a quiet Sunday, and introducing Eton to him, and him to the Eton world. Hallam,



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PROVOST HAWTREY.

From a pencil-sketch from life, now in the possession of S. Evans, Esq., R.W.S.

Whately, Milman, Baron Alderson, and Henry Taylor are mentioned as among the frequent guests. Not less remarkable was the presence of the distinguished foreigners, such as Guizot and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who visited him. Hawtreay died, unmarried, in 1862, and was the last person to be buried in Eton Chapel. There is a portrait of him by Hélène Feillet, painted in 1853, which hangs in the Provost's Lodge. In 1878 a recumbent figure of him by Nicholls was placed in the Chapel, in a monument designed by Woodyer, but it can hardly be said to be a characteristic likeness.

It must be confessed that, to judge from his portraits and the descriptions given of him, Dr. Hawtreay was a singularly ugly man. His head was large and thrown back as he walked ; one shoulder lower than the other ; the lower part of his face was disproportionately large, and his upper lip was portentously long ; his complexion was pallid with red patches, and he had large and expressive eyes which were set far back under heavy eye-brows ; his hair was grown rather long, in inelegant wisps. But it must not be supposed that he was careless of his personal appearance ; like Aristotle, he devoted a considerable time to his toilet. The luxurious and expansive rhetoric, in which he delighted to indulge, had its counterpart in the elaborate attention to dress, and the exuberant, even extravagant, wealth of adventitious detail with which his person was surrounded, adornments which, it must be confessed,

were hardly appropriate to his position. He wore and gesticulated with a pair of gold eye-glasses; he added a velvet collar to his coat, which was tightly buttoned at the waist; he was loaded with rings and jewellery, and his handkerchief was richly perfumed. "As one stood by him as *praepostor*," said an old pupil of his to me, "while he called absence, he exhaled a strange combination of essences." It was said that it was a memorable sight to see him walk up Eton, on some social errand, or some courtly call; the overpowering geniality, the intense consciousness of dignity, the relish for the ornamental side of life were so transparent, that instead of obscuring they only testified to the childlike simplicity of his character.

Hawtreys in school was a stimulating teacher; he knew by instinct what Keate never learnt, how important a factor judicious praise is in the education of the young. It is not a tone of habitual eulogy that is required, for the young are clever enough to discount the habitual; but incisive and perspicuous praise, delivered with sincerity, is the most potent educational lever that there is. It is probably characteristic of the English mind to be more averse to bestowing praise than to receiving it. But Hawtreys was not a characteristic Englishman; he was a cosmopolitan. The gracious emphasis and the benignant smile with which he pronounced his customary eulogy, "very well done; very good exercise," never failed of its charm. Hawtreys was



PROVOST HAWTREY,
1858.

from a water-colour drawing by Francis Tarver.

on singularly easy terms with his Sixth Form, and tolerated much that many schoolmasters would consider disagreeable or disorderly. But Hawtrey's gracious dignity was incapable of offence, and he was so sure of the affection of his pupils, that it never occurred to him to be humiliated. In the library, behind one of the forms, near a disused fireplace, there hung a bell-pull. On one occasion it is recorded that a boy, tired of the mild progress of Hawtrey's exposition, pulled the bell sharply. Presently up came Finmore, the Headmaster's servant, and appeared at the door. "I did not summon you," said Hawtrey, and Finmore retired. Shortly afterwards the bell was again rung, and again Finmore made his appearance, "Pray what is the matter?" said the Headmaster. "You rang, sir." "I did not summon you!" said Hawtrey, and the lesson continued. Again the bell was rung, and again Finmore appeared. Hawtrey again said that he had not summoned him, and when the door had closed behind him, the Headmaster, with a look of intense cunning, said, "*I* see what it is; someone has been perpetrating a foolish and unmannerly joke." But he took no steps to discover the offender, satisfied with having given the impression of alert vigilance.

Again, on a fine spring morning the boys assembled at eleven o'clock school, and as soon as they had taken their places, one of them looked up at the chandelier as if there were something unusual

there, and nudged his neighbour, who also looked up. Then another and another began to look, and at last, with a certain amount of tittering and whispering, everyone in the room directed their attention to the same place. Finally the Headmaster became aware of the universal inattention, and slowly raised his eye-glass to look at the chandelier. There was a general laugh. "Pray, what is the matter?" he said. "First of April, sir," said the Captain of the School, sitting on Hawtreys right, quietly and respectfully. "Silly," was Hawtreys only ejaculation, accompanied with a serene smile. The lesson continued with no asperity and no loss of dignity. Most men in such a position, even if they had checked a petulant outburst at the moment, would have taken the boys severely to task, or at any rate would have been morbidly conscious of the indignity. But Hawtreys was not in the least ruffled, and never gave the incident another thought.

Many of the Hawtreys anecdotes depend largely for their humour upon the way in which the voice and accent are rendered. Hawtreys lisp was so conspicuous and so easily imitated that it was the commonest of all accomplishments to simulate Hawtreys.

The following story was told me by an old Etonian, who was present on the occasion described :—

Once a wicked Colleger in Sixth Form sent for the young son of *Levi*, then the only watchmaker at

Eton—(who was reported to spoil the watch, and, when asked the price, to say, "Shall we say a crown?")—and gave him ham-sandwiches. The father, furious at the contamination thus administered, rushed off and made his complaint to Hawtrey, who sent for the Sixth Form, and required the offender to give himself up, which he at once did. Upon Hawtrey's rebuking him for the heinousness of the offence, he said in excuse, "Please, sir, I thought he would think they were made of beef." "What!" exclaimed Hawtrey, "do you mean to tell me that you think *an intelligent Jew boy* does not know the difference between ham and beef?" The intonation given to the words "*intelligent Jew boy*" was indescribable.

Hawtrey's manners to the boys were a delightful mixture of dignity and geniality.

Mr. Frank Tarver remembers that, at his first Montem in 1835, when he was not much more than six years old, he was so much absorbed by his new tall hat, that he forgot to take it off to Queen Adelaide at the door of Chambers, and had it pushed off his head by Hawtrey's gold pencil-case.

He was very particular about boys *taking* their hats off to him. One day coming out of Lower School passage into School yard, he met a boy who just *touched* his hat. Hawtrey said, "Where is your hat?" The boy answered, "On my head, sir." Hawtrey promptly swept it off with his hand, and said, "Where is it now?"

According to another chronicler, a certain young spark was to be flogged by Hawtrej, and issued an invitation to his special friends to come and see him flogged, as he was going to have some fun. On the eventful occasion the library, to Hawtrej's surprise and disgust, was crowded. This drew out some pertinent remarks to the assembled audience on "disgraceful curiosity ;—however, *I* will not infringe upon the hilarity of the boys, if they are so ill-minded as to wish to make use of the library as an open court on such a disagreeable occasion." The only answer was a titter, and more and more crowded in from the stairs till there was scarcely standing room.

The victim, at the first stroke, executed a kind of leap which he had learnt from a mountebank, and came down on all fours on the boards. Hawtrej's kindness and courtesy rose to the surface ; he begged the boy's pardon—"touched some nerve no doubt—go home and be quiet—better send for Mr. Ellison." The sequel goes that the boy departed in triumph. Hawtrej sent to inquire in the evening how he was, and discovered that the boy was out on the river, at which he was sincerely relieved. Whether this is pure fable, I know not ; but it casts a curious light upon the genial publicity of such events, and the license with which a Headmaster could not think of interfering.

Hawtrej was curiously pedantic about certain trifling matters of ceremony, in spite of his liberal

views. The twenty-four first Collegers in Fifth Form used to say Catechism in Chapel on four Sundays in Lent, six boys each Sunday. They said in School order. Each boy said a portion of the first part and a portion of the latter part. The portions were exactly the same each year. On the Saturday evening preceding the day on which they would say in Chapel, the six boys had to "rehearse" to Hawtreys in Chambers after Prayers. On one occasion *five* boys appeared, *No. 3* on the list, who may be called C, being absent. On the five appearing, Hawtreys said "Where is C?" Answer, "He has leave and has not returned yet." Hawtreys, "There are only five here; there must be six; go and send the next boy"—which was done. The new comer took his place, so that he might say what C would have said, and all the other five would then say over the same portions which they must say next day. Hawtreys said, "You must say in School order; the new comer must go 6th." It was mildly pointed out that in that case three out of the five boys would not say the same portions which they had to say next day, and this would hardly be a rehearsal of the proceedings. But they could not move Hawtreys, who only said, "I *can't* help it; must be School order." And yet he could, as stated above, overlook much harmless merriment.

At the time of Windsor Fair, abolished many years ago, the boys in Hawtreys's division used

to bring into school toys, playthings, and other absurdities which they had got at the Fair.

These were produced gradually by different boys and laid on the desks. Hawtrej, on spying each one (which he was meant to do), *always* looked hard at the object, *always* said, "What is that? Give it to me. It is very childish." Then he put it on the table beside him. Gradually he amassed a large number. The great point was to get every one back before the end of school, which was done gradually, first on one side and then on the other, by distracting his attention to other parts of the room. He never seemed to notice the general abstraction. He was not even averse to adding to the amusement of his division by innuendoes, which would now be deemed hardly decorous.

There is a line in the Iliad :—

δοῦπησεν δὲ πεσῶν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ,
of which there is a well-known translation, viz.,

"He fell to the ground with a terrible thump,
And his halfpence rattled around his rump."

When this line in the Iliad came in the lesson, Hawtrej sometimes said, "There is an English translation of this line; does any one know it?" Of course no one ever did; so Hawtrej himself recited it, but with a marked alteration, thus :—

"He fell to the ground with a terrible thump,
And his halfpence rattled . . . (pause) in his pockets."

In his later years as headmaster, Hawtrej, it is said, used to regard the English Essay prize as a species of consolation stakes, to be awarded to the

Newcastle Medallist to make up in some degree for his not getting the Newcastle Scholarship.

The Newcastle Scholar was placed second ("procthime acthethit") as a tribute to his intellectual pre-eminence. Next came the bulkier-looking of the essays shown up. It was a good working system, appreciated by the boys, and one, moreover, which saved any very close examination of the contents of the compositions.

John Bent, a Colleger, afterwards well-known as an original and vigorous clergyman, induced seven of his friends to contribute passages bearing on the subject of the essay, added an eighth section himself, and showed up the whole packet, without either correcting or harmonising the contents. That it was all written in different handwritings was nothing unusual, as competitors for prizes were supposed not to write their compositions out themselves. Hawtrey came in to Upper School and gave out the result. To every one's delight, the prize was awarded as usual to the Newcastle Medallist, the Scholar being "procthime acthethit." He went on to say that one other essay deserved special mention, as though not quite equal in literary merit to the first two, it yet possessed "ecth-traordinary merit—the essay by Bent, K.S." Loud laughter followed this announcement from the Collegers, and Bent was much slapped on the back by his friends. Hawtrey waited till the laughter had died away, and then looking severely at the group surrounding Bent, he

said with indignant emphasis, "Let *them* laugh (laf) that can do as well." He did not understand why the laughter became uproarious.

Hawtreys phraseology was of the quaintest and most literary kind, on all occasions.

To a boy complained of for smoking he said, not in a connected speech, but in short sentences, jerked out one by one :

"A *blackguard!* habit — only fit for *life-guardsmen!* — unfits you for the society of *ladies!* — no *gentleman* ever smokes!"

Hawtreys orations to the School were famous, and the Headmaster enjoyed the opportunity of luxuriating in fantastic rhetoric and oratorical hyperbole; but there was much sound sense in what he said, and the rhetoric kept the boys in agreeable and good-humoured expectation. Rustling in silk, with crisp bands flying, the Headmaster stepped into the great desk. "Shut the door," was his invariable formula at the commencement of the address. The Colleger in "Liberty," whose duty it was to officiate, swung the door to. The Headmaster looked up and down the room, up to the ceiling, and with a fine gesture began :—

"In the centre of our vast metropolis," so the most famous of these speeches opened, "lies a piece of ornamental water, upon which birds of varied hue and exotic plumage build their nests, rear their young, and float about in perfect security." This singular exordium, descriptive of the water-fowl in

St. James's Park, roused a general curiosity. The Headmaster paused a moment, and went on to say that in the neighbourhood of Eton, among boys, from whom both by origin and training a finer sense of humanity might be expected, he lamented having to say that a different spirit prevailed: it had been reported to him that morning, that in a neighbouring farmyard on the previous day, two boys, "two fiends in human shape, *fourth form* boys, it is true, but still *Eton* boys, barbarously pursued and ruthlessly massacred TWO DUCKS." There was loud and prolonged laughter at this, and the Headmaster, after a few moral precepts on the subject of humanity in general and the inconvenience likely to result from not more strictly observing a sense of neighbourly duty, dismissed the assembly. Such an harangue was fully as effective as a growling and abusive fulmination from Dr. Keate, accompanied by threats of expulsion and castigation—the very method, with boys of a certain type, to ensure the offence being repeated.

Up till Dr. Hawtreys's time the preaching in the Chapel had been done exclusively by the Provost and Fellows. The Headmaster, strange as it may appear, never had the opportunity of addressing the boys from the pulpit. He had a stall in Chapel, but he was merely the salaried instructor of the boys, and took no part whatever in the service. Such an anomaly, even at Eton, could not continue for ever; and, after conferring with the Provost, it was decided that the Headmaster should deliver the

“Catechism Lectures,” or evening sermons delivered during four of the Sundays in Lent, and designed for the instruction of the boys who were to be confirmed at the end of the Lent Half.

A letter of Hawtrey's is extant, expressing his satisfaction at this reform. Before the Catechism Lectures, a ceremony, grotesque and indecorous, used to take place. At the end of the evening service the Headmaster stood up in his stall, and, facing him, certain Collegers rose in their places, whom he proceeded to ask the first few questions of the Catechism. It may well be imagined that “What is thy name?” and the ensuing answer, involving some luckless Colleger in repeating his baptismal name aloud before the entire congregation, was highly relished. The performance was as pointless as it was irreverent, and ultimately was allowed to lapse. Hawtrey's lectures, written in stately English, and containing admirable moral precepts, distinguished by fatherly sympathy and shrewd common-sense, were afterwards published by him.

But as Provost, Hawtrey enjoyed his reward for a laborious and devoted life. He expanded in the atmosphere of dignified leisure, above the reach of criticism, and gave full rein to his instinct for hospitality and social pleasures, and the delights of being surrounded by an admiring and appreciative circle. A former master tells me that he well recollects dining with him in the summer of 1861

for the first time. They dined in a room which is now an ante-room to the Provost's study. He was charming, benign, full of interest in the young men ; asked my informant about his Italian reading, and recommended him to read Giusti, and never to use a dictionary (pronouncing it "dixonary").

The Provost was fond of inviting boys to breakfast. Finmore used to come into College with a lantern the night before and read out a list of boys invited. Boys generally came back with some story of what he had said or done at breakfast. Two sisters lived with him, the elder of whom presided at the other end of the table, over the tea "equi-page," as the Provost called it. She was polite and gracious like her brother, but with a somewhat inconsequent mind. It is related that she once opened conversation with a party of shy boys by asking them whether they did not think that sausages were remarkably small that year, as though they were some kind of fruit, governed by natural laws. The two sisters used to swim into Chapel in ample lavender-coloured "drawn" silk.

It is recorded, as an instance of Provost Hawtrey's benignant cordiality, that he was entertaining a large party of boys at breakfast, when one luckless creature got involved in a story of an incident that had happened at his home the previous holidays ;— "Oh, sir, do you know, last holidays, one morning a fox came out of the woods and ran right down the park, with his brush down, and round by the garden

and back to the front again." By this time silence had fallen, and the severest attention was concentrated on the unhappy narrator. Hawtreys smiled and nodded approvingly, "and then, sir, he saw my father who was standing by the front door, and off he went, back to the woods again." The dreary anecdote came to an end, and silence fell. "Cunning fellow!" said Hawtreys, "he knew what he was about!" and related a similar anecdote, but with more grace of style. The boy was delighted that he had interested the Provost. A less instinctively courteous man would have cut the boy short, or assumed an absent-minded expression of surprise.

The following instance of his kindness has been sent me by an old pupil :—

A boy of thirteen, who had been an Oppidan four years, and just got into College and did not like it at all, has never forgotten a kind word of Hawtreys.

Hawtreys was coming from his house to Lower School passage, and saw the boy and beckoned to him and said, "I hear you are unhappy in College and do not like leaving your tutor's house and Oppidan friends. Never mind. It will soon come right. And you will like it very much." It was more marked, because Hawtreys very seldom spoke to a boy in that kind of way.

A charming instance of Hawtreys's geniality has been related to me by Miss Dupuis, who was an eye-witness of the scene. In 1856 Mr. Thomas Carter, Vice-Provost of Eton, gave an archery party

at his Vicarage of Burnham. The shooting had begun, when a whisper went round the whole assembly that the Provost had driven over, bringing a bow and arrows with him : in a few minutes the Provost himself, most elaborately dressed, appeared with some singular implements, which he was careful to explain were "a Chinese bow and Indian arrows." He took his place to shoot, but instead of drawing his bowstring to his cheek, he explained that it was quite wrong : "*I* shoot after the manner of the ancients !" This meant drawing the string to the right hip, and at the moment he released it giving a remarkable kind of hop forwards, so that the arrow flew nearly perpendicularly into the air, and came down in almost any part of the field. By some strange coincidence an Indian arrow was found hanging in the target, after the Provost had discharged his bow, placed there by some genial spectator : "There, you thee, you thee ! It *is* the correct way to shoot the bow." The hilarity of the spectators knew no bounds during this amazing performance. A bystander remarked

"Telumque imbelle sine ictu
Decidit, et summo nequidquam umbone pendit."

The Provost, after the archery, made himself most agreeable to everyone, but retired before the dance, with which the evening closed, began, saying, "Perhaps if I were a little younger !" Dancing was in fact an exercise of which he had been extremely fond as a young man.

What could be more good-natured and easy than Hawtrey's rebuke, quoted by Mr. Thackeray, to two boys whom he found fighting close to the door of his chambers?—"Well, boys will quarrel, and I suppose, if they do, they had better fight: but you need not do it just by my door."

When the Eton pack of beagles were established, the members of the hunt adopted a distinctive button, with the monogram E. C. H. (Eton College Hunt) upon it. Hawtrey, whose curiosity in matters of dress was immense, after in vain endeavouring to decipher the initials which he constantly encountered at a distance, literally button-holed a boy one day, and asked for an explanation. The boy, much embarrassed, read out the letters and transferred the embarrassment to the Headmaster, whose instinctive courtesy saw in the badge a delicate compliment on the part of his boys.

Hawtrey was troubled by increasing ill-health in his later years. He was a victim to the stone. I am told that sometimes in Chapel he would bow himself in his stall, putting his hands between his knees in a paroxysm of pain: but it never soured his bright and genial temper.

In 1862 he presided at the dinner held in Election Chamber, to which none but old Collegers were admitted. He rose and spoke at some length, with considerable vehemence, about the proposed Public Schools Commission, when he faltered, put his hand to his head, sat down, and was led out of the

room by Mr. John Hawtrey. He never appeared again in public : it was some kind of seizure, from which he never recovered.

Owing to his lavish generosity and an unbusiness-like disinclination to look into money-matters, Dr. Hawtrey's affairs were in a somewhat embarrassed condition ; when he succeeded to the Provostship he was compelled to part with a great portion of his library in order to furnish the Lodge.

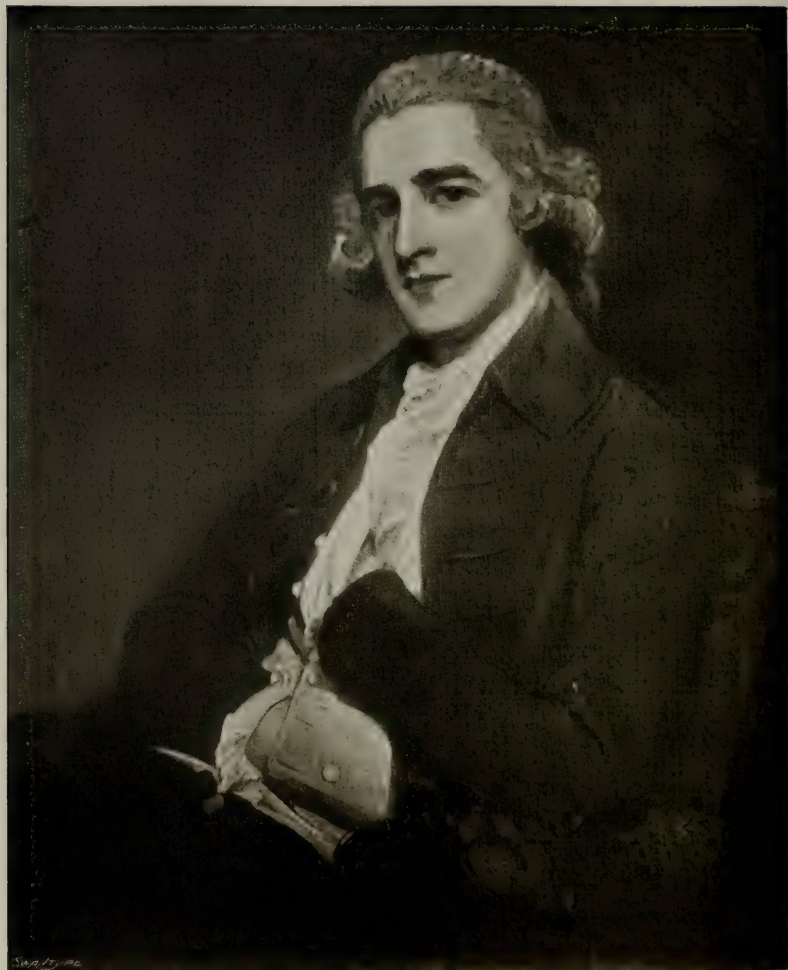
After his death an old Etonian who had bought some books from his library found, to his surprise, a number of ten-pound notes thrust into the pages. The explanation was this : in Hawtrey's time, every boy who left the School, on taking leave of the Headmaster was bound to deposit a note on the table, which was called "leaving-money." This ceremony was peculiarly repugnant to Hawtrey, and in his embarrassment he used to thrust the notes into any book that happened to be lying on the table, and never looked for them again. Dr. Keate was more adroit ; a boy who dropped a note upon the floor, while fumbling with it, stooped to look for it, and found that Keate had covered it with his foot, a small corner only protruding.

I must be allowed the pleasure of quoting a few paragraphs of a masterly panegyric of Dr. Hawtrey, written by Mr. William Johnson, and included in the pages of Mr. Maxwell Lyte's book :—

"Such was the man ; not an accurate scholar, though versed in many tongues ; not thoroughly

well-informed, though he had spent thirty thousand pounds on books ; not able to estimate correctly the intellectual development of younger men, though he corresponded with the leaders of England and France ; not qualified to train schoolboys in competition with a Vaughan or a Kennedy possessing the advanced knowledge of a later generation, for he had never even been a University man, only a Kingsman ; not one that could be said to organize well, for from first to last he dealt in make-shift and patchwork ; yet, for all that, a hero among schoolmasters, for he was beyond his fellows candid, fearless, and bountiful ; passionate in his indignation against cruelty, ardent in admiring all virtue and all show of genius ; so forgiving, that for fifty years he seized every chance of doing kindness to a man who had tormented him at school ; and so ingenuous, that when he had misunderstood a boy's character and then found himself wrong, he suddenly grasped his hand, and owned his error magnanimously. Many men have laughed at his rhetoric, and made themselves a reputation for wit by telling stories of his behaviour. Such men have probably never read the second part of *Don Quixote*. The knight was, after all, a true gentleman of fine mind, and his

NOTE.—Since these pages were written, the Rev. F. St. J. Thackeray's admirable, scholarly, and sympathetic Memoir of Dr. Hawtreay has appeared, but I have been unable to avail myself of it to any great extent, except in one or two small particulars.



SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

RICHARD, VISCOUNT WELLESLEY,

Afterwards the Marquis Wellesley.

1778, æt. 18.

From the oil-painting by G. Romney, in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

death was pathetic. Our Head-Master was worthy of a high-souled poetical nation in its best age ; and old men who had been his compeers in society wept at his funeral with younger men who had been only his humble yoke-fellows."

In the eighth year of Hawtrey's Headmastership died a man who had a unique affection for Eton, and had been, as it were, a kind of patron of the place, or rather Minister for Eton in the world at large.

The Marquis Wellesley was the eldest son of Garret Wesley, second Baron Mornington, who married in 1759 Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill-Trevor, afterwards Lord Dungannon, and in the next year was raised to the rank of an Earl. Garret Wesley was a musical virtuoso ; he was so far professional in his training, that he not unfrequently figured as leader of an orchestra ; he was a well-known composer, and several of his part-songs, such as " Here in cool grot," are still thought worthy of production. The family of Wesley is a remarkable one ; John Wesley, the apostle of Methodism, and his younger brother, Charles Wesley, the religious poet, were kinsmen of Lord Mornington ; Charles Wesley's son was the musician Samuel Wesley, whose son, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, was organist of Gloucester, and composer of much noble Church music.

Garret Wesley's famous sons were Richard Colley Wesley, born at Dangan Castle, County Meath, in

1760 ; William, afterwards Earl of Maryborough, born 1763 ; Arthur, Duke of Wellington, born 1769 ; and Henry, afterwards Lord Cowley, born 1773.

It is related of Lady Mornington that when in her old age her carriage was delayed in the street by an applauding crowd, she said to her youngest son, " This comes of being the mother of the Gracchi."

Richard, Lord Wellesley, went first to Harrow, but was removed to Eton at the age of eleven, on the rebellion that occurred there when the boys, who favoured the candidature of Samuel Parr, barred out Dr. Heath, an assistant-master from Eton, who was appointed to the Headmastership. Wellesley's affection for Eton was of the nature of a lifelong passion.

He manifested at Eton an extraordinarily brilliant aptitude for scholarship. Goodall said of him before a committee of the House of Commons, that he considered that he was Porson's superior as a scholar in all respects. At Eton he was known as Lord Wellesley, having changed the orthography of his name at that time. He boarded, as did his brother Arthur, at a dame's house, Ragueneau's, on the site of the present Manor House.

In 1777 he recited the speech of Strafford at the School Speeches with such pathos that George III. was moved to tears. At the conclusion of the performance he was taken away by Archbishop Cornwallis, an old friend of the family, to spend a

few days at Lambeth. On the way they stopped to see Garrick, who said to Wellesley, "Your lordship has done what I could never do—moved the king to tears." "Yes," said Wellesley, "but you never spoke before him in the character of a fallen favourite, arbitrary minister!"

In 1778 he went to Christ Church, and in 1781 his father died, leaving him with many debts to pay and the education of the other children to provide for, a task which he carried through with energy and success.

Throughout the whole of his life the taste for scholarship and composition in Latin never deserted him. In the last year of his life he published *Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*, poems in Latin and English, with the characteristic motto :—

" Valido mihi
Latoë dones, et precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem."

It is impossible here to enter upon his brilliant administration of India, and his unfortunate and disastrous experiences of Ireland, of which he was twice Viceroy. He was twice married, but left no legitimate children.

He was a man of a singularly noble presence. He retained a clear and youthful complexion till late in life. The features of Wellesley present a remarkable union of characteristics. There is the eager and winning look of the spirit sensitive to the

finer and artistic influences of life, but hardened and dignified by the keen and commanding look of the man of action.

His health was extremely delicate when he was young, and even when he went out to India, he went as a man in broken health, so dejected and nervous that he was only just dissuaded from returning when he reached the Cape. He had one of those constitutions which are far from robust, but with much verve and recuperative power, and capable of bearing a fresh strain; he was a lively and impassioned talker. In India he was somewhat derided for his extreme taste for pomp and ceremonial. As an orator he was fervid and stately.

Still there is a certain taint which makes his life just not heroic. He was a man of pleasure, and there is a certain luxurious selfishness which seems to underlie his greatness.

He lived to the great age of 82, dying in 1842. He left to Eton his Garter jewels, and they are still to be seen in the Library. He was buried in Eton Chapel, by his own express wish, and his exquisite epitaph, written by himself, is a singular combination of grace and emotion. We give it in full with a well-known English rendering.

Fortunae rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
 In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.
 Magna sequi et summae mirari culmina famaë,
 Et puram antiquaë lucis adire jubar,
 Auspice te didici puer, atque in limine vitæ
 Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.



SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,¹) by C. Turner, after an oil-painting
by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.

Si qua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
 Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos,
 Muneris, Alma, tui est. Altrix, da terra sepulcrum,
 Supremam lacrymam da, memoremque mei.

“ Long tost on Fortune’s waves, I come to rest,
 Eton, once more on thy maternal breast.
 On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
 To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
 To love the simple paths of manly truth,—
 These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
 If on my later life some glory shine,
 Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine.
 My boyhood’s nurse, my aged dust receive,
 And one last tear of kind remembrance give ! ”

(By the 14th Earl of Derby.)

The body lay in state in Election Chamber, and was buried in the Provost’s vault, that he might rest, according to his wish, near his old friend, Dr. Goodall. When the vault was next opened, for the funeral of Provost Hawtrey, it was in a horrible state. An old Eton resident, who was present, said he could not get the taste out of his mouth for a week.

We may now say a few words upon, perhaps, the most distinguished of Etonians, the Duke of Wellington, brief though his connection with the place was.

It is curious that the date as well as the place of the birth of Lord Mornington’s most distinguished son should be doubtful. His mother stated that he was born on the 1st of May, and the Duke kept that day as his birthday. On the other hand, a Dublin paper of that date says the 3rd of April, the

Register of Baptisms says April 30th, and the Duke's nurse, an important witness, says the 6th of March, a date accepted by the Irish Parliament. Neither is it known whether he was born at Dublin or at Dangan Castle, the family seat. The year was 1769, the year of Napoleon's birth.

Arthur Wesley, as he was then called, was considered to be the dunce of the family. At Eton he is described as "dreamy, idle, and shy," and he himself said at that time, if he had been given the choice, he would not have selected the Army as his profession. He boarded, like his brothers, at Ragueneau's, now Mr. Arthur James's. He attracted no sort of attention at the School, either among boys or Masters, except that he had a fight with "Bobus" Smith, who was afterwards, with Canning, an editor of the *Microcosm*,—and thrashed him. There is also a dim tradition about a fight with a blacksmith.

The Duke left Eton very young, being destined for the Army, and went first to a tutor at Brussels, where it is said he was distinguished for playing the fiddle well. It was characteristic of him that he called on his old tutor there the day after the battle of Waterloo.

From Brussels he went to the Military Academy at Angers, in France, where he exhibited no particular proficiency.

In 1787 he was gazetted Ensign in the 73rd, and went in rapid succession to the 76th, the 41st, the

12th Light Dragoons, the 58th Foot, and the 18th Light Dragoons. In 1790 he was returned to the Irish Parliament M.P. for Trim. He was described by Sir Josiah Barrington as "ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance; popular among the young men of his age and station; his address was unpolished; he spoke occasionally in the House, and never with success." He was at this time in considerable pecuniary difficulties, but his promotion was rapid. In 1793 he was Major of the 33rd Foot, and in the same year Lieutenant-Colonel, by purchase, in less than seven years after joining the army. We do not, of course, propose to enter into the military or political career of the Duke here.

In 1818 he came down to Eton unexpectedly to see his sons, who were then boarding at the same house, under the charge of a private tutor. Mr. Maxwell Lyte quotes the following account of the incident from a contemporary diary:—

"He went all over the house, and visited the room which he had occupied when at school. He looked into the garden and asked what had become of the broad black ditch over which he used so often to leap. He said, 'I really believe I owe my spirit of enterprise to the tricks I used to play in this garden.'"

He remembered the name of "Virgins' bower," which used to be given to the room next the kitchen where the maids slept. He thought there was a way through it, and said he was going that

way. He seemed in high spirits, and when the cook was calling all the servants to go out to see the Duke, he stopped her, as she was going into the kitchen, by saying: "The Duke is coming to see *you*." It seems probable that the simple and natural remark about the spirit of enterprise is the germ of the pompous statement about the battle of Waterloo having been won in the playing-fields of Eton which is attributed to the Duke, but is in reality far more in the Napoleonic manner.

Mr. Tucker gives another account of the same incident:—

"We had, though, shortly after, a sight of far greater interest than the song and feast—the sight of the hero himself. When I first saw him, he had jumped upon, and was running along the Long Walk wall, followed by his two young sons and a bevy of young noblemen and gentlemen's sons whose fathers he knew. He was dressed in top hat, coloured tie, brown cut-away coat, and top-boots, and went on or stood laughing, chattering to the boys, and the boys laughing and chattering back, until he jumped down in the midst of them—the veriest boy of them all.....

"Then he hurried off in the midst of all his boys to his old Dame's or Dominie Raguenu, not to call upon the old gentleman, but to run to the kitchen door, where in his youthful days he had cut his name or initials, and he had a great desire to see that effort of youthful talent. He stayed

in Eton about an hour, and went back to Windsor."

The Duke was recognised by some boys in the School-yard, as he went through to see the Provost, and was loudly cheered. He asked for a holiday for the School.

One cannot help being struck by the singular contrast between Lord Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. The difference between the two men was admirably expressed with unconscious humility by the Duke. Walking on the ramparts at Walmer with Lord Mahon in 1839, he said, "My brother had the power of speaking extremely well, but used it extremely seldom. It was always his view—and he was never satisfied, unless he made the very best speech in the debate. Now, there I think he was wrong—the thing to think of is not one's speech, but one's object."

Rogers, in the same year, speaking of the same subject, said, "I think that the most remarkable contrast that history affords is between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wellesley,—the one scorning all display and the other living for nothing else."

The Duke's simple and unaffected acceptance of duty is well illustrated by a remark which he made in 1839 to Lord Mahon, in reply to a question asking him whether he had urged Lord Strangford to postpone giving notice of a question in the House of Lords, "Not at all;—if it was to come on at all, there was no good reason for postponing

it. They never consult me before they give their notices, but when they find themselves in a difficulty, then they say, 'for God's sake say something for us and help us through!' Mine is a hard duty. I am indeed '*servus servorum!*'"

A brilliant circle of boys fell markedly under Hawtrey's influence in his early days at Eton. Of these the most brilliant was, perhaps, Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

Praed's father was a Serjeant-at-Law. He was born in London in 1802, being the youngest of five children. His mother he lost in early childhood. The first sign of precocious cleverness he displayed was the writing of little dramas in combination with his sisters. In 1814 he went to Eton, where he lived his own life very much. He read insatiably, and made experiments with extraordinary facility in nearly every kind of composition. The *Etonian* is the best monument of his versatility. At Cambridge he won several medals for prize exercises, was 3rd Classic in 1825, and was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1827. In the Union he was the rival of Macaulay, two years his senior. The original scheme of the *Etonian* had matured into Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, to which he was a frequent contributor. Early in his second year he wrote a fairy tale called "Lillian," which achieved a considerable popularity.

After two years spent as a private tutor, he was called to the Bar in 1829 at the Middle Temple.



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WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

From the lithograph (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by M. Gauci, after an oil-painting
by Arminius Mayer, in the possession of Sir George Young, Bart.

In 1831 he entered Parliament as member for St. Germans ; his speeches were brilliant and witty, but a trifle lacking in force. All this time he lived mainly by his pen, writing leading articles for the *Morning Post*.

When the Reform Bill was passed, and St. Germans lost its member, Praed stood unsuccessfully for St. Ives, and thereupon returned to the Bar, where he acquired a fair practice. However, he was elected for the borough of Yarmouth in 1834, and was made Secretary of the Board of Control in the new administration.

“The last four years of his life,” says Sir George Young, “present little to record. His health, never robust, gave way under the late hours and excitement of parliamentary duties. The loss of strength was supplemented by overtasking a nervous system, which responded but too readily to the demand. In a short time he seemed to have exhausted the vital forces of his constitution.” He died on the 15th of July, 1839.

“In person he was of a spare habit, complexion pale, features strongly marked, symmetrical, but thin and somewhat sharply cut. His forehead was clear and well-built ; finished above by a line of uncommon beauty : his eyes large, and very expressive ; his face almost pointed, from the unusual prolongation of the lower outline ; his lips . . . lit when at rest by the suggestion, rather than the presence, of a smile.”

Though slight in frame, he possessed much active dexterity. He was good at fives and tennis, as well as in chess and whist-playing. He was a charming companion, warm-hearted although quick-tempered, and of invariable kindness of heart.

I cannot resist one curious reminiscence of Praed. Several years ago I was staying at Chichester with the late Bishop, Dr. Durnford, who was one of Praed's Eton contemporaries. He was turning over some book about Eton, and came upon a picture of the School-yard and Chapel Fives Court. "Dear, dear," he said, "how well I remember it!" (closing his eyes) "I can fancy myself there now, on a hot summer day; I can hear the balls popping! I can see Praed standing there, with his face like a boiled chicken!" I asked him why. "Oh," he said, "that was what we used to say; it was so smooth and plump and white; but his eyes, he added, "they were wonderful; and he was very agile; the best fives player I ever saw."

It is not possible here to indulge in a lengthened criticism of Praed's poetry—the part of his literary work by which his name survives. It may be said, without exaggeration, that in the domain of occasional verse, *jeux d'esprit*, *vers de société*, he is an unequalled master. He has had many disciples, among whom we may cite the late Mr. Locker-Lampson, Mr. Austin Dobson, and C. S. Calverley as the most brilliant examples. But except by the last, and then only in the region of pure humour, he

has not been surpassed. The characteristic of Praed's verse is its exquisite urbanity, and its skilful interweaving of the humorous and pathetic element. The "Stanzas to the Speaker asleep" are an instance of the first of these qualities. Had the thing been done heavily or dully it would have been offensive; but as it is, what perfection of touch! "The Vicar" is a conspicuous instance of the second quality—the delicate interweaving of pathos with humour. "Waterloo," the "Letter of Advice" (My own Araminta, say 'No') are in a more farcical vein; but how refined is their vulgarity, if one may use such an expression. Out of a commonplace, sentimental, ill-educated and not particularly well-bred schoolgirl, Praed makes his charming and inconsequent nymph live in the light of art, and invests her with true lyrical quality.

We may be allowed here to give not, perhaps, quite one of Praed's most felicitous lyrics, but one which illustrates his most happy qualities.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS.



Twelve years ago I made a mock
 Of filthy trades and traffics;
 I wondered what they meant by stock;
 I wrote delightful sapphics;
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
 I supped with Fates and Furies,—
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
 Of faded pains and pleasures
 Those whispered syllables have brought
 From Memory's hoarded treasures!
 The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
 The glories and disgraces,
 The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces!

Kind Mater smiles again to me
 As bright as when we parted;
 I seem again the frank, the free,
 Stout-limbed, and simple-hearted;
 Pursuing every idle dream,
 And shunning every warning;
 With no hard work but Bov'ney stream,
 No chill except Long Morning:
 Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
 That rattled like a rocket;
 Now hearing Wentworth's "Fourteen all!"
 And striking for the pocket;
 Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
 Now drinking from the pewter;
 Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
 Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
 No playmate shares my beaker:
 Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some—before the Speaker;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo;
 And some draw sword for Liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
 Without the fear of sessions;
 Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
 As much as false professions:
 Now Mill keeps order in the land,
 A magistrate pedantic;
 And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
 Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty :
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton :
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now ;—
The world's cold chains have bound me :
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me :
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles ;
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From House, and Court, and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses,
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris,—
That I could be a boy again,—
A happy boy,—at Drury's.

Praed's most brilliant achievement at Eton was his editorship of the *Etonian*, which is probably the most precocious and ingenious publication ever produced by schoolboys. It can still be read with interest and amusement, not only from the lively picture of life and manners that it gives, but from the style and scope of many of the poems and articles included.

It was edited by Walter Blount and Winthrop Mackworth Praed, but the latter was the originator of, as well as the chief contributor to, the magazine.

It lasted from October, 1820, to August, 1821, when it was published in two large octavo volumes by Mr. Knight, the enterprising bookseller of Windsor, with a rudely drawn cut of the "King of Clubs"—the token or symbol of the editorial committee, on the title-page.

The King of Clubs is an imaginary club, presided over by Peregrine Courtenay, Esq., the meetings of which are recorded in each number of the *Etonian*, with an elaborate sketch of the character of each member in turn. They are somewhat in the style of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, by Christopher North, and are sketched with a lightness to which "musty Christopher" hardly aspired. But they form a record of frank conviviality which, however imaginary, would hardly find favour with the present authorities of the School, to say nothing of Sir Benjamin Richardson. Indeed, we fear that the *Etonian* would fall under the condemnation of the

latter, in company with *Pickwick*, as an "alcoholic" book.

The principal contributors were *Praed* himself, whose facile pen composed most of the editorials, and, indeed, the staple and substantial contents of many a number; *Walter Blount*, the other editor; *Henry Nelson Coleridge*, who was not actually at *Eton* but at *Cambridge*, whose contributions deal with such subjects as *Wordsworth's*, *Coleridge's*, *Southey's*, and *Charles Lamb's* poetry,—*Richard Durnford*, late *Bishop of Chichester*, whose "Rashleigh letter-bag," a collection of imaginary family letters to and from *Eton*, is very lively reading,—*John Moultrie*, whose best-known poem, "My brother's grave," was written while he was still at *Eton*.

The present writer can remember *Mr. Moultrie* at *Rugby*, where he was for many years *Vicar*. His large head with its dishevelled and voluminous curls, his melancholy and abstracted face, his courteous manners, his hollow voice, his entire abstraction from all sublunary matters, made him a very memorable figure. It is recorded of him that one day at *Rugby*, when his wife was entertaining a large circle of visitors, he came in, in his shirtsleeves, carrying his coat over his arm; regardless of the visitors, he went up to his wife, and pointed out to her that the coat was much worn, but the lining was fresh and intact; it had occurred to him that if the lining were taken out, it would make a

pleasant little summer coat. He then bowed, and withdrew.

Another contributor was William Sidney Walker, of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose premature death extinguished, if we may believe his contemporaries, one of the most brilliant and solid of scholars. It is a painful thought, but cannot well be resisted, that Walker's early breakdown in health must be, to a large extent, attributed to the cruelties practised on him at Eton, by boys who saw his eccentricities and did not respect his genius. Mr. Tucker tells an interesting story of him. He says :—

“Sidney Walker in the Sixth was called up in Homer. He rose and construed on correctly and well, answering all questions, until in a certain line he read some insignificant particle wrong. Keate's ears were up ; he made him read the line again, and curious, apparently, to know what edition it was in, told him to hand up his copy. It was no Homer, but some book in English. Keate was posed and pleased, but with good taste suffered him to finish the construe as he had begun. In point of fact Walker knew the Iliad, or perhaps most of it, by heart.

“While in the Fifth he had published a poem, “Gustavus Vasa,” which had gained Quarterly and Edinburgh praise. He was well known after he left, and had a remarkable career at Cambridge.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOHN PATTESON.

Another interesting Etonian of this date was John Coleridge Patteson.

His father, John Patteson, born 1790, was in College at Eton, and passed on to King's College. In 1813 he went to the Bar. In 1824 he married, as his second wife, Miss F. D. Coleridge, sister of Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and niece of the poet. In 1830 Mr. Patteson was raised to the Bench at the early age of forty. He was an acute judge with great common sense, much simplicity and geniality of manners, and a devout believer in the Christian faith.

His eldest son, John Coleridge Patteson, 'Coley,' as he was called, was born in 1827. He was a boy of singular vigour of character, often troublesome to manage, but intensely affectionate and vigorous. It is said that he bore the pain of a broken collar-bone for three weeks, and when the accident was brought to light by his mother's embrace, he only said that he did not like to make a fuss. He went to Eton in 1838, to the house of Mr. Coleridge, his uncle—now occupied by Mr. Ainger. In the room which Patteson occupied has been placed a brass plate commemorating him. He was present at the

Montem of 1838, which was attended by the Queen, then nineteen years of age.

She drove from Windsor in an open carriage, and in the throng little Patteson was pressed so close up to the royal carriage that he became entangled in the wheel, and was on the point of being dragged under it, when the Queen, with ready presence of mind, held out her hand to him; he grasped it and recovered his feet in safety, but was so confused by the whole incident that he could not make any sign of gratitude before the carriage passed on.

In an early letter he describes going up to the Terrace at Windsor on Sunday afternoon, when the Royalties there appeared and walked about before the crowd, a custom initiated by George III. "It certainly is very beautiful," he adds, "with two bands playing on a calm, blessed Sunday evening, with the Queen of England and all her retinue walking about. It gives you an idea of the majesty of God, who could in one short second turn it all into confusion. There is nothing to me more beautiful than the raising one's eyes to Heaven, and thinking with adoration who made this scene, and who could unmake it again."

He was sent up for good in the same year, and writes, "Goodford, when I took my ticket to be signed (for I was obliged to get Goodford, Abraham, and my tutor to sign it), said 'I will sign it most willingly,' and then kept on stroking my hand, and said, 'I congratulate you most heartily, and am very

glad of it.' . . . I am so splitting with joy, you cannot think." As he went up the school he became more mundane in his interests. Of the cut of his first tail coat he writes to his mother, "this is *really* an important thing."

He was at home when Selwyn, just consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, came to take leave, and half in earnest, half in playfulness, said, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" She started, but did not say No, and her son afterwards told her it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop.

The boy was confirmed, and records in a letter the experience of his first communion. It is strange that he should say, "I never saw anything conducted with greater decorum. Not a single fellow spoke, except at the responses."

In 1843 Patteson first played in the Eton Eleven. Though he was a hard worker, and was in all sent up no less than twenty-five times for good, he failed to get into the Select for the Newcastle in his last year, though he was included in the list for 1844.

A letter is preserved, which is interesting as showing the more elastic discipline of that date. "Hearing that 'Israel in Egypt' was to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday night, I went and asked my tutor whether he had any objection to my running up that night to hear it, and coming back the next morning quite early, at six. My tutor said that, without any absurd feelings on the matter, he

should not think himself of going to such a thing in Lent. 'It was not,' he said, 'certainly, like going to the play, or any of those sort of places, but he did not like the idea of going at all.'

The story of his being present at the annual dinner of the Eleven and Eight, given at the Slough hotel, and leaving the room because an offensive song was sung, is almost too well-known to quote. When the song began, Patteson said, "If that doesn't stop I shall leave the room," and on no notice being taken he accordingly did. He went further and said that he should resign his place in the Eleven unless he received an apology; which was duly made. The story is told so frequently in the pulpit at Eton, and so rarely of the same person, that it is as well to record that the incident did occur to Patteson; and that Mr. Dupuis and Mr. Abraham hearing of it, were so gratified that they gave him a bat.

In 1844, when Louis Philippe came down to Eton with the Queen and Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, who was with them, got hustled by the crowd, owing to some mistake of the police. Patteson headed a rush to clear the way for him, and the School recognising the Duke, gave him a tremendous ovation, the Masters, overcome by the enthusiasm, rushing into the crowd and waving their caps. The Duke's thanks were characteristically expressed. He touched his hat and said gruffly, "Get on, boys, get on."



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JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

From an engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) after a drawing by Geo. Richmond, R.A.

Patteson was a remarkable cricketer, with a very stubborn and tenacious defence. Mr. Lillywhite came down to play at Eton on one occasion, and became almost irritated at the obstinacy of Patteson's defence. "Mr. Patteson," he said, "I should like to bowl to you on Lord's ground, and it would be different."

Some of the parents expressed discontent at Mr. Coleridge's management of his pupils. Patteson writes:—

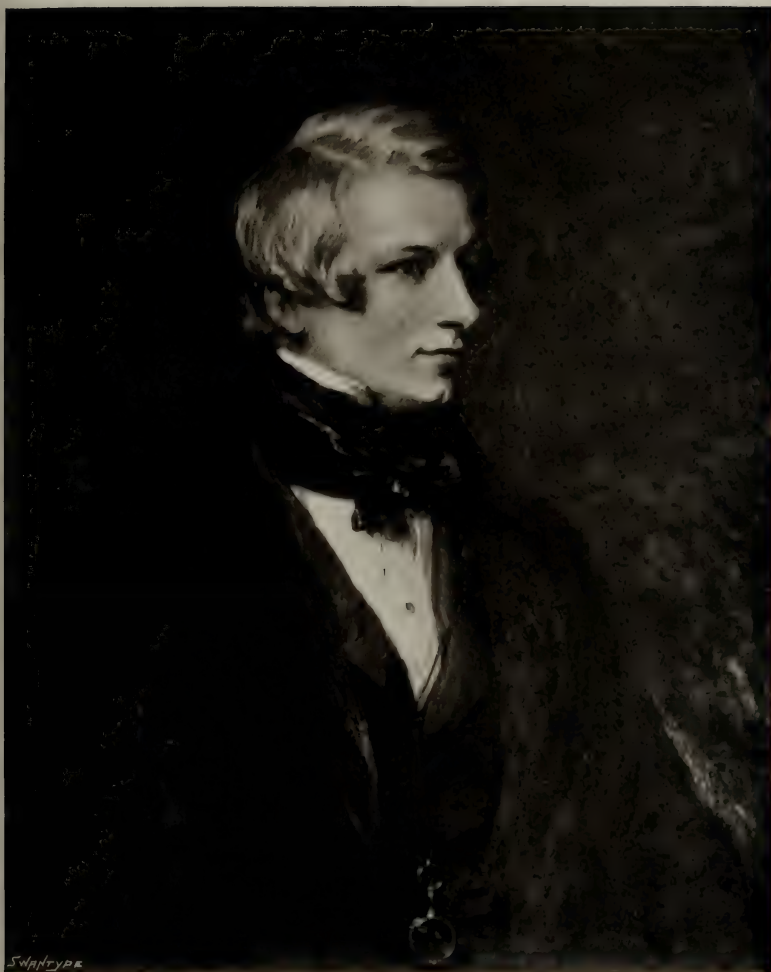
"My tutor's system of private business, viz., giving you sometimes papers to answer in writing, and at other times recommending books and papers of his own to be read—is so calculated to act according to the pupils' individual application and industry, that while it more advances the diligent, it presses more lightly on the idle, so that no blame can be attached to him for an individual failure in any one instance."

In 1845 he went up to Balliol College, Oxford, afterwards obtaining a Fellowship at Merton.

He flung himself into Bishop Selwyn's missionary work, and in 1861 was consecrated Bishop of Auckland. In 1871 he was killed by the natives of the island of Nukapu, in revenge for a fancied wrong. The Bishop was induced to go on shore, and his death was not witnessed by his companions. They were shortly afterwards attacked by the natives, and two died of their wounds, the arrows, headed with human bone, being poisoned. The

same afternoon the body of Bishop Patteson was found floating in a canoe, wrapped in a native mat, with five wounds, and a palm-leaf fastened on his breast. The circumstances are related by Miss Yonge in her careful and sympathetic biography. She adds, "the strange mysterious beauty of these circumstances makes one feel as if this were the legend of a martyr of the Primitive Church; but the fact is literally true and can be interpreted, though probably no account will ever be obtained from the actors in the scene."

Another famous Etonian, Sir Stafford Northcote, Earl of Iddesleigh, of whose Eton life we have several reminiscences, went to Eton in 1831, to the house of Mr. Edward Coleridge. His earlier reports announce improvement; but there came a period of two years during which he seems to have sown a kind of innocent wild oats. A "want of constant purpose was complained of"—probably, says Mr. Andrew Lang, "the boy was at the height of boyish high spirits, trailing his watch in the water behind his boat, and had not yet seen (not such an easy thing to see) what reason there is for application. . . . There is a date in the life even of a clever schoolboy, when school-work seems the abomination of desolation. One has not yet learned to feel the charm of the ancient literatures; we have not yet heard Circe's song, and are only toiling, *διὰ δρυμὰ πικρὰ καὶ ὕλην*, through the thicket of verbs and cases."



SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE, Bart.

(Afterwards Earl of Iddesleigh.)

1836.

From an oil-painting by Mrs. Carpenter in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

Northcote was called "Tab" by his friends, a name derived from a singing-boy, whose fair hair resembled his. Colonel Anstruther Thomson writes that a favourite amusement of Northcote's was to "toodle" or chase small birds in the hedges till they were blown, and then capture them. Later on he took to rowing, and was in the *Victory*. He was very facile with verses, and used to do them in numbers for his friends. "One very hot morning," says Colonel A. Thomson, "I came in and found 'Tab' at breakfast in his shirt-sleeves, and his coat hanging over my chair. "'Tab,' take your coat off my chair." "I shan't," quoth he. "If you don't, I'll chuck it out of the window." "Shan't," he repeated. Away went the coat and floated into the tutor's garden. Unfortunately it was Monday morning, and 'Tab' said "You may finish your verses for yourself." That week the verses were a very inferior lot, and my tutor was very much puzzled to know the reason why."

* * * * *

"We used to have card-parties, and sit on the floor playing *vingt-et-un* for halfpence. Once Northcote had to go away in the middle of a game, having lost about two shillings. He handed over to the boy who took his place a sheet of paper with these words, "Here is a schedule of my debts, and here is the sum of my possessions," giving him one halfpenny."

Sir T. H. Farrer adds that nobody ever did so

many verses for other boys; and that through life he was always "doing other boys' verses." He says that Northcote took part in a cross-country expedition, wherein "an essential part of his raiment—his trousers, indeed—was torn, and pinned up by Sir Thomas with thorns, so that the student was able to take an uneasy seat in Chapel, without exciting remark. He was idle and unsatisfactory at school, and his tutor, Mr. Coleridge, resolved to recommend that he should be taken away. But he communicated this decision to the boy to give him a last chance, and this interview seems to have been a turning-point in the boy's life. In 1834 he began to work in earnest, and in 1836 'was thinking of going up' for a Balliol Scholarship. In 1835 he rowed in the Eton Eight. He had wished to be good at cricket, but his shortness of sight prevented him.

The following letters are an amusing illustration of Eton life at this time. Charles Dickens, who had just placed his eldest son at Eton, writes from Devonshire House, on Saturday, Dec. 1st, 1849, to Mr. Joseph C. King, his boy's tutor:—

"I hasten to let you know what took place at Eton to-day. I found that I *did* stand in some sort committed to Mr. Evans, though not so much so but that I could with perfect ease have declined to place Charley in his house if I had desired to do so. I must say, however, that after seeing Mr. Cookesley (a most excellent man in his way), and seeing Mr. Evans, and Mr. Evans' house, I think I should, under any circumstances, have given the latter the preference as to the domestic part of Charley's life. I would certainly prefer to try it. I therefore

thought it best to propose to have Mr. Cookesley for his tutor, and to place him as a boarder with Mr. Evans. Both gentlemen seemed satisfied with this arrangement, and Dr. Hawtrey expressed his approval of it also.

“Mr. Cookesley, wishing to know what Charley could do, asked me if I would object to leaving him there for half-an-hour or so. As Charley appeared not at all afraid of this proposal, I left him then and there. On my return, Mr. Cookesley said, in high and unqualified terms, that he had been thoroughly well grounded and well taught—that he had examined him in Virgil and Herodotus, and that he not only knew what he was about perfectly well, but shewed an intelligence in reference to those authors which did his tutor great credit. He really appeared most interested and pleased, and filled me with a grateful feeling towards you, to whom Charley owes so much.

“He said there were certain verses in imitation of Horace (I really forget what sort of verses) to which Charley was unaccustomed, and which were a little matter enough in themselves, but were made a great point of at Eton, and could be got up well in a month “*from an old Etonian.*” For this purpose he would desire Charley to be sent every day to a certain Mr. Hardisty, in Store Street, Bedford Square, to whom he had already (in my absence) prepared a note. Between ourselves, I must not hesitate to tell you plainly that this appeared to me to be a conventional way of bestowing a little patronage. But, of course, I had nothing for it but to say it should be done; upon which, Mr. Cookesley added that he was then certain that Charley, on coming after the Christmas holidays, would be placed at once in ‘the remove,’ which seemed to surprise Mr. Evans when I afterwards told him of it as a high station.

“I will take him to this gentleman on Monday, and arrange for his going there every day; but, if you will not object, I should still like him to remain with you, and to have the advantage of preparing these amazing verses under your eye until the holidays. That Mr. Cookesley may have his way thoroughly, I will send Charley to Mr. Hardisty daily until the school at Eton recommences.

“Let me impress upon you in the strongest manner, not only that I was inexpressibly delighted myself by the readiness

with which Charley went through this ordeal with a stranger, but that I also saw you would have been well pleased and much gratified if you could have seen Mr. Cookesley afterwards. He had evidently not expected such a result, and took it as not at all an ordinary one."

At the beginning of 1851, Dickens writes to the Hon. Mrs. Watson, of Rockingham :—

"Charley went back in great spirits, threatening to write to George. It was a very wet night, and John took him to the railway. He said, on his return, 'Mas'r Charles went off very gay, sir. He found some young gen'lmen as was his friends in the train, sir.' 'Come,' said I, 'I am glad of that. How many were there? Two or three?' 'O dear, sir, there was a matter of forty, sir! All with their heads out of the coach windows, sir, a-hallooing 'Dickens!' all over the station!"

In July of the same year, writing to the same correspondent, Dickens gives a charming account of a water-party in the rain :—

"To go to the opposite side of life, let me tell you that a week or so ago I took Charley and three of his schoolfellows down the river gipsying. I secured the services of Charley's godfather (an old friend of mine, and a noble fellow with boys), and went down to Slough, accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum and Mason, on (I believe) the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics.

"It cleared before we got to Slough; but the boys, who had got up at four (we being due at eleven), had horrible misgivings that we might not come, in consequence of which we saw them looking into the carriages before us, all face. They seemed to have no bodies whatever, but to be all face; their countenances lengthened to that surprising extent. When they saw us, the faces shut up as if they were upon strong springs, and their waistcoats developed themselves in the usual places. When the first hamper came out of the luggage-van, I was conscious of their dancing behind the guard; when the second

came out with the bottles in it, they all stood wildly on one leg. We then got a couple of flies to drive to the boat-house. I put them in the first, but they couldn't sit still a moment, and were perpetually flying up and down like the toy figures in the sham snuff-boxes. In this order we went on to 'Tom Brown's, the tailor's,' where they all dressed in aquatic costume, and then to the boat-house, where they all cried in shrill chorus for 'Mahogany',—a gentleman so called by reason of his sunburnt complexion, a waterman by profession. (He was likewise called during the day 'Hog' and 'Hogany,' and seemed to be unconscious of any proper name whatsoever). We embarked, the sun shining now, in a galley with a striped awning, which I had ordered for the purpose, and all rowing hard, went down the river. We dined in a field; what I suffered for fear those boys should get drunk, the struggles I underwent in a contest of feeling between hospitality and prudence, must ever remain untold. I feel, even now, old with the anxiety of that tremendous hour. They were very good, however. The speech of one became thick, and his eyes too like lobsters' to be comfortable, but only temporarily. He recovered, and I suppose, outlived the salad he took. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and I imagine I should have been implicated on the inquest if there had been one. We had tea and rashers of bacon at a public-house, and came home, the last five or six miles in a prodigious thunderstorm. This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else. The dinner had been great, and 'Mahogany' had informed them, after a bottle of light champagne, that he would never come up the river 'with ginger company' any more. But the getting so completely wet through was the culminating part of the entertainment. You never in your life saw such objects as they were; and their perfect unconsciousness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful. As to getting them to their dames with any sort of sense that they were damp, I abandoned the idea. I thought it a success when they went down the street as civilly as if they were just up and newly dressed, though they really looked as if you could have rubbed them to rags with a touch, like saturated curl-paper."

Charles Dickens went down to Eton in Nov. 1852, and thus alluded to the great flood of that year, writing to Mrs. Watson :—

“ You look out, I imagine, on a waste of water. When I came from Windsor, I thought I must have made a mistake and got into a boat (in the dark) instead of a railway-carriage.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHAPEL IN 1840.

The Chapel, which had been stripped of its ancient ornaments by the Puritans, was sumptuously fitted up in 1700, mainly by the exertions of Provost Godolphin, who raised a large fund for the purpose, to which he himself liberally contributed. A western screen was erected, not, as now, under the arch which divides the Choir from the Ante-chapel, but under the second window from the west. The screen was supported on the western side by tall fluted columns of oak, with a good deal of gilding about them, and presented, judging from old engravings, a very stately aspect. The organ, which stood on the top of the screen, was in a tall and dignified Jacobean case, the pipes being plainly gilt. The whole of the interior was panelled with oak, the stalls, with high classical canopies, extending as far to the east as the present stalls. These, it seems, were at some later date stained or painted a dark colour. The pulpit stood opposite the North Porch, at the spot occupied by Dr. Balston's monument, and had a heavy sounding-board. Under the stalls, on both sides, stood substantial pews, plain, but with some dignity of aspect. There was a tall reredos in the same style over the

Altar, with a pediment and fluted columns. The Chapel was floored throughout with black and white marble, and the steps leading up to the Altar were of the same material, but white. The roof was panelled with plain wood, and plastered. There was no stained glass in the windows, except a few fragments of ancient glass, which remained in the upper compartments. As the numbers of the School increased, seats were placed along the Altar steps facing west. Such was the appearance that the Chapel presented at the beginning of the present century.

It must be borne in mind that the Chapel still remained the Parish Church of Eton, and besides the boys and the numerous families of the Fellows, the service was still attended by many of the parishioners.

In 1840 the Tractarian movement was spreading in all directions, and all over England the Gothic revival was being made the excuse for the most lamentable vandalism. It is now, perhaps, at last understood, that contrast and historical continuity are more valuable from an artistic point of view than a consistent purity of style, and that Jacobean woodwork in a Gothic church affords a more interesting and pleasing combination of features than a tame recurrence to Gothic designs.

In 1840, Sir John Coleridge drew the attention of Provost Hodgson to what he called the unsightly condition of the Chapel. The idea of a complete

restoration was enthusiastically promoted, and it is impossible not to lament the deplorable zeal and consistency with which the edifice was remodelled, at a time when the principles of Gothic were not clearly ascertained.

The whole of the beautiful floor was stripped up, and so ruthlessly disposed of, that some of the dignified Altar-steps may still be seen built into the lodge at the end of the playing-fields. Freestone, as being of a more ecclesiastical character, was substituted throughout. The whole of the splendid woodwork was torn from the walls, a great part of it being sold as timber on Datchet green. The organ-case and many of the columns were bought by a private gentleman, and used to panel the hall of a new house. New stalls, carved by Rattee and Kett, of Cambridge, and new seats, were inserted throughout, and the screen was moved to the place which it now occupies, the organ itself being erected so as to fill up a window on the south side, where the pulpit had originally stood. The present stalls are handsome of their kind, and the materials are good, but the design is starved and commonplace. It is difficult to estimate the amount of money which was lavished on the fittings; the stalls alone cost over £7000, being erected by private contributors to the memory of distinguished Etonians, such as Gray, Robert Boyle, past Provosts and Masters, and other worthies of local celebrity. In each case a commemorative brass plate with armorial

bearings was affixed, with inscriptions, in many cases, of admirable grace. The Chapel was lighted by large brass standards of Gothic design, in supposed imitation of Henry VI.'s crown. The great reredos was removed from the east, and the wall painted in the most commonplace manner, Provost Hodgson, in his intense dread of Romanism, insisting upon the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes being inscribed in illegible Puginesque characters. Everything either interesting or characteristic was freely sacrificed. Gothic chairs of portentous appearance were placed on either side of the Altar ; it only remained to fill the windows with stained glass. The east window and the windows on either side of it were designed and executed by Mr. Willement. They are not altogether fortunate in colour, but show a careful study of worthy models, and considerable antiquarian feeling and taste. Had all the windows been executed with the same deliberate aim, the result would have been happier.

The Rev. John Wilder, afterwards Vice-Provost, exhibiting the same lavish generosity that invariably characterised him, volunteered to fill the remaining fourteen windows of the Choir at his own expense. They were entrusted to Mr. Connor, and were carried out in a style that it is impossible not to regret. The designs, presumably of German origin, are flat and inadequate, and the colouring is inharmonious. But these faults were unavoidable at

the time when the work was done. Mr. Wilder spared no trouble or expense in the matter, and it is only unfortunate that the art then so lately revived was so little understood.

A stone pulpit was erected, which was afterwards condemned, and the position of the organ was found unsatisfactory, and it was removed to the west end. The western side of the screen towards the Ante-chapel was for many years a painful eyesore, being covered with a so-called "ecclesiastical" baize of a magenta hue, enlivened with black *fleur-de-llys*.

In 1882 this was replaced by a stone screen, designed by Mr. Street, in memory of Eton officers who fell in the Zulu, Afghan, and Boer wars. The screen is handsome, but the material is to be regretted, and on the eastern side there are singular branching columns, more Spanish than English in character, which are incongruous.

While the screen was in progress of erection, many of the organ pipes which were stored at Messrs. Hill's works were unfortunately burnt in a fire. Eventually, however, Mr. Pearson designed a case, the design of which on the western side, towards the Ante-chapel, it is difficult to praise too highly. On the eastern side, the feature of the construction which at once excites remark, is that it displays the great 32 feet open diapason pipes, which from their size could not be well accommodated elsewhere. At a later date this was elaborately painted and decorated, at a cost of over

£1000, by the princely generosity of the Vice-Provost, Mr. Wilder. In itself, the decoration is of undoubted magnificence, but it contrasts too strongly at the present with the plain white columns and the dusty canopies of the stalls, and seems to demand a general raising of decorative tone throughout.

The window over the organ is a singular one. Its effect is at present grotesque, being arranged with coloured patterns, on the principle of a kaleidoscope. On a closer inspection it becomes evident that the window is largely composed of fragments of ancient glass, with inscriptions, heads, folds of raiment, gathered from other windows and jumbled together in an indiscriminate mass.

The other windows were filled by various donors, and a font was erected in the Ante-chapel. On the south side of the screen stands the stately monument of Provost Goodall, both this and the font tending to conceal an interesting relic which survives on the eastern wall of the Ante-chapel on both sides,—the rows of niches which formed the reredos of two auxiliary altars in the early days of the College.

If the zeal of the restorers had only allowed the stalls and reredos to remain *in situ*, and devoted their lavish contributions to a gradual and tentative remodelling of the building, a far more interesting and beautiful fabric would have remained to us. If the noble scheme could have been delayed for forty

years, it would have been better still. But it is easy to be wise after the event.

A monument was erected to Provost Hawtrey in a bay west of the sedilia in 1879. The character of this is refined, though it is not wholly unobjectionable. Quite lately a monument with a recumbent figure of Archdeacon Balston, Headmaster from 1862 to 1868, has been added, east of the stalls on the south side. This is a very beautiful Renaissance monument, with elaborate pilasters and panels of gilded alabaster. The only criticism that need be made of the figure is that the likeness is not an adequate one, and does not fairly represent the serene dignity of the original.

In 1895 a majestic representation in tapestry of the Adoration of the Magi, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and carried out by Mr. Morris, has been presented to the Chapel by Mr. Luxmoore, and is, perhaps, one of the most satisfactorily beautiful things in a building where there is so much that is regrettable. It hangs over Dr. Balston's monument. Opposite it, near the pulpit, has recently been hung a picture of Sir Galahad, by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., most generously presented to the School by the painter himself. It represents a youthful figure leading a great white charger, the distant landscape most airy and delicate.

A word may here be fitly said about the Lower Chapel, erected in 1889 by contributions from old Etonians and Masters. The architect was Sir A.

Blomfield, and the building is dignified and beautiful, though its position is a mistake, as it is placed on the opposite side of the road to the racquet courts, where it is impossible to get any view of its proportions.

It may be said also that it would have been as well if it had not, as it were, challenged comparison in style and construction with the Upper Chapel, being built on exactly the same lines—a late perpendicular building, without aisles, divided by large buttresses; and the selection of blue slate for the roof was unhappy.

But the interior is quiet and dignified. There is a fine timber roof of chestnut; a magnificent western screen, presented in memory of Mr. H. G. Wintle, for several years an Assistant-master; and a really admirable organ-case, presented by the present Lower Master. The windows are being gradually filled with stained glass after designs by Mr. Kempe, and those that have been already inserted are graceful and interesting. At the same time as the Lower Chapel was built, a plain Court-yard, called the Queen's Schools, containing school-rooms, a Museum, and a Lecture-room, was constructed on the site of the old Rotunda, in late Tudor brickwork. The foundation was laid by Her Majesty the Queen in 1889, and a marble statue of the Queen, in the niche over the great gate leading into the Court, was unveiled by the Empress Frederick in 1891.



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EDMOND WARRE.

1855.

From a crayon drawing by George Richmond, R.A., in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WILLIAM IV.

William IV. was attached to Eton, and was popular there. He liked the boys, on his return to Windsor after an absence, or after a visit to Eton, to take out his horses and draw the carriage. He was fond of going to see their races and games. On one occasion, when Eton was beaten by Westminster on the river, the king said, with some animus, that it was all owing to the presence of Dr. Hawtrey. Almost the last occasion he appeared in public was at an Eton and Westminster race. It was raining, and he sat, a fresh-faced gentleman, peering out of a closed carriage, opposite the finish. Westminster passed the post first, and the king, in great vexation, pulled up the window and drove away.

A good deal of interesting and harmless ceremonial has disappeared within the last fifty years. Election to Scholarships held before the Summer holidays was a day of circumstance and pomp. The examiners, called "posers," came from King's, and stayed at Botham's hotel, Salt-hill, the previous night, from whence, the following morning, they drove to the College in a yellow chariot, with the Provost of King's, who lodged, not with the Provost,

but in a suite of rooms to the left of Lupton's tower, looking out into the School-yard, which belonged to him by prescriptive right—indeed they have only quite recently been absorbed into the Provost's house. The Posers wore their hoods as the Proctors now wear them at Cambridge, very full, and disposed in a peculiar fashion over the shoulders. The two Provosts greeted each other with a loving kiss, though this fell latterly into desuetude. A speech was made at the gateway under Lupton's tower, in Latin, by the Captain of the School, dealing with current topics. The examination of candidates proceeded, and the first list of the rejected was read out from the stairs that go up from the Cloisters into the gallery, the candidates being often kept waiting in the Cloisters with their anxious friends over an hour—a piece of needless cruelty. The final list was called the Indenture. The successful boys had to “answer *nomen* and *cognomen*” in Election Chamber, the room over the doorway into Cloisters. The answers were written previously on slips of paper and read out by the candidates in answer to the questions—

Quid tibi est nomen ?

In quo mense et anno natus es ?

Qua in villa vel urbe ?

Quo in comitatu ?

Mr. F. Tarver recollects the arrival of news from town, brought by criers : “ *Extr'ornery News, Extr'ornery News—and the Morning Chronicle!* ”

Whenever a Fellow of King's resigned, Harry Atkins, who held a post in College, was required to bellow, "Resignation! Resignation!!" all round the walls of the College.

The life in College was rough and hard even in those reformed days. New boys on their first coming were expected to go into Hall for supper and to drink a glass of what was called Don Pedro, or salted beer. They were also a day or two later expected to attend what was called "Chambers singing," when a good many Upper boys assembled round Chamber fire, and each new boy either sang a song or drank a glass of salt and water. Manners were rough and disagreeable. Hall in the evening was lighted up by a few tallow candles, and bread was freely thrown—such discipline as existed was enforced by the Sixth Form Praepostor for the week. At dinner, three of the Lower boys waited on the Sixth Form, the duty of one being to hold back the long sleeves of the gowns while they carved their meat, so that they might not flap awkwardly into the greasy gravied dish. The three servitors dined after the rest had finished, together with the Upper servitor, the fifth boy in "Liberty" who, seated at a desk at the east end of Hall, made out a bill of those present, written in Latin, "Pot and Pan" standing for *Potus et Panis*. When this was written out, it was taken up to any dignitary who might happen to be at High Table for his inspection. The present writer was the last

Colleger who discharged the office of servitor, the duties being abolished by the Sixth Form themselves in Sept., 1874, as degrading. I do not remember that I thought it degrading, rather the reverse; and the compensation of getting a hotter and better dinner under the benignant urbanity of the present Bishop of Adelaide, the Upper servitor, was an adequate one for any imagined indignity.

Forty years ago the prayers for the Collegers, now read in a school-room adjoining Long Chamber, were read in the old Lower School. Chamber itself was noisy and the conversation not particularly choice. There were some studies which were shared by three boys apiece. Tea and breakfast were in the old Chamber Tea Room, now a school-room, looking into Weston's Yard.

The great improvement in the moral tone of College dates from the arrival of Mr. Kegan Paul as Master in College. He was a Conduct as well, not a Master in the School. He afterwards held a College living but resigned it, and Anglican Orders, and eventually joined the Church of Rome, and entered the publishing business identified with his name.

He discharged a difficult and delicate task with great energy and tact. Though he was by no means universally popular, he deserves well of his generation of Collegers for the determined way in which he attempted to influence boys in the right direction. He made friends with many unsatis-

factory boys; indeed to an extent that was disapproved of by more rigid moralists. He was courageous and judicious, and never forgot his friends. His methods may have been quixotic; but his attempt was little short of heroic, and it is not commonly acknowledged how much the great improvement in moral tone was due to him.

The Fellows of some forty years ago live in the affectionate memories of many old Etonians. They were worthy and kindly men, with energetic mannerisms, and no one is ever genuinely appreciated who has not mannerisms. Mr. Bethell, a tall, rubicund man, was noted for the immense energy of sound that he threw into the Communion Service. There are stories of his exposition of classical passages when he was still a Master which must not be omitted. "Postes aeratos" was construed correctly by a boy, "the brazen doorposts." "Yes," said Bethell, "probably so called because they were made of brass." "Duplice ficu" was correctly given as a "double fig." "Right," said Bethell, "a kind of fig that was double."

The boys who had worn red coats at Montem were allowed to wear them for the rest of the half in public. Mr. Tucker says:—

"The sight of a red coat in School was particularly obnoxious to Bethell, Master of the Lower Fifth, which met in the Library, the ante-room to the Upper School; and, rightly or wrongly, he was thought to bear hard on the scattered red coats in

too frequently calling them up, and then being unfairly strict with them. And so, on a day set by agreement every one—about fifty or more—made his appearance in his scarlet coat,—a whole regiment of Lower Fifths.

“Bethell’s face grew red and long; but he had the sense to say nothing; and it was thought that the hint was not lost upon him for the rest of the term.”

Bethell, not being a very successful Master, was elected early to a Fellowship. He became Bursar and afterwards Vice-Provost. On an occasion long famous among the boys, Mr. Bethell, “portly and portentous, wearing a spencer and gaiters,” is reported to have stalked into Layton’s shop with Mrs. Bethell, and two long lanky daughters, and to have given the magnificent order of “An ice and two spoons for Mrs. Bethell and myself, and some Parl-i-a-ment cake for the young ladies.”

Rather earlier in date were the two brothers, Dr. John Roberts and Mr. William Roberts. They were elected doubtless for many virtues, but primarily because they were sons of the Provost. One of them was known as “Perny Pojax” in the School, the other as “Peelipo,” the names having reference to a standing feud between them as to whether the proper method of serving potatoes was in their *jackets* or *peeled*. It is said that one of them on being told that a chalybeate had been discovered in Fellows’ pond, replied that it had better go to the kitchen with the rest of the fish.

Mr. Green was another Fellow ; very kindly and good-humoured, with thick white hair and a sallow complexion ; he was the victim in later life of incurable deafness.

Mr. Plumptre was another Fellow. He was a man of the utmost kindness of heart, and of almost quixotic generosity. It is told of him that he once took into a house which he possessed in some Midland county, an old friend of his with an invalid daughter. The invalid found that the place suited her health, and in the end Mr. Plumptre insisted on lending the house to her for the remainder of her life, and establishing himself entirely at Eton, an arrangement which he carried out, protesting that it was entirely for his own convenience. Mr. Plumptre made a point of having a balance of four thousand pounds at the bank, maintaining that a gentleman should not have less. He invariably wore, when going into Chapel, a surplice of the fullest size, a tall hat and large bands, which in a high wind beat upon his face.

Mr. Plumptre's one consuming terror was of the influence of Rome, which he scented in the most unexpected quarters. This is amusingly illustrated by a joke of Provost Hawtrey's. Soon after Hawtrey was Provost, there was an idea of putting down some matting in the gallery. The wife of a Fellow met Hawtrey one day and said, " Well, Mr. Provost, when are we to have the matting ? " " There is a difference of opinion about it among

the Fellows." "Who objects?" "Mr. Plumptre. He seems to object not only to this 'matting,' but to 'Matins' (mattings) of all kinds."

Mr. Plumptre, speaking of the preaching of two of his colleagues, said, "It is very odd that, whenever Green preaches, I hear only one word all through, and that is 'God,'—and whenever Coleridge preaches, I hear nothing but the 'Devil.'"

Mr. Plumptre persisted in regarding Mr. Abraham, a man of moderate High Church views, as dangerously disposed to Rome. A lady, daughter of one of the Fellows, tells me that she was taking a basket of roses from her mother to Mr. Abraham, who was very fond of flowers, when she was stopped by Mr. Plumptre, and asked where the roses came from. She replied, "from the College garden." "Whom were they going to?" "To Mr. Abraham." "Humph," said Mr. Plumptre, "I am only sorry they should go to a Jesuit."

The same lady tells me that Mr. Plumptre had a prejudice against St. John's Church, Eton, thinking it Ritualistic, and said that he would as soon go to the Vatican at Rome. "However, he being in residence in August, 1855, and some alterations going on in College Chapel, there was no service there, so he thought it was his *duty* to go to St. John's, and was ushered into a seat then reserved for the College ladies. My mother was sitting at the end, and of course moved on to make room for him. I and my sister were beyond. Mr. Plumptre

shook hands with us all and then sat down and shaded his eyes with his hands, (there was no stained east window then) and said loudly, "We want Wilder here with his stained glass. I can't see in Chapel because it is so dark, and here I can't see because of the glare."

At one time Mr. Plumptre sat between Mr. Bethell and Mr. Wilder in Chapel, and complained that "What with Bethell's *detonations* and Wilder's *intonations*, he really did not know what to do."

Mr. Plumptre married the sister of the Rev. Thomas Carter, formerly Vice-Provost. She died in childbirth, and the child also. He always kept the day of her death as a strict fast, and passed it in solitude.

It is recorded of Mr. Plumptre that he was a very popular tutor, so much so that boys, whose tutors were away, used to attend uninvited at Mr. Plumptre's constringings. When the room got inconveniently crowded, as was sometimes the case, Plumptre used to look round, and say peremptorily, "Strangers must now retire."

Mr. Plumptre, who, after his election to a Fellowship, lived in Weston's Yard, was constantly having his bell rung by wicked little Collegers, who rang it and ran away. One night he lay in wait by his door. The bell was pulled as usual; out rushes Plumptre—and seeing something black close to the door, seizes it round what he supposes to be the culprit's neck, exclaiming, "Ah my little Colleger,

I've caught you." It was a bag of soot left by some chimney-sweeper!

Most of these worthy gentlemen were pillars of the stiffest orthodoxy, and preached long sermons which disposed with absolute precision of the future of the human race. One Fellow noticing that he caused some amusement among the boys by the brevity of his text, when he preached from the words "And Peter said," determined not to encourage such levity, and the following Sunday contented himself with preaching from the single word "Peter," delivered like a thunder-clap. Another Fellow delivered a sermon on the death of an old pupil, in which the following sentences occurred—it may be noted that the demise occurred during a tour on the Continent. "They fetched a compass, and went to Rome"—then, in a loud and incisive aside, "the mother of all spiritual abominations and harlotries." Later in the sermon the journey of some of the sorrowing relatives was described. "They came down from London," said the preacher, "by the new locomotive,—such a pace!" Another preacher who was noted for the singular absence of hair from his venerable cranium, selected a curiously inapposite text for a discourse, "My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head."

But the Chapel is not an easy building to be heard in, and it is to be feared that the boys, as a rule, heard little of the indubitably sound doctrine

that issued from the pulpit, marked it less, and digested it not at all.

One or two other picturesque personages belonging to the earlier part of the present century deserve a word here.

Mark Antony Porny, the French Master, wrote a grammar, and an excellent treatise on heraldry, dedicated to "noblemen and gentlemen educated at Eton." On his death it was found that he had left his considerable savings to endow a charity school in the parish. The building which was erected was nearly opposite the Church, and is now a parish-room.

It is said, I know not with how much truth, that the original inscription of the Porny bequest is concealed behind a board, which is still conspicuous as filling one of the window spaces over the entrance to the parish-room.

The Abbé Duclos, predecessor of the first Mr. Tarver, wore the soutane, breeches, and buckles of a French Abbé. He was a very big man, accustomed to drink his wine out of tumblers in France. When offered a glass of wine by an Eton lady, he said, "Now, if you please, a leetle piece of string!" "What for?" "To tie round the bottom of the glass, that it shall not follow the wine down my throat."

The old Marquis de la Mothe, an *émigré*, lived at Slough, and walked every day through Eton in powder, pigtail, knee-breeches, and Hessian boots.

He eventually recovered his property and returned to France.

There were incessant fights with bargees on the river-bank. "Who ate the puppy-pie under Marlow bridge?" was the invariable question addressed to them, and was supposed to contain some unpardonable allusion. Lord Hillsborough, afterwards Marquis of Downshire, and a noted boxer, was on one occasion early in the century, only just saved from being killed by some bargemen by the intervention of Mr. Tarver, the father of Mr. F. Tarver.

Dr. Hawtrey, on being appointed Provost in 1853, was succeeded by one of the senior Assistant-masters.

Charles Old Goodford was born in 1812, the second son of John Goodford of Chilton-Cantelo, Somersetshire. He went to Eton in 1825, and to King's in due course, returning to Eton as an Assistant-master, while still an undergraduate, in 1835.

When Mr. John Wilder, his former tutor, was elected Fellow in 1840, Mr. Goodford succeeded to his large boarding-house. As a house-master he was liberal and kind, but not, it is said, always very successful in his management of boys. When Dr. Hawtrey was appointed Provost in 1853, Goodford succeeded him as Headmaster, and reconstructed the whole system of teaching, abolishing some vexatious rules, but at the same time making discipline a reality. In 1854 he edited a Terence as a leaving-book for Etonians.

In 1862, when Hawtrey died, he was appointed Provost by Lord Palmerston, much against his own wishes, and without considering the needs of Eton. He succeeded to his paternal estate, and was Vicar of Chilton-Cantelo from 1848 till his death in 1884.

Dr. Goodford was pre-eminently just. He ruled the School with wisdom and tact, and was abundantly respected. He was one of the most simple-minded and laborious of men, rising daily before six o'clock, in winter lighting his own fire, in summer walking out, book in hand, to read in the Playing-fields. The Attic Orators were his favourite study. He was very popular with the boys from his kindly manners.

A boy in cricketing clothes—"full change" as it is called at Eton—ran up against Dr. Goodford one day in the street. This was a condign offence, as boys were not allowed to be seen in the street in any but official attire: "Unde et quo?" said the Headmaster. "E ludo in ludum," said the boy smartly; (the Latin word "ludus" meaning both "play" and "school.") Goodford smiled, and passed on.

On another occasion he had flogged a boy after early school for some transgression. He had forgotten at the time the fact that the boy had previously been asked to breakfast with him on that morning. Moreover, it was one of the "Badge" Days, on which a curious custom prevailed. On St. Andrew's

day, St. Patrick's day, and St. David's day, the boy highest in rank from Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, of which three countries the Saints are the respective patrons, presented a velvet and cardboard badge, with a heraldic design, heavily embroidered in gold, to the Headmaster, who wore it throughout the day attached to his gown or his surplice. Some of these badges are still in existence, and are both curious and beautiful. The boy whom Dr. Goodford had flogged was the boy to whose lot it fell to present a badge, and he had indeed been invited for that purpose. After the castigation, the boy left the Headmaster's room, and a few minutes afterwards appeared, somewhat abashed, in the breakfast-room. "Here we are again," said the Headmaster, with infinite cordiality.

There was a well-known caricature of Dr. Goodford which appeared in *Vanity Fair*, entitled "Goody"—as he was called in the School. Dr. Goodford bought the picture, laughed heartily over it, but said that in one thing the artist was wrong—that he was *not* accustomed to carry his umbrella over his shoulder as he walked. A few days after he came home in high delight to tell his family that he had caught a glimpse of himself walking along the street in a shop-window, and the artist was right after all. Dr. Goodford was succeeded in the Headmastership in 1862 by Edward Balston, who after six years was again succeeded by James John Hornby, D.D., a famous Oppidan, who



SWAN ELECTRIC ENGRAVING CO.

CHARLES OLD GOODFORD,
Headmaster, 1853—1862.
Provost - - 1862—1884.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by T. O. Barlow, after the
oil-painting by R. Hannah.

had been second master at Winchester, and Tutor of Durham University, and is now Provost of Eton, having been appointed to succeed Dr. Goodford as Provost on the death of the latter in 1884.

We must now say a few words about the principal Eton residents who have died within the last twenty years.

Francis Edward Durnford was the last of the real Fellows of Eton, the "*veri et perpetui socii*" of the Founder who, swept away by a stroke of the pen as a consequence of their own supineness, have been succeeded by the honorary creation of the Acts of 1868 and 1869. Durnford was the youngest son of Mr. Durnford of Goodworth Clatford, Hants, and followed at Eton his two brothers,—Richard, afterwards Demy and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Bishop of Chichester; and Edmund, Scholar and Fellow of King's College, and Rector of Monxton, Hants.

He himself passed in due course from Eton to King's, and thence, as was the frequent custom, back to Eton as an Assistant-master, in which capacity he worked for many years, till he became Lower Master on the retirement of Mr. Carter, and eventually Fellow on the death of Mr. Eliot, a right to a Fellowship having been reserved to him by the Act of 1869.

Probably no man ever worked harder as a Master, or endeared himself more to his pupils. Brought up in the country, all his tastes were

country tastes. "As soon as I could afford it," he said to a younger relation, "I bought a horse and a boat," but he showed, in the work which he had chosen, an industry and patience which went far to compensate for the somewhat exiguous stock of scholarship at his command. He was a man of an exquisite simplicity and humility of character, and a kindness of heart so real and unfeigned that it seemed to colour every action of his life. It was difficult for him to be really angry long even with the idlest boy, and his comparatively early death in 1882 was a real grief to many generations of Etonians.

George John Dupuis was born in 1795, and passing from Eton to King's, returned as a Master in 1818. In 1834 he became Lower Master, the post being vacated by the departure of Mr. Knapp, and in 1838 Fellow. He was an inspiring teacher with a wide knowledge of English History, and with ardent interest in politics. He was physically an exceedingly active man, played in the Eton Eleven, and in his younger days as a master used to hunt regularly in the Christmas holidays with the Bicester hounds. Many stories survive of his singular activity. When on a coaching tour in Scotland he insisted on changing places with the postilion for a stage to see what it was like, and on one occasion he rode all the way to Westminster to hear the new clock in the Houses of Parliament strike for the first time. His veneration for the

Royal Foundations of Henry VI. was so great that, it is said, he never came within sight of Eton Chapel or King's College Chapel, after an absence, without raising his hat. He was Fellow of the College for nearly fifty years, and latterly Vice-Provost, in which office he was succeeded by Mr. Wilder. He was noted in the School for his clear and beautiful enunciation in reading and speaking. He lived to a patriarchal age, but was latterly very infirm.

One of the most famous of Eton tutors during the present century was undoubtedly the Rev. Edward Coleridge.

It is noteworthy as showing the extraordinary change that has taken place with regard to the relation between boys and Masters in the School games, that on Mr. Coleridge's death in 1883 it was quoted as an instance of his singular liberality of thought that he had said to the writer of his memoir, "Arthur, I regret exceedingly that the etiquette of this School prevents my going to play cricket with the lads; why, I am sure that I could pull off my coat and go long-stop in Upper Playing-fields without forfeiting an ounce of respect." What would even Mr. Coleridge have said if he had seen a game of Rugby football being enacted in South Meadow between a team of Masters and boys, and all the social indignities that that form of exercise imposes upon enthusiastic players?

Mr. Coleridge had an enthusiastic love for things artistic. He was a cultivated musician, a con-

noisseur and purchaser of water-colours, and a devoted lover of roses; but he was primarily and essentially a High Churchman with missionary zeal. He initiated a project for building churches in Bethnal Green; he collected, it is said, nearly £50,000 for the restoration of S. Augustine's Missionary College at Canterbury, and he himself sold his fine collection of water-colours to add to the latter fund.

Only once, it is said, was he ever seen severely angry; his invariable reproof was a gentle pinching of the ear; but on the occasion of an Eton and Westminster race at Staines, the victorious Etonians tricked out Mr. Coleridge's large St. Bernard dog "Bear," who zealously accompanied every race, in innumerable bows of blue ribbon, and led him home in triumph. Mr. Coleridge was greatly incensed, said he considered the ribbons the badge of disobedience, and threatened summary vengeance, which he was careful not to carry out.

"Mr. Coleridge," says Mr. Andrew Lang, "took a careful and paternal interest in the development of the characters of his pupils. He was, *though* a schoolmaster, a person of humour and sympathy, and considerable bodily skill and address."

Without any touch of the austerity of Dr. Arnold, at that time ruling Rugby, and without any idea of leading the boys into the ways of "moral thoughtfulness," Mr. Coleridge set before each of them a clear view of his duty, in a practical sense.



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EDWARD COLERIDGE.

From a drawing (in the Gallery, Eton College,) by George Richmond, R.A.

He is described as "personally a great charmer," and he had the habit, not over common in schoolmasters, of regarding the freaks of schoolboy spirits as absurdities rather than high crimes and offences.

The present writer well remembers the handsome and stately presence of Mr. Coleridge about the year 1874, when he was occasionally in residence as Fellow. His noble features, with the sanguine, almost dark, tinge of his complexion, the large eyes, the mobile mouth, surmounted by hair snowy white and as fine as silk, gave a marvellous impression of an energetic age.

Mr. Coleridge was no ascetic : " he warmed both hands before the fire of life." But he had generous sympathies and ardent affections : he was capricious, perhaps, swayed by impulse more than by principle, impatient ; but he was at the same time fearless, energetic, and strong. Many boys owed to him efficient scholarship, an admiration for literature, and a manly spirit. It was not, perhaps, the highest ideal, not an unworldly one at all events, but it was shrewd and generous.

Throughout the sixties and seventies, visitors to Eton in the summer months were often surprised to find the Chapel service presided over by a venerable figure in Episcopal robes. This was James Chapmam.

James Chapman, Fellow of Eton and Rector of Wootton Courteney in Somerset, died in 1879, in

his 80th year. His brother-in-law, Bishop Durnford, summed up his character at the time of his death in one sentence, which, perhaps, may be reproduced here. "Probably," said he, "few men have lived so many years so consistently and with such a single eye to duty." As a boy his character was drawn under the name of Martin Sterling in the pages of the *Etonian*, the most famous of Eton magazines, and he is there described as "one on whom the opinion of the multitude weighed but as dirt in the balance in his discernment between right and wrong." These words, true then no doubt of the boy, were no less true of the man in after-life. After proceeding in due course from Eton to King's, he returned to Eton as an Assistant-master. At a time when it was not the custom for Masters to lavish much attention on their pupils, Chapman, with two or three others, were signal and honourable exceptions. It was unlikely that he would ever be very popular, for his manners were starched and donnish, but he made himself universally respected by his pupils. In 1834 he gave up his Mastership and laboured as a country clergyman in the small and obscure King's living of Dunton, in Essex, until 1845. In that year he was appointed the first Bishop of the See of Colombo, which included the whole of the island of Ceylon.

There he worked in a very trying climate for 17 years, and a worthy memorial of his Episcopate remains in the Bishop's College of Colombo, founded

under his auspices, and endowed in large measure by his munificence.

In 1862 he came home, warned by failing health, and was shortly afterwards elected a Fellow of Eton. From that time till his death in 1879 he spent his life either at Eton or in the Exmoor village which was his other home.

He had a genuine love of Eton, and much of his time while in residence there was devoted to a praiseworthy, if inadequate, attempt to reduce the College library, after the neglect of centuries, to something like order. To the end of his long life he was a busy man, deeply interested in missionary work, and unsparing of his own time in its furtherance; and he left behind him a well-deserved reputation for exact and scrupulous uprightness, sincere and unostentatious piety, and secret but munificent liberality.*

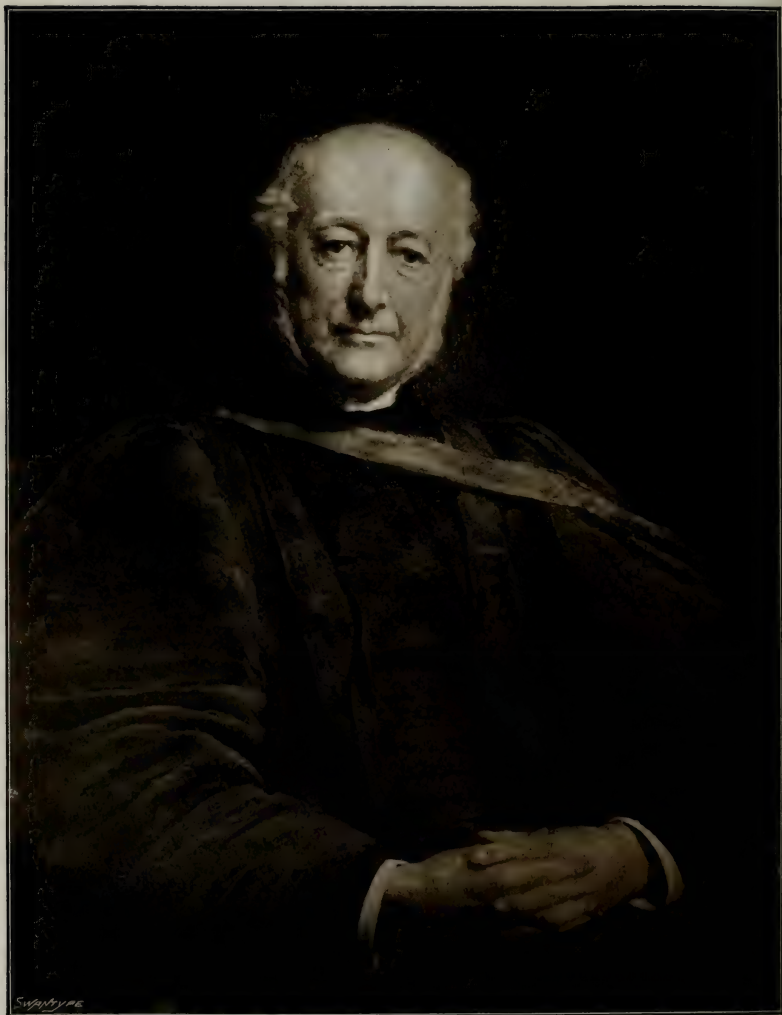
Edward Balston was born in 1817. He was Newcastle Scholar, and went to King's College, Cambridge, in 1836. His portrait, taken at this date, which hangs in the Provost's Lodge, has little merit, and gives no idea of the graceful and handsome presence which all his life distinguished him. He played in the School Eleven in 1836, but had no very decided athletic tastes. At King's he discharged a difficult part well. The discipline of the College was relaxed and the tone low. Balston

* I owe this sketch of Bishop Chapman's life and character to the pen of his nephew, Mr. Walter Durnford.

made a fearless stand against the prevailing laxity, and yet lost no popularity in so doing. He returned to Eton, where he was a Master for twenty years. He was, perhaps, the most universally popular master that has ever held office. He had at one time nearly ninety pupils, and did his work well. As a house-master, it was said that "He had a peculiarly happy knack of being regular in his requirement of work, even without harshness or apparent strictness. A word of reproof went a long way. It was kindly administered and yet it was seen to be in earnest. Many teachers with great acquirements would be glad if they could secure such ready obedience with so little expenditure of force. He had one especially valuable quality, which may be called collectedness. He never hurried over anything. Taking the measure of what he had to do, he carefully prepared for it. The open secret of his strength was his genuine unaffected goodness."*

In 1860 he was elected a Fellow, but in 1862 he reluctantly accepted the Headmastership on the appointment of Dr. Goodford to the Provostship. Eton was then being remodelled by the Public School Commission. Dr. Balston had no desire to be a reformer; but so universal was the feeling that designated him for the post, that he accepted it as a call of duty. He held it for six years, and

* *Eton College Chronicle*, December 10, 1891.



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EDWARD BALSTON.

Headmaster, 1862—1868.

From the oil-painting by A. S. Cope, in the possession of Mrs. Balston.

maintained a high tone of morality and discipline, while at the same time he gained in a singular degree the affection of his boys. His manner had a genial dignity, an easy courtesy that won boys' hearts while it ensured instinctive respect. After his resignation, he resumed his Fellowship, became Vicar of Bakewell, and was appointed Archdeacon of Derby by his old friend Bishop Selwyn. He lavished money on his parish, and his sound judgment and courteous manners were appreciated throughout the diocese.

Archdeacon Balston died towards the close of 1891, widely and sincerely lamented. A monument with a recumbent figure in alabaster was erected in the Chapel to commemorate him. It is only to be regretted that the figure does but scanty justice to the seemly and gracious form that was for so many years a "decus columenque" of Eton.

John Wilder was born in 1801, and entered Eton in 1808. He came of an old Berkshire family that have been settled for many centuries at Purley, near Pangbourne. The adjacent Vicarage of Sulham was held by Mr. Wilder for over fifty years.

Mr. Wilder lived under six Provosts, and saw the appointment of six Headmasters. He was present at the Jubilee of George III. in 1809, and was Captain of the School and of Montem in 1820, going in the same year to King's College, of which he became a Fellow. He returned to Eton in 1824 as a Master. Sixteen years after he was elected a

Fellow, in 1840. It is curious to note that the 20th of May was a memorable day in Mr. Wilder's life. It was the day of his "Montem"—of his election to a Fellowship—of his succession to the Vice-Provostship in 1885—of the address of congratulation which he received from the School in 1890.

In 1887, the year of the Queen's Jubilee, Her Majesty, in driving from Slough to Windsor, requested that Mr. Wilder, then Vice-Provost, might be specially presented to her.

An admirable portrait of Mr. Wilder, painted by Wehrschmidt, was subscribed for in 1890 by the Masters and placed in the Hall.

Mr. Wilder was, perhaps, the most generous private benefactor that Eton ever possessed. He must have given in his life-time a sum nearly amounting to thirty thousand pounds to the College. He subscribed about twelve thousand pounds to the restoration of the Chapel; six thousand to various improvements in College. His latest gift was the decoration of the organ-case, which is one of the most conspicuous features of the Chapel.

Mr. Wilder was a sound teacher, and is said never to have betrayed irritation of any kind. What was, perhaps, still more remarkable about him was his ardent enthusiasm, during the whole of his long tenure of his Fellowship, for the cause of rational reform. To the day of his death he was a firm believer in the progress and improvement of



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JOHN WILDER.

From the oil-painting by A. Wehrschmidt, in the Hall at Eton College.

the School, Each difficulty overcome, each ancient barbarism overthrown he noted with genuine delight. Vice-Provost Wilder always believed in the sincerity and goodwill of those to whom it fell to indicate the necessity of reform and to carry it out in detail. "In the last sermon he preached in the College Chapel, he said with the deepest feeling how gratefully he recognised the continual growth of good feeling and religious life in his dear and honoured School, and added that his constant prayer was for her peace and prosperity."*

He died in the summer of 1892, having spent more than eighty-three years of his life at or in close association with Eton.

We must also say a few words about Dr. Okes, who was Provost of King's for over forty years.

Richard Okes was born in 1797, being the nineteenth child, out of a family of twenty, of Thomas Verney Okes, a surgeon with a large practice at Cambridge, who lived in a house in Trinity Street, not far from Caius College. Porson, as has been related, was a friend of Dr. T. Okes, and was fond of visiting the children in their nursery. The late Provost remembered him well. The boy was sent to Eton, and was a contemporary of Praed, Shelley (several years his senior), Dr. Pusey, and Lord Derby. He became Scholar of King's, and gained Browne's medals in 1819 and 1820. He succeeded to a Fellow-

* *Eton College Chronicle*, October 12, 1892.

ship, and returned to Eton as an Assistant-master in 1823, becoming Lower Master in 1838. In 1850 he was elected Provost of King's, and held the Vice-Chancellorship in the following year, but never could be induced to serve again. For thirty-eight years he presided over the College "with dignity and kindness," dying in 1888. He was buried in King's College Chapel. His only literary work was to edit the *Musae Etonenses* from 1796—1833, with biographical sketches of the authors, aptly illustrated by felicitous quotations and phrased in pungent Latinity. Thus of Mr. Gladstone he writes, "Nec solum Senator ingenio et torrente dicendi copia, velut Demosthenes alter, theatri fræna moderatus est. In otio, si quid otii sibi permiserit, quid in literis posset exhibuit. In juventa Ecclesiam cum Civitate conjunctam vindicavit." Of Archbishop Sumner he says, "Sacrosanctum Dei Verbum et fidem Christianam scriptis suis, praeceptis, exemplo, illustrat, commendat, suadet."

Okes was a very notable figure at Eton. He was small of stature and moved with an elaborate stateliness which at Cambridge was sometimes mistaken for academical pride. His face denoted a vigorous constitution and energetic character. His large jaw and prominent under-lip betokened a man who had formed his opinions early and was consistently tenacious of them. He was a very punctilious disciplinarian and a strict lover of established

custom. The late Archdeacon Balston told me that when he first went to Eton as a Master, he once took a party of small boys out on the river, and accidentally brought them back too late for absence. He wrote a note of apology to the Lower Master, but on the following day Mr. Okes came up to him, and said firmly, though kindly, "Balston, I don't understand you young men ; when I became a schoolmaster, I made up my mind to wear the buckram, and I have worn it ever since."

Okes was a very popular tutor, being a clear and convincing teacher, and dealt successfully with an extraordinary number of private pupils. He was not a mere classical scholar, but took a great interest in the improvement of geographical teaching, and contrived that Arrowsmith's "Atlas" should come into use at Eton, contributing illustrative notes to the Compendium which accompanied it. He had a very incisive and caustic wit, which he employed, however, without personal rancour. His slow and deliberate fashion of speech gave special point to the dry shrewd epigrams which fell from his lips, and above all his inimitable power of quotation never deserted him. One instance, familiar to many Etonians, may be given. Okes was travelling in Wales with a colleague, and a bill was presented to them with the most extravagant charges. They enquired the reason from the inn-keeper, one Jones by name, who replied that formerly his charges

were more moderate, but that now times were better. "Ah," said Okes, "Iones utuntur reduplicatione in temporibus auctis," a sentence from the old Latin Grammar, which in its original context refers to Ionic reduplication in past tenses, but can also mean that "Jones doubles his charges when times are better." It would be hard to devise a more absolutely perfect specimen of exact verbal wit.

The first measure which Dr. Okes promoted after becoming Provost of King's, was to secure the right of Eton Scholars of King's to enter for the University Tripos for the B.A. degree, or rather to abandon the right which they possessed of taking their degree without examination. This was a wise and salutary measure, and did credit to the Provost's good sense, considering how staunch a Conservative he was by instinct and constitution.

There is a tradition that on the first occasion that Provost Okes appeared in Chapel after his installation, the first chapter of Isaiah was the Lesson for the day, in which was read the verse, "Ye shall be ashamed of the oaks that ye have desired." If this story is true, never were "Biblicae Sortes" more singularly falsified.

The latter part of his life he lived in comparative retirement, though he was always hospitable and genial. The present writer went up to King's in 1881. Dr. Okes was then infirm in body. He was seldom seen except in Chapel, to which he was

drawn in a wheeled chair. He never walked in the procession, but was assisted to his stall before the service began. Neither did he ever leave his house except for College meetings;—the admission to scholarships was held in a room in the Lodge. But he was always full of kindness and geniality. I recollect that on one occasion my father came to stay with him at the Lodge. The Provost sent for me in the middle of the morning, and I went in considerable perturbation. It was, however, only to tell me that he was sending up to fetch my father from the station, and that I might like to meet him, in which case I might find it convenient to drive up in his carriage. I went at the appointed hour and found the immense yellow chariot, in which the “Posers” used to drive from Cambridge to Eton, waiting for me, and drove up alone, in extreme state, to the station. I quote this, because it was so utterly unlike the “donnishness” that was often attributed to him, to suggest this dignified mode of transit to an undergraduate.

Again, on one occasion, I received an honourable mention for a University prize. The Provost sent for me and expressed his regret that I had not won the prize, though he confessed that his regret was tempered by the fact that the prize had fallen to an undergraduate of the same College; but I was to order at his expense five pounds’ worth of books as a consolation, and I was to bring the books to him to have my name written in them. I ordered a

number of books in a cloth binding and took them to him. He demurred at first, and said that he thought they should have been bound in calf, and exhibit a more dignified exterior. But he allowed me to say that I wanted the books for use, and preferred them in a more work-a-day garb. He then inscribed my name, with a very careful statement of the occasion, in all the books, and expressed a hope that as my finances increased I should see my way to having them more appropriately adorned.

Another very vivid reminiscence I may be allowed to give. When Dr. Westcott, the present Bishop of Durham, was elected to a Professorial Fellowship at King's, several of us attended at the Professor's installation in the Chapel. As soon as the formal proceedings were over, the Provost, sitting in his stall, said in his most genial manner, "This is a great day for the College, Dr. Westcott,—*dies creta notandus.*"

During the years that I was at King's, I often saw him at the Lodge. After all that one had heard of him, of his caustic wit, of his unapproachable dignity, it was a delightful surprise to find an indulgent and fatherly man, entering into easy conversation on College topics, and delighting to revive reminiscences of people and things that he thought would be of interest, such as my own father's undergraduate days, several incidents of which he remembered perfectly.



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THE REV. RICHARD OKES, D.D.,
Lower Master of Eton, 1838—1850.
Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College,) after the oil-painting
by Hubert Herkomer, R.A., at King's College, Cambridge.

I am told that he was a model chairman at College meetings, courteous, genial, witty, never allowing his own prejudices and feelings to stand in the way of what he considered valuable reforms. His advanced years precluded him from taking a very active part in College life, but he was regarded with universal respect and affection. His portrait, by Mr. Herkomer, hangs in the Combination room at King's. He is represented in a very characteristic attitude, leaning forwards, and with that dry smile upon his face that accompanied some felicitous epigram.

I recollect his describing to me the rooms he occupied when first he went up to reside as an undergraduate. They were in the old buildings at King's, now the University library, on the north side of the Chapel, near the old gateway, immediately adjacent to rooms which were occupied by Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was, as the Provost said, one of the most genial and original of companions.

For a period of twenty-six years, from 1856 to 1872, the most potent intellectual influence at Eton was that of William Johnson. William Johnson is better known in literature as William Cory, a name which he assumed in later life. He was the author of a small volume of exquisite poems, many of them on Eton subjects, called "*Ionica*," printed privately, in two small paper volumes, in 1858 and 1877,—the latter with certain typographical eccen-

tricies,—which fetch a large price as literary curiosities. They were eventually published together in 1891, in one volume. He also wrote a somewhat paradoxical historical work, in two volumes, called “A Guide to Modern History,” containing however many pregnant epigrams, such as that the Duke of Wellington was perhaps “the greatest man that was ever sincerely content to serve,” and that “Wordsworth was the first writer who taught men to look for beauty in the tranquil affections of plain folk.” This was after he had severed his connection with Eton.

William Johnson was a born teacher. He had a peculiar zest for imparting information in the crispest possible form. Innumerable men owe the awakening of intellectual interests entirely to his incisive and vivid talk.

He was a first-rate classical scholar. A little book of exercises in Latin Lyrics, “*Lucretilis*” by name, contains, as Munro said, the purest Latin poetry written since Horace; but it is more than that. To anyone who can penetrate behind the thin classical veil that obscures the book, it will be seen to possess the imperishable poetical quality which is the same in all places and at all periods.

He possessed a competent knowledge of philosophy, and was appointed examiner more than once in the Moral Science Tripos at Cambridge. Of science he knew little, but he respected it, appreciated its poetical aspects, and encouraged

acquaintance with it. Of history, civil and ecclesiastical, he had a matchless knowledge. The military and naval history of England was at his finger's end, for he was above all things a patriot, and loved his country with a fervent and jealous love.

It is related of him that in his pupil-room, which was adjacent to the High Street, in the house formerly the Christopher Inn, and now occupied by Mr. White-Thomson, when the stirring music and the rolling drums of some passing regiment were heard advancing down the street, he would say, "Boys, the British Army!" and hasten to the archway and watch the tramping files, with a host of glorious memories and victorious associations sweeping through his mind, till his glasses grew dim.

More than once his study was invaded by passing tramps. An old soldier came in one day and began his story, mentioning his regiment. William Johnson caught up a pencil and paper, and holding them close to his right eye, as was his wont, said in his sharpest tones, "Now, your statement." The man was invited to mention the actions he had been in, the names of his officers. "Did he remember the position of the 43rd at such an hour?" "What orders were then given?" The unhappy impostor was baffled, faltered, came to a stop in five seconds, was bundling downstairs, dismissed, tradition relates, with a solid physical reminder, applied "*ad mendacia*

terga," that history, if not taught, was at least known at Eton. A vagrant sailor, on the other hand, who had established his case, left the room bewildered, with a sovereign in his hand.

By the fire in his inner study was a huge leather arm-chair, where he was accustomed to sit and read, called the "Chair of Peace." "In 1857," he said, "I calculated how much I should gain by the lowering of the income-tax consequent on the termination of the war. It fell 2d. in the £; net gain to me £7. 10s. I bought that chair; hence its name."

He went on one occasion to Plymouth with a naval friend, and rowed about among the hulks. The sailors looked with surprise at the thin pale man, with gold-rimmed spectacles, who sat huddled in a cloak at the stern of the boat. But their surprise became amazement, when they found that he knew not only the names of the ships, and the actions they had been in, but their actual position in the Sound.

William Johnson was not a good disciplinarian. He was extremely short-sighted; but he had for all that, though facial play was lost upon him, a curious instinct for detecting motives, and a rapid eye for gestures. He caused much amusement by descending once from his place while calling absence, and visiting with a vigorous kick a boy who had presumed to answer by arrangement to a friend's name, trusting that Johnson would not detect him. But

on the other hand, so defective was his vision, that it is traditionally recorded that he once pursued a black hen for many yards down the street of Eton in a high wind, under the impression that it was his own hat,—which all the time was firmly fixed upon his head,—and did not desist till the agonized fowl betrayed by her hurried articulation that she was not the mute object of which he was in search.

The most remarkable part of his teaching was, perhaps, his Sunday morning discourses to his pupils. He never looked at a book or note, but standing firmly on his somewhat bandy legs before the fireplace, he would pour out a brisk and logical harangue on some subject that was occupying his mind, prefacing it with some such remark as “The Rev. Mr. Green remarked in his sermon this morning that hoarded wealth was unproductive. This is a well-known economical fallacy.” These harangues were often above the heads of his hearers, but they increased their respect for knowledge.

His poetical vein was almost entirely concerned with humanity. He wrote :—

“ Oh bards that call to bank and glen,
Ye bid me go to nature to be healed !
And lo ! a purer fount is here revealed :
My lady-nature dwells in hearts of men.”

Nature was to him, as it were, an unobtrusive background, touching in every now and then in hill and flower a remote and delicate illustration of human things, as where, in his “ Essay on the

Education of the Reasoning Faculties" (published in "Essays on a Liberal Education"), "the spikey purple loosestrife, which on the first of July every year rises into her place on the banks of the Thames," is made an exquisite vehicle for poetical comparison. "It is of the very essence of poetry," he says, "to look at the flower and think that, by means of the sun's stellar course carrying the planet with it, the flower does not blow twice in the same point of heavenly space."

But his real delight was in human affections, human achievements, human companionship. In his "Academus," he wrote—

Perhaps there's neither tear nor smile,
 When once beyond the grave.
 Woe's me : but let me live meanwhile
 Among the bright and brave ;

* * * * *

I roam where little pleasures fall,
 As morn to morn succeeds.
 To melt, or ere the sweetness pall,
 Like glittering manna-beads.

The wishes dawning in the eyes,
 The softly murmured thanks ;
 The zeal of those that miss the prize
 On clamorous river-banks :

* * * * *

I'll borrow life, and not grow old ;
 And nightingales and trees
 Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
 As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
 They'll say, who know the truth,
 He gave whate'er he had to give
 To freedom and to youth.

William Cory died at Hampstead in 1892, having lived for twenty years in comparative retirement. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he possessed probably one of the most masterly minds of the century, a mind which combined intense and poetical fervour with rigid accuracy and immense grasp of detail. It is to be regretted that he refused to entertain any thoughts of accepting an offer privately made to him of the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. He left the impress of his peculiar mind on all he touched, and at Cambridge he would have exerted a more direct intellectual influence. At Eton much of his extraordinary vigour streamed to waste, and yet one dares not say it was wasted.

The latest period of Eton life dates from the Public School Commission of 1862, over which Lord Clarendon presided. The Act of Parliament, which made law of their recommendations, reconstituted the government of the School. The Act proceeded with a somewhat ruthless disregard for ancient traditions, but on the whole the results were salutary. The School ceased to be mediæval, and became modern.

The Act abolished the original College of "*veri et perpetui socii*." It is impossible to resist the conviction that owing to the action of the Fellows themselves, this was inevitable. The Fellows had absorbed the greater part of the College revenues. In the early part of the century there were

seven Fellows, whose joint incomes amounted to between five and six thousand a year. They had each of them a comfortable residence at Eton, which they occupied for about two months in the year. They held in addition the best College livings. They nominated sons and nephews to other livings, and grandsons to places on the Foundation, which practically carried with them the right eventually to succeed to Fellowships at King's. From the Fellows of King's the Assistant-masters at Eton were nominated, so that a vicious circle was the result, and it may be roughly stated that the benevolent provisions of Henry VI. had fallen into the hands of a small hereditary clique, virtuous men no doubt, but thoroughly unenlightened, and of a limited horizon. Such a system, though its results were not as bad as might be supposed, was utterly out of keeping with the growth of modern ideas.

The Fellows, in return for their ample incomes, did practically nothing. They preached singular sermons, and not only concerned themselves not at all, with a very few conspicuous exceptions, with the well-being of the place, but strenuously resisted all attempts to improve the condition of the inferior members of the College.

Neither could it be urged that the Fellowships were the reward of long and arduous labours in the School. A sure title to a Fellowship was incom-

petence as a Master.* Another title was a genial and sociable disposition, coupled with local interest. After these claims had been satisfied, educational success was rewarded.

Mr. Green, for instance, was made a Fellow at the age of thirty ; Mr. Bethell was not much older ; Mr. Wilder, who won his Fellowship by diligence, generosity, and goodness of heart, was only in his fortieth year. Few Assistant-masters held their posts for more than twenty years. The result was that, while some Masters received rewards quite out of proportion to their services, others who deserved recognition never succeeded to Fellowships at all, owing to oddities of manner or eccentricities of behaviour.

The Act substituted a certain number of pensions for deserving Masters, though unfortunately no steps were taken to allot a sufficient sum for the purpose. The reason was that it was supposed that the College livings, which are numerous and fairly wealthy, would provide a natural retirement for Masters. It was hastily assumed that Masters would almost invariably be clergymen. Now that the number of Masters has risen to sixty, of whom not twenty per cent. are in Orders, it will be seen that some injustice is inevitable. And a further difficulty is created by requiring that a Master shall have ceased

*Public Schools Commission { Minutes }
of { §§ 4112—4118.
Evidence }

to hold his Mastership before he is eligible for a pension. The results of the system are that Masters will tend to continue Masters later than is advisable, partly in the hope of saving money, and partly in order to establish a more definite claim, through length of service, to a pension; and that pensions are likely to be given more *ad misericordiam* than to reward distinguished service, and tend to be bestowed more on the unsuccessful and unbusiness-like than upon the successful and prudent. It is unfortunate, too, that the title of Fellow should have been so summarily abolished, or retained only for an honorary designation of the new Governing Body. Masters would like, and indeed deserve to have, some titular and sentimental connexion with the place to which they have dedicated their years and their energies. And it is to be hoped that the title of Fellow may be revived as a reward for long and conscientious service.

The Provostship was, however, retained, and the Provost is *ex officio* chairman of the Governing Body. No doubt this retention was made in deference to the ancient traditions of the past. But it may be doubted whether, considering that the College was practically reconstructed as an educational foundation, even this retention was wise. It makes possible the existence of a dual authority, and though the system has worked harmoniously hitherto, it is quite possible that com-



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JAMES JOHN HORNBY, D.D.

Provost of Eton.

1899.

From a photograph by J. Caswall Smith.

plications might arise in the future, similar to the differences which did arise under Provost Goodall and Provost Hawtrey, which would be detrimental to the best interests of the School. No one founding a public school would think it advisable to create a residential office of undefined authority and greater dignity over the head of the Headmaster.

The Vice-Provostship was retained as a College office, and a house allotted to the post. The other houses of the Fellows have been disposed of by increasing the accommodation of the Lodge, and by creating a fitting residence for the Headmaster in the Cloisters.

An immense amount of building has been done at Eton in later years. Under Dr. Hornby the New Schools were built, the teaching accommodation of the School having been long miserably insufficient. Still as late as 1885, both in the Upper and the Lower Schools, two or even three divisions were habitually taught simultaneously in the same room. This mediæval survival is now happily extinct, and every Master is provided with a separate class-room. The present writer remembers attempting to question a class in history at one end of Lower School, while the answers were being unintentionally supplied in a loud voice by a Master who was instructing his division in the same chapter a few feet distant without any intervening partition.

An Observatory formed part of the New Schools, for the practical teaching of astronomy ; an excellent

Chemical Laboratory, with lecture-room, was built in Keate's Lane; a new Science School, Racquet Courts, and rows of Fives-courts.

Under Dr. Warre a long-standing reproach has been removed. The Fourth Form, excluded from the Upper Chapel from considerations of size, had for some years worshipped in a hideous brick erection, originally constructed for a music-room by Dr. Hayne, sometime organist. A large subscription was raised among Masters and old Etonians, and a new Chapel in stone, from the design of Sir Arthur Blomfield, with an adjacent court-yard containing a Physical Laboratory and lecture-room, a Museum, a Drawing School, and several school-rooms, was erected. These took the place of a curious erection, the Rotunda, which was a miniature theatre built by Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, and a mean row of yellow-brick class-rooms, occupied originally by the assistants of the Mathematical Masters, in days when Mathematics was only an extra study.

The Lower Chapel, internally at all events, is a beautiful building, and is already fitted with an oak screen and stalls, a large organ, and several stained-glass windows, in memory of old Etonians. The new block, called the Queen's Schools, was founded by Her Majesty in person, and at a later date the Empress Frederick unveiled a statue of the Queen, which occupies a niche over the great door of the quadrangle.

The numbers of the School have increased to



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WILLIAM ADOLPHUS CARTER, M.A.,

Fellow and Bursar of Eton.

1899.

From a photograph by Thos. Fall.

1030, and seem to be only limited by want of further accommodation.

It is a curious reflection that, looking back at the history of the School, it is possible to lay one's finger, at almost any period, on some flagrant deficiency, some barbarous survival, some cruel or useless anachronism, which public opinion did not condemn, but which the educational philosopher is bewildered to find was blindly overlooked or carelessly permitted to exist. No doubt there are similar things now which fifty or a hundred years hence will appear impossible or incredible to the historical student. But it must be owned that, with every wish to take an enlightened view, free from the tyranny of prejudice or custom, it is hard to see what will be mercilessly condemned. The life lived by Eton boys now is physically healthy; the athletic side of life is strenuously developed and encouraged. The accommodation is reasonable and comfortable, and does not present a sharp or painful contrast with what boys find at their own homes. Work is respected to an extent which old Etonians still find it hard to credit. It is the present writer's deliberate opinion, that if anything, the younger boys have too much to do. At the same time, by the multiplication of instructors, the incidence of work which made the life of an Eton Master in the days of Keate a life of intolerable drudgery, is to a certain extent relieved. Religion is manfully inculcated, without dogmatic insistence on the tenets

of any party section ; the accessories of worship are dignified and stately ; religion is a reality to the majority of the boys. Conduct is decorous ; the difficulties of discipline are to a great extent non-existent. Cruelty and extravagance are the rare exception. And yet, in the face of so much change, the essential spirit of the place is somehow the same ; the spirit of reasonable liberty is paramount. The boys are largely trusted to govern themselves, and they respond with generosity to the confidence reposed in them. Generation after generation goes away from Eton, believing in, venerating and loving their ancient School, with a sentiment often more like the sentiment of a lover than of a child. Moreover, Etonians think of Eton, not only as a place of idyllic happiness, with the outlines softened by the golden glow of remembered boyhood, but as a place where they sowed the seeds of reverence and control, and learnt, not only out of books, lessons which will stand them in good stead in larger fields, among more arduous duties, and in less untroubled hours.



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EDMOND WARRE, D.D.

Headmaster of Eton.

1899.

From a photograph by A. H. Fry.

APPENDIX.

MR. GLADSTONE.

When this book was originally designed, it was not contemplated to give biographical notices of living Etonians. But the book would be incomplete without a brief account of one of Eton's most famous and most devoted sons—Mr. Gladstone, who died while this volume was passing through the press. Moreover, the present writer was privileged in August, 1897, to sit by Mr. Gladstone at dinner at Hawarden. With the sympathetic consideration for the amusement and interest of his guests which always characterised him, he indulged freely in detailed reminiscences of his early days. These reminiscences I was enabled, later in the same evening, to commit to writing. In order to secure their substantial accuracy, I was afterwards enabled, by the kindness of a member of his family, to submit them to Mr. Gladstone himself. They were read over to him, and he sanctioned their publication in the present volume. I therefore give them at length below.

William Ewart Gladstone was born at Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., a West India merchant. He was educated first at the Vicarage of Seaforth,

where Arthur Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, was a fellow-pupil, and entered Eton in the autumn of 1821, boarding at Mrs. Shurey's house; two of his elder brothers had preceded him to the same house, and Mr. Gladstone was his eldest brother's fag.

Mrs. Shurey's house was on the site of Mr. Rawlins' present house, and Mr. Gladstone's room looked out into the churchyard. A few years ago he was staying at Eton, and went with Mr. Donaldson to see if he could identify his room; but the house has been rebuilt, and Mr. Gladstone, entering the passage from Mr. Rawlins' study, said at once that all the levels of the stairs and passages had been altered, and that he was unable to say where his room exactly had been. On leaving the house he was shown his name carved on the wall outside Mr. Rawlins' house, and asked whether it was his own handiwork. He replied that it might or might not be, but that it was possibly the work of one of his brothers—in any case he could not recollect carving it: it may be mentioned in passing that his name is carved in the Upper School on the door on the left of the Headmaster's desk, leading into the Headmaster's school-room; it may at once be recognised among the many other names of the same family carved on the door by the fact that there was not room for the whole name, so that the last three letters are cut much smaller than the rest, to adapt them to the space. In 1823

his name occurs in Lower Division, and in 1826 he was in Upper Division. His tutor was the Rev. H. H. Knapp, afterwards Lower Master. Dr. Keate was Headmaster when Mr. Gladstone was in the School.

Etonians in those days did their work in a more leisurely way than is possible now in days of the pressure of competition. But Mr. Gladstone threw himself into his classical work with the enthusiasm which he put into everything that he did, great or small. The chief, indeed almost the only, exercise of the week was Verses, done on an original subject with but little advice or assistance. Boys of a literary turn spent a great deal of time and work to produce an exercise which should be distinguished by meditative taste and classical flavour, and Mr. Gladstone always said that he found this part of his work stimulating and of immense value.

Those were not the days when athletics were in any way organized ; indeed for many boys they had no real existence. A few devotees of cricket and football arranged games, and played them in a highly informal way, and a good many boys had boats in the summer on the river ; but the majority of boys amused themselves as much or as little as they pleased, took long walks, or short walks, or no walks at all. Mr. Gladstone was a great walker, and fond, it is said, of sculling. In later life he had no specially athletic tastes, though he was always

attached to open-air exercises. At one time he was a keen sportsman, until the bursting of his gun necessitated the amputation of his fore-finger ; and his skill in wielding an axe is too well known to need mention.

While he was at Eton his chief friend was Arthur Hallam, one of the most brilliant and promising boys that have ever been at Eton, who, according to the judgment of his contemporaries, would have been without doubt the most eminent man of his age. Arthur Hallam, the hero of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, boarded at Mr. Hawtrey's house in Weston's Yard, now occupied by Dr. Lloyd ; and Mr. Gladstone mentioned that for years he messed with Hallam, adding that the practice of messing with a boy in a different house was very uncommon ; they used to send their commons alternately to each other's rooms.

His other friends at Eton were the Selwyns, one of whom, William, was afterwards Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge, and another, George Augustus, Bishop of New Zealand, and afterwards of Lichfield ; Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; Lord Arthur Hervey, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. Other contemporaries were Charles, Earl Canning, afterwards Viceroy of India, called Carlo by his friends ; James, Earl of Elgin, also Viceroy of India ; Sir Francis Doyle ; Sir George Cornwall Lewis, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and Mr. Spencer Walpole, after-

wards Home Secretary, who died three days later than his distinguished friend.

Curiously enough Lord Canning left on record that he and Mr. Gladstone belonged to a social club which met regularly at Botham's Hotel, at Salt Hill, on certain "after twelve's"; and whose innocent amusements were to "bully the fat waiter, eat toasted cheese and drink egg-wine." But Mr. Gladstone's tastes did not lie markedly in these directions; he seems not to have been a particularly well-known boy, not notably popular; nor was a very high estimate formed of his powers, though his oratorical facility seems to have attracted some remark. He was a member of the Eton Society, which then met at a sock-shop called Hatton's, in the house now occupied by Mr. Macnaghten. The records of the debates in which he took part are still in existence in "Pop," though it is believed they are not written in his own hand, it being then the duty of the Secretary to keep elaborate minutes of all the speeches that were made. So vehement were the debates, though there was a strict rule that neither religious subjects nor current politics were to be discussed, that (Mr. Gladstone used to relate with great amusement) a neighbouring master who heard a debate taking place next door, sent for the whole Society, and took them severely to task for being, as he supposed, intoxicated. A contemporary of Mr. Gladstone's and a prominent member of the Debating Society was Mr. Milnes Gaskell,

who has left some interesting journals and letters, privately printed, with many records of his boyish days.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone himself entered Parliament as a member with high Tory views, and that his conversion to Liberalism was a slow process. The members of the Debating Society were then chosen purely for intellectual or rather oratorical qualifications, and Mr. Gladstone some twenty years ago, on a visit to Eton, was careful to enquire into the present constitution of the Society. He asked whether any athletes were admitted into "Pop," adding that in his day they liked to have the Captain of the Boats in the Society if possible, to show that they had no prejudice against athletics.

Besides the debates in "Pop," Mr. Gladstone threw himself eagerly into School literature. He edited a magazine called the *Eton Miscellany* in 1827, under the pseudonym of "Bartholomew Bouverie." The magazine lasted for a year, and Mr. Gladstone was the chief contributor. He wrote on a variety of subjects, such as Eloquence and Political Life; and it is believed that he was the author of a humorous ode to "Wat Tyler," beginning—

"Shade of him, whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung;
Shade of him, whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll."

Sir Francis Doyle sent a number to his father,



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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

At the age of 32.

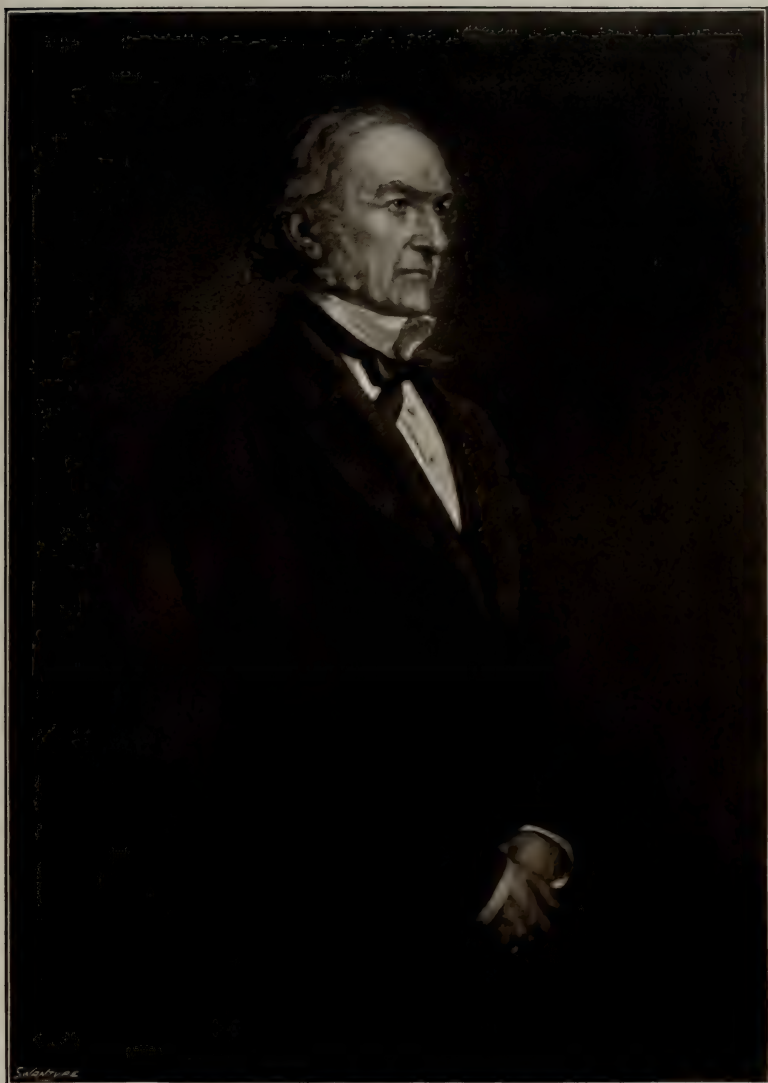
From the oil painting by Bradley, in the Provost's Lodge, Eton College.

containing a paper by Mr. Gladstone on "Ancient and Modern Genius Compared," which was an elaborate tribute to Canning. Francis Doyle went on to speak of the energy with which Gladstone had surmounted all the difficulties that attended the regular production of the magazine. Doyle's father replied, "It is not that I think Gladstone's papers better than yours or Hallam's, but the force of character he has shewn in managing his subordinates, and the combination of ability and power that he has made evident, convince me that such a young man cannot fail to distinguish himself hereafter."

Little else is recorded of Mr. Gladstone's boyish days; but one anecdote may be referred to, which shows that he was not deficient in moral courage, however lacking in physical courage he believed himself to be. There was a great pig fair in Eton and Windsor, held on Ash Wednesdays, and it was the thoughtless and horrible custom of the boys of the day to attempt to cut the tails off the unfortunate pigs as they were driven up and down the streets. On one occasion Gladstone interfered with a group of boys who had surrounded a pig with this intention; they mocked at what they considered a piece of silly and feminine sentimentality, and it is said that he replied by saying "that if they did not stop, he could only offer to write his reply in good round-hand upon their faces." Whether true or not, the story is at least characteristic.

Mr. Gladstone left Eton in 1827 and went up to Christ Church ; further than this we cannot follow him ; but it is interesting to note that he examined for the Newcastle in 1840 with his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton ; and he was a not infrequent visitor to the School : the writer of these lines well recollects his first sight of him ; he attended Chapel in the early seventies, and came into the building with the Provost, at the end of the procession. He was dressed in a light grey frock-coat, and carried a white hat ; in his buttonhole he wore the familiar white rose ; but the waxen pallor of his face, with its strong lines and massive features, the gravity of his demeanour and the blaze of his magnificent eyes, made an impression on the mind of a young boy that has never been effaced ; moreover his extraordinary devoutness, his rapt attention to every detail of the service, and the reverent bowing of his head at the name of the Saviour, gave a feeling of intense devotion which can hardly be exaggerated.

His last visit to Eton, in March, 1891, when he lectured on "Artemis" in the School Library, and his touching words at the close, quoted in a sermon on the Sunday after his death, will never be forgotten. "Coming here is like what they say of Antæus getting strong from touching his mother earth ; and I can assure you that as I know your hearts are full of love for this glorious School, I may venture to say that I think my own heart is



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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

From the engraving (in the Gallery, Eton College) by T. Oldham Barlow, after the oil-painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., in the National Gallery.

not less full." But still more affecting was the patriarchal blessing which he uttered with affectionate fervour, turning as he left the room.

It was an extraordinary testimony to his singular and magnetic power of oratory that he held spell-bound a large audience, listening to the driest and most technical details of a not very dignified mythology, with an interest and enthusiasm that they could not explain at the time, and which seemed positively magical when they came to read the verbal report of what he actually said.

In the Summer of 1897 I was staying at Hawarden, and dined at the Castle; I sate on Mr. Gladstone's right hand. He began to talk to me at once about Eton, and the numbers of the School. He tried to recollect the names of the Masters of his own time, but could only recollect two or three—Drury and Heath, I think: I said, "Was not Knapp one?" He turned round to me with a smile and said, "I ought to have remembered him, he was my tutor." He then described his being complained of by Heath. He said "Three boys got round me, and persuaded me not to mark them out of school;—it was a momentary lapse of morality—had I had time to reflect, I should have said 'No,' but they took advantage of a rare impulse of warm-heartedness. Heath was very angry, and to bring the enormity of my offence home to me said, 'Praepostor, put yourself in the Bill—and now, where can I find a *trusty* boy (with

a stern look at me) to carry the Bill to the Headmaster?' I was flogged—the only time."

"There was a poor, stupid, worthy boy in my division, B—— by name, whom Heath disliked. Heath came in one afternoon—very much excited, as he often was—and said to the Praepostor, 'Put down B—— in the Bill for breaking my windows.' B—— started up, 'I have done nothing of the kind, Sir.' 'Put down B—— in the Bill for *lying* and breaking my windows.' The boy lost control of himself and said, 'On my honour, Sir, before God, I have done nothing of the kind.' 'Put down B—— in the Bill for swearing, lying and breaking my windows!'"

"Another time Heath came in, and after hearing the construing of five lines, spoke for the rest of the School in a hoarse voice about his reason for voting with the Liberal instead of the High Tory side at a Cambridge election which had just taken place. Lord Jermyn was one candidate." (He mentioned the other, but I forget the name.)

Mr. Gladstone spoke of Keate a good deal, and said that Keate ruled by "terror without cruelty." He seemed much interested to hear of my Eton book, and said, "Put in all you can about Keate." I said that I had been struck with the fact that Keate was more humane than often supposed. He laughed and said, "I don't know about that—where do you get that from? There was not much humanity about him. I knew that other people

were sometimes in a passion, but Keate, I thought as a boy, was always in a passion." He went on to talk about "*Prose*," which he described,—the Praepostor mumbling a few words which no one heard—the "*rouge*," as he called it, at the door. "I learnt," he said, "from that one valuable lesson for life—to clap my hands down on my hips in a crowd." He went on to describe Keate's reading of Blair's Sermons—then his addressing the School, giving out notices, and the boys *booing* Keate—a humming noise with lips closed (he illustrated this by booing loudly)—so that Keate could never detect the offenders; "a truly British national thing that—I fear it has died out?" "Yes," I said. "I am sorry," he replied, "that booing has died out—it gave us a sense of our national privilege of disagreeing with constituted authority."

He wished to have the life of Dr. Busby written. "Dr. Busby was the first of the race of school-masters of which Keate was the last."

"Religion was non-existent then at Eton. I told my father that I did not wish to be confirmed at Eton, but the fiat went out that I was to be included among the candidates. The order was given us all for a book of sermons—but we never got it, though our parents paid for it, and Pote had the money. We were never asked if we read it—I went three times to Knapp, my tutor. He came out of his study—took up a volume of Sinclair's Sermons—there was not an ounce of Christianity in

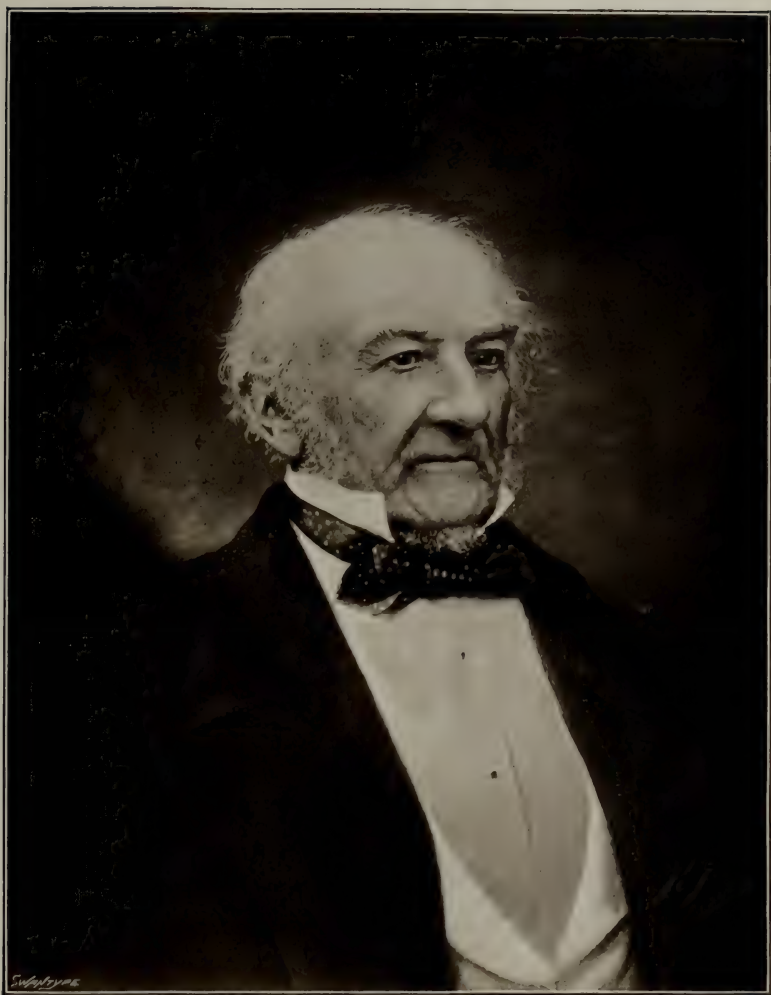
them—read a couple of pages, shut the book up with a snap—said ‘you can go,’ and walked out. Three times this happened, and never another word of advice.”

“The administration of the Sacrament was a scandal. The etiquette in the School was that no one should receive except the Sixth Form, and they were obliged to. I don’t suppose there was ever an official pronouncement on this—but the authorities must have noticed it, and they never contradicted the idea.”

He spoke of “Hog” and “Pig” Roberts, two Fellows, he said. “The sentence most nearly dealing with religion I remember at Eton, was an impassioned appeal from H. Roberts.” (He enacted this with gestures and great solemnity, his eyes closed.) “There may be many among you who may help to sway public feeling and assist at the councils of the nation. I implore you for the love of God to resist all attempts to allow any who subscribe to the accursed creed of Babylon to take their place in those councils.” “It was simply against Catholic Emancipation.”

He said that Bishop Pelham of Lincoln in his address to candidates for Confirmation at Eton, after a list of things to avoid, added, “and let me urge you to maintain the practice of piety, without lukewarmness, and above all, without enthusiasm!”

“Lord A. Hervey, Selwyn, Hamilton, were three of five boys of remarkable virtue in my division



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From a photograph (in the Gallery, Eton College,) of the oil-painting by Key.

close to me. I don't know how they came to be so—they had very little encouragement." Some one at the table said they were content with the system that could produce such results. Mr. Gladstone said "Eh!" then smiled, shook his head and said, "No, no, the system was without merit." He was silent for a moment, still shaking his head, then he said, "I will tell you a story about Hamilton—Hamilton arrived at Eton in the middle of a Half on a Saturday, and had to go into 3 o'clock church. He took a prayer-book and was called 'Methodist,' because it was not the custom to carry prayer-books on week-days. The next day, Sunday, he was determined to do as others did—he was a timid sensitive boy—and took no prayer-book—but it *was* the custom for boys to do so on Sundays, so he was called 'Atheist.' It was mere convention—no sense in it."

He was silent for a moment, then resumed, "It is a wonder there was any religion among the boys at all, considering what the Masters were. A—— was a profligate fellow, he used to make periodical visits to London. B—— was little better. C—— often came to school drunk. I daresay they had little heart to speak to us about religion, considering what they practised themselves."

"The three great reformers of Eton to whom she owes most are Hawtrey, G. A. Selwyn as private tutor, and the Duke of Newcastle, who compelled the study of Divinity by his Scholarship. The

Greek Testament in our days was merely construed—not a word of comment. Till Hawtrey's time no one had any misgivings that they were on the wrong tack—such is the deadening influence of monopoly upon the human mind.”

He spoke very warmly of Hawtrey, and said, “Hawtrey sent me up in the Fourth Form. I was heartily surprised, not only at the fact, but that Hawtrey should take so much interest in me. He was a great man and first inspired me with a desire to know and do—but he had a sad lack of business capacity.”

He spoke of A. Hallam, and the curious *flush* on his face, caused by overwork—the most brilliant personality he had ever encountered. He messed with Hallam, on alternate days though at different houses—had never known this done by any other boys. Hallam was at Hawtrey's, in Weston's Yard.

He spoke of Milnes Gaskell and his love for politics. “Milnes Gaskell's whole career was spoilt by his never having any wholesome advice to do anything he disliked. Milnes Gaskell had a cult for Mr. Canning (Mr. Gladstone always spoke of *Mr.* Canning and *Mr.* Pitt), and inoculated us all with a love for politics. He was very anxious to join the Eton Society, and bribed all the members by presents of *fruit*. I was awakened one morning by the bedmaker, or whatever she was called, staggering into my room with a huge dish of fruit—

a present from Milnes Gaskell. But we ought rather to have bribed him, for he saved the Society by keeping the Journal so well. We were not Liberals or Tories in those days—we were Canning or non-Canning.”

Mr. Gladstone said: “The story of Milnes Gaskell’s friendship with Hallam was curious; you know (with a smile) people fell in love very easily in those days; and there was a Miss E—— of whom Hallam was enamoured, and Milnes Gaskell abandoned his own addresses to her in favour of Hallam, to gain his friendship.”

“When Milnes Gaskell wanted to publish some letters of Hallam to myself (Mr. Gladstone), he thought fit to consult a great-niece of Hallam’s who had never seen him. A good instance of the mysterious property that private persons are held to have over the thoughts of the illustrious dead. I am now writing some reminiscences of Hallam for an American magazine.”

The Dean of Lincoln, who was present, asked whether there were any Liberals in their Debating Society: “Why no,” said Mr. Gladstone, “but we were restricted to debate no political event within fifty years. There was indeed one poor, miserable, misguided fellow, a Colleger, who was thought to be a Liberal. In one of his speeches he was reduced to saying that the *Bible* was a *Tory* book! But (smiling) I am unable to agree with him.”

He went on :

“Milnes Gaskell was put up to make a speech on Duelling, and I had to second him. A curious choice—for I think I never met anyone but Milnes Gaskell who was actually more deficient in physical courage than myself. He made a fiery speech. ‘Will you tell me that Mr. Pitt was less of a patriot because he fought a duel with Tierney—or that Mr. Canning was less of a Christian because he fought a duel with Lord Castlereagh?’” This sentence Mr. Gladstone spoke high and loud, and made magnificent gestures at me with his hand, holding it high in the air and sweeping it to the ground. The name of Simeon was mentioned, whereupon Mr. Gladstone said, “I saw Simeon in 1815, my parents took me to Cambridge—we went to his rooms; he was very precisely dressed like a high dignitary of the Church, not a mere College Fellow—he had courtly manners.”

Just before we left the dining-room, Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said, “Mr. Benson, here is a story that will amuse you. The only literary advice that I received from my tutor (Knapp) was when I had written some English verses—I suppose as a holiday task—and he advised me to model my style on *Darwin*.”*

As we left the dining-room, Mr. Gladstone said : “Talking of Keate’s popularity, in 1842 I was at

* Erasmus Darwin, a Lichfield physician and poetical writer (1731—1802), grandfather of the famous Charles Darwin.



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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A copy by Adams, from the bust by Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A., in the Upper School, at Eton.

Election Dinner, and sat next to Lord Carlisle. The Queen's health was drunk with only a few cheers, as she was suspected of Liberal tendencies. Queen Adelaide was cheered more loudly as a Tory—but it was *Keate* we cheered: he sate with his head bowed to the storm, and when it ceased, rose and stammered a few words out and sate down—it was more eloquent than any rhetoric—we were all profoundly moved—and yet we had all professed to hate him.”

A few days after, I received the following autograph letter from him:—

Hawarden,
Aug. 26, 97.

Dear Mr. Benson,

When you gave us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Tuesday, and indicated an intention of writing on the Keatian period, you made me very talkative, but there were two things I omitted to state.

1. One was that Eton Masters of my day, to whatever criticisms they might be open, had a great deal to do, and may, I think, be justly considered as hard workers.

2. The other was that while the teaching may be considered as narrow and as affording no proper aids to the pupil, in one point it was admirable, I mean its rigid, inflexible, and relentless accuracy. This property I think invaluable and indispensable. It has been my habit to say that at Eton in my day a boy might if he chose learn something, or might if he chose learn nothing, but that one thing he could not do, and that was to learn anything inaccurately.

Yours most faithfully,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

NOTE ON ETON NOMENCLATURE.

It is, perhaps, advisable to affix to these pages a short note which may serve to explain local terms which may occur in the course of the book.

The nomenclature of Eton is curiously obstinate ; not to travel far for instances, all the day is portioned out into periods which have names of their own, referring to the school-hours at the beginning of the century, and having very little connexion with modern hours.

Thus the space intervening between early school and chapel is "after eight"—from 10-30 to 11-15 is "after ten"—from 12 to 2 is "after twelve"—from 2-30 to 3 is "after two"—from 3 to lock-up is "after four," a relic of the times when chapel ended on half-holidays at four. After lock-up, from 5 o'clock onwards is "after six"—so that an event which took place at five minutes past three o'clock would be described as happening "after four"—and, in December, similarly, anything happening after 5 o'clock would be said to happen "after six." This does not confuse any native of the place, as the names have ceased to bear any numerical values.

The most obvious and plainest term that it is possible to apply, the barest and baldest and simplest description that it is possible to give of a person or place : that is the characteristic of Eton slang, not impossibly, I have thought, a tacit revolt against the complicated and elaborate "notions" of Winchester.

Thus, at Eton, everyone who sells fruit or cakes in the street, of the male sex, is known by the name of Jobey ; the newly-erected schools are the New Schools, and the later erection is the New New Schools. The Headmaster is the Head ; a boy's tutor is m'tutor (my tutor, pronounced short) ; if a boy boards in the house of a non-classical master, that

master, in spite of enactments, and the carefully-chosen title of House Tutor, is "my dame:" but as the matron of each house is also technically a "dame," in a non-classical Master's house she becomes "my dame's dame," whereas the mistress of the house becomes "Mrs. my dame." Indeed it is on record that the son of one of the masters, boarding in his father's house, but owning another classical tutor (his father, though a classical tutor, preferred to send him to another tutor), speaks of his father as "my dame." This I can myself vouch for.

If you are ill at Eton, you "stay out" (that is, of school). Calling-over is "absence," and by a strange misuse of words, if there is no absence it is "a call;" and so forth.

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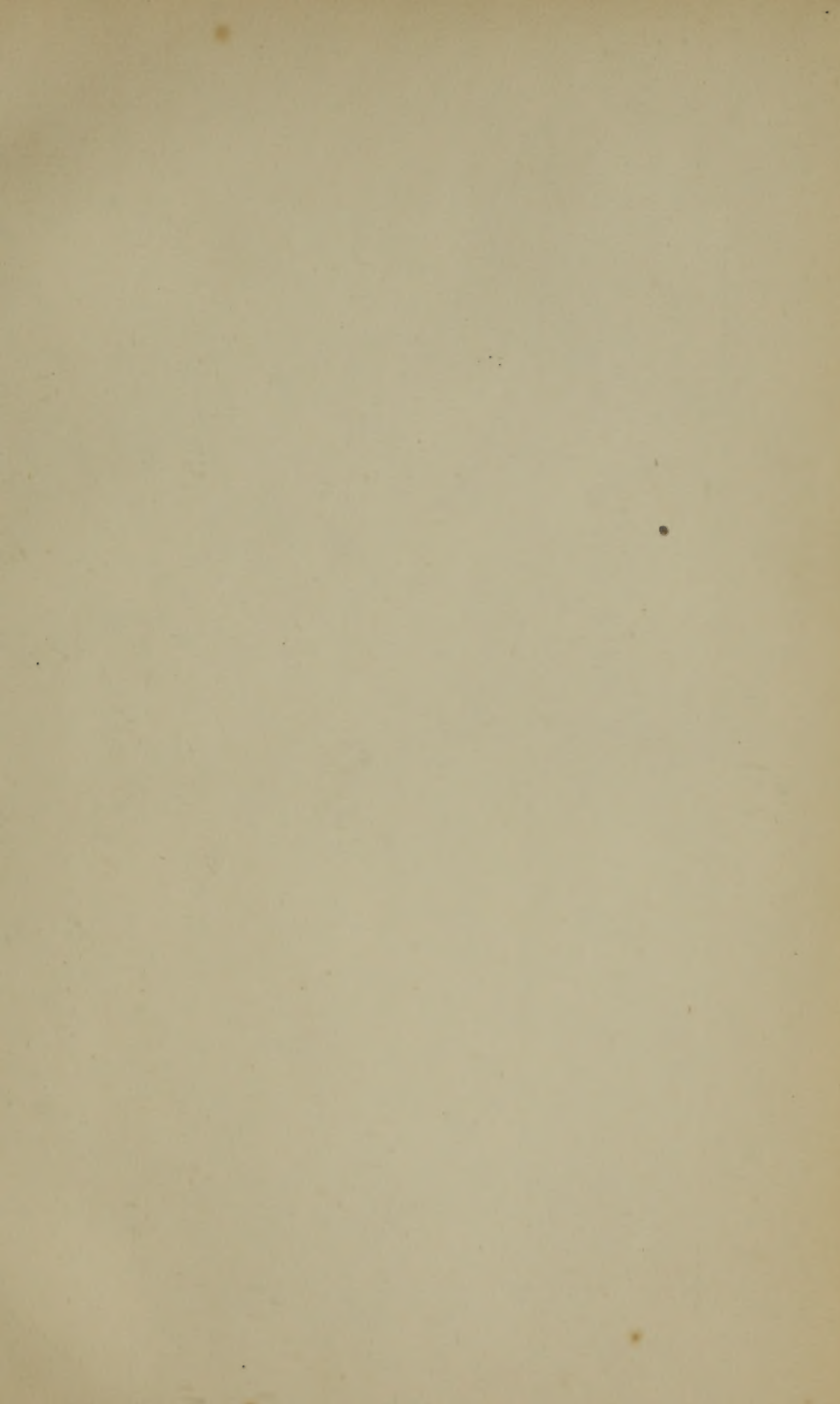
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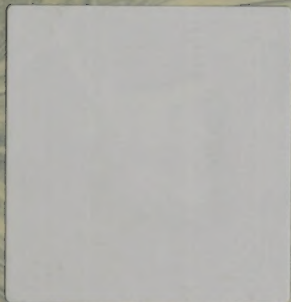
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